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THE GEORGIA CRACKER IN THE COTTON MILLS.



LUNG as if by chance beside a red clay road that winds between snake fences, a settlement appears. Rows of loosely built, weather-stained frame houses, all of the same ugly pattern and buttressed by clumsy chimneys, are set close to the highway. No porch, no doorstep even, admits to these barrack-like quarters; only an unhewn log or a convenient stone. To the occupants suspicion, fear, and robbery are unknown, for board shutters stretched swagging back leave the paneless windows great gaping squares. Hospitably widespread doors reveal interiors original and fantastic enough for a Teniers or a Frère to paint. The big, sooty fireplace is decked with an old-time crane and pots and kettles, or with a stove in the last stages of rust and decrepitude. A shackling bed, tricked out in gaudy patchwork, a few defunct "split-bottom" chairs, a rickety table, and a jumble of battered crockery keep company with the collapsed bellows and fat pine knots by the hearth. The unplastered walls are tattooed with broken mirrors, strips of bacon, bunches of turkey feathers, strings of red peppers, and gourds, green, yellow, and brown. The bare floors are begrimed with the tread of animals; and the muddy outline of played toes of all shapes and sizes betoken inmates unused to shoes and stockings. The back door looks upon an old-fashioned moss-covered well with its long pole and a bucket at the end hung high in air. Yard there is none, nor plant, nor paling, nor outhouse, in the whole community. On the nearest limbs a few patched garments flap ghostlike in the breeze. Forest trees shade the black-lichened roof, and the dogwood, azalea, and laurel riot on the hillside. Surmounting this crest is a little squat,

frame building that only irredeemable ugliness proclaims to be a church. The path that leads to it is almost untrodden.

Over the scene broods the stillness of virgin woods. The peacefulness that flees from busy marts inwraps the smokeless chimneys and silent hearths. It is a deserted village. The homes are but the shells of human presence. Not even the ticking of a clock answers the lonely cricket in the mantel. The wood fire is half burned out, the embers dead; a simple breakfast has been partly consumed; great hollows formed by recent occupation punctuate the unmade feather beds. What sprite, what fiend, has snatched up the inmates in the midst of work and hurry? What mysterious power suspended in a moment all the functions of life, and swept away its representatives?

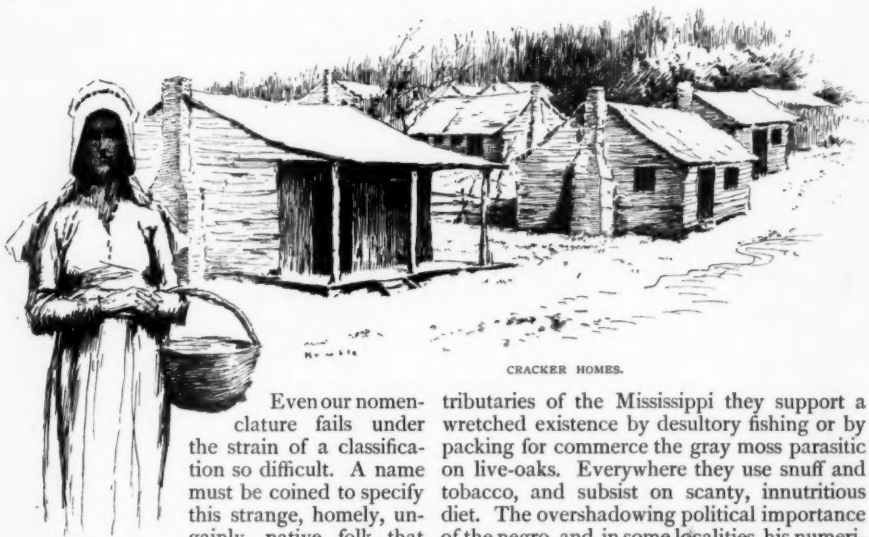
A steady, throbbing pulsation, a singular persistent whirl not caused by bird or beast or wind, unnoticed at first, frets the ear at last into consciousness. A turn in the road; the swish, splash of falling waters is accented by a stronger pulse-beat, and around a farther bend comes into view an ancient wheel, wheezy and dilapidated, picturesquely dipping into a turbid stream and scattering rainbows of dazzling yellow drops. A low, straggling brick mill gives forth the sound of flying spindles and the measured jar of many looms.

Herein are gathered the missing denizens of the settlement, of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Grandsires feebly totter about the cotton-house; grandams, mothers, sons, and daughters tend the whirling machinery; while children too young to work play along the walls under the maternal eye. Of one class only there is lack. Has war in the land claimed all the able-bodied male adults

who should father these little ones? Another turn in the road betrays that the absence of the men is due to no holy patriotic fire. Grouped about the single store of the village, lounging, whittling sticks, and sunning their big, lazy frames, sit a score of stalwart masculine figures, while their offspring and their womankind toil in the dusty mill.

The race that tends the spindles of the cotton-growing States is altogether unique. To describe it, geographical boundaries must be effaced and national peculiarities ignored; for the blood of the followers of Cavaliers in Maryland, noblemen in Virginia, Swiss and palatines in North Carolina, and Huguenots in the Palmetto State blends with that of the impecunious gentlemen brought by Oglethorpe to Georgia, and everywhere crops out in one quaint, baffling, original, unchangeable type.

perhaps illiterate colonists, marked with helpless uneasiness the gradual growth in the new home of an aristocracy founded on the possession of land, negroes, or education. The crackers of our time are an impressive example of race degeneration caused partly by climate, partly by caste prejudices due to the institution of slavery. Though sprung from the vigorous Scotch-Irish stock so firmly rooted on the Atlantic slope, they have lapsed into laziness, ignorance, and oddity. The Georgians in the wire-grass region choose as dainties chalk, starch, and the gum from the pines whose turpentine they collect for barter; in the mountains of Virginia the natives eat clay; in the Carolinas they are wild, unkempt ginseng hunters; in Tennessee they are often desperadoes, cunning and treacherous, murdering their foe from ambush. Along the Gulf and the



CRACKER HOMES.

Even our nomenclature fails under the strain of a classification so difficult. A name must be coined to specify this strange, homely, ungainly, native folk that delve in tobacco, cotton, and corn, distil whisky in the mountains, and spin or weave in villages and towns. "Crackers" in every mood and tense past, present, and future they are; "crackers" in dialect, feature, coloring, dress, manner, doings, and characteristics. In their native habitat the term is not a reproach but a scientific distinction, expressing undisguisable, stubborn, ineradicable qualities, which isolate that large portion of the community whom the epithet embraces—hundreds of thousands of non-slaveholding whites in antebellum days and their present descendants. This unpromising element now belongs less to the higher civilization of the South and counts for less in her councils than did their forefathers of a century ago, who, as destitute and

tributaries of the Mississippi they support a wretched existence by desultory fishing or by packing for commerce the gray moss parasitic on live-oaks. Everywhere they use snuff and tobacco, and subsist on scanty, innutritious diet. The overshadowing political importance of the negro, and, in some localities, his numerical superiority, help on the deterioration of the poor whites, though they form a large fourth of the white population of each cotton State. Alien to the educated classes because of a thousand subtle discordances that stir ancient yet vital caste prejudice, the crackers are at the same time hated by the colored man. Thus, crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of popular scorn, the victims of reactionary ethics, their condition in the New South is often deplorable.

Rarely intermarrying with the gentry, breeding in for generations, the cracker grows more sharply defined by selection and is less plastic to civilization than any other race in America. What these inhabitants were before the war they remained after the war and are now, the



AROUND THE GROCERY.

butt of ridicule, shiftless and inconsequent, always poor though always working. To bring into relief this marked, interesting, and amusing type no background is so effective as the Southern factory life, in which the native white proletariat figures exclusively.

In country districts, where primitive methods of manufacture prevail, the machinery is heavy and of antiquated fashion and the remuneration poor. Located, however, in the cotton-producing region, and where in the absence of prohibitive legislation the working hours are longer, Southern mills have a distinct advantage. It is nevertheless an open question whether these advantages are not more than neutralized by the inefficiency of the native white operatives. No colored people are employed in textile industries. The labor market of the producer is limited to the cotton fields and farms of the country. Unable to choose whom he would have, the employer takes whom he can get; and the laborer, fully aware of his value, shows an independence that would nowhere

else be tolerated. The genial climate enables him to intrench himself in his castle,—some log cabin of a single room in the midst of a corn patch,—and so long as a quart of meal, a slice of bacon, and a plug of tobacco remain, the overseer implores in vain and the whirl of the spindle ceases. Every adult and child available for work being employed in the village factory, the recalcitrant remains master of the situation. The most indispensable members of the industrial corps desert on the slightest pretext; the fitful attendance being aptly characterized by a weaver who had “tuk two or three spells uv comin’ to the mill.” Even in the Southern cities, where the expansion of manufacturing has been most striking, and where the recently erected mills vie in finish, equipment, and management with the finest establishments at the North, the labor supply is not abundant. The operatives are lodged to some extent in houses belonging to the corporations, and which are conducted less as a source of revenue than to allure workers. In

improved factory settlements all the sanitary and moral advantages of distinct family life are secured, though about the older mills still linger ancient brick or frame tenements wherein the evils of crowding and indiscriminate association are rampant.

To the occupants as a class moral distinctions are unknown, the limits of *meum et tuum* undefined. Whole families huddle together irrespective of sex or relationship. They have land but no gardens, pasturage but no stock. Wasting their earnings on gewgaws, drink, and indigestible foods, they are unhealthy and inefficient. Despite a favorable climate, a bountiful mother earth, the mortality among the poor whites is shockingly high. Enthusiasts sometimes seek to better the environment and so to effect some good, but they soon become disgusted with their beneficiaries and outraged by their utter incorrigibility. One clever, original manufacturer for five years devoted head, heart, and purse to ameliorate the condition of his operatives — the worst class in the community. They had no homes; he bought and built houses, which fell to pieces through neglect, or were burned up in drunken orgies. When their dwellings were again repaired the crackers felt out of place in a setting of order and neatness, and "jes ter make things sorter homelike," as was afterwards naively explained, they kicked out the panels of the doors, smashed the windows, riddled the walls, and cut up the floor for kindling wood. With driftwood for fuel lying almost at their gates, if they have a gate, rather than walk to and from the fence, if they have a fence, the proletarian inhabitants prefer to destroy their landlord's property. An attempt to utilize their horticultural instincts was unavailing. The gardens were fenced, the tenants burned the plank; the plats were plowed, not a seed was planted; and when, undiscouraged, the employer planted the gardens himself, the people turned in the hogs with the comment, "Bacon 's better 'n garden sass any day." Schools were opened; not a child could be enticed therein. Dismayed by the appalling mortality among the race, our reformer engaged his own physician to visit the mill daily for free consultation, but the operatives were suspicious and unapproachable. When cash payments were substituted for the "order system," the usual monthly spree was multiplied into a weekly carouse. The proprietor endeavored to put natives into positions of trust, and spent thousands of dollars in educating for special duties men who proved hopelessly incompetent. He encouraged the churches to open missions among his employees, whereat families earning in the mill from \$50 to \$100 a month quit work entirely and subsisted on charity. An effort to lessen the

fatigue of women and girls standing twelve hours a day at machinery, by introducing stools for them to sit on, occasioned a small insurrection. The seats were broken up and tossed out of the windows, and the women issued a manifesto declaring that "None er'em thar new-fangled contrapshuns shain't er-come er-knockin' agin our shanks." So bitter an experience extinguished all hope of softening these hard natures, and the manufacturer, though he speaks of them with a mist in his eyes, "lets the poor devils alone."

The irredeemable workers, however, had been newly broken in the factory system. In older manufacturing communities long and persistent experiments have made impression on the habits of the native, and some sense of personal responsibility has been developed. One agent especially has become closely identified with his operatives, and the success of his reforms proves that the poor white is not always incorrigible. Some corporations by paying interest on deposits encourage saving and the ownership of homes; and despite squalor and seeming poverty many factory workers possess a bank account. That but a small proportion own



A TYPE.

their homes is not exclusively due to improvidence; for wherever "company tenements" are so good as to make it to the advantage of the operative to rent them, the individual has no inducement to become a householder. This fact partly explains why few property owners were encountered in the Augusta



TYPES.

mills. In Athens a number of the workers live on their own domain; and in Columbus, of seventy-three employees personally questioned, eleven reported that taxes on a home were paid. Cotton manufacturing being comparatively new in Atlanta, the industrial community is a mosaic of elements from distant parts: diversity of occupations appeals strongly to the fickle disposition of the crackers, so that the mills are a less steady source of revenue.

About country establishments the provision for housing the wage-earners is often inadequate. It is at serious risk to life and health that the operatives in remote settlements are forced to lodge in rotting, neglected habitations, even though they be rent free. The choicest of these rickety abodes was described by a girl whose only home it had been for fourteen years: "I reckon hit 'll set up thar a right smart while yit, but hit's pow'ful cold en leaky." Even where better quarters are obtainable the cracker prefers some great shacking structure impossible to heat or to humanize, because, forsooth, as one occupant alleged, "here we has a dinin'-hall." Wont to flock to the suburbs of a city, just beyond tax limit, they herd, dirty and disorderly, in filth and semi-idleness in leaky hovels without other furniture than the barest necessities.

If there is ground enough to grow a few vegetables the responsibility of cultivating it becomes a pretext that often deprives a household of the earnings of its head. Men habitually abandon work on pretense of "makin' er gardin." A little girl, who with her sister's help supported a family of six, when asked why her father did not assist, excused him on the plea, "Dad does our gard'nin'" — the garden being a plot ten by twelve.

Wages in the Georgia mills seem low when judged by Northern standards; yet when the cost of living and the surroundings and the efficiency of the operatives are taken into account, pay is rela-

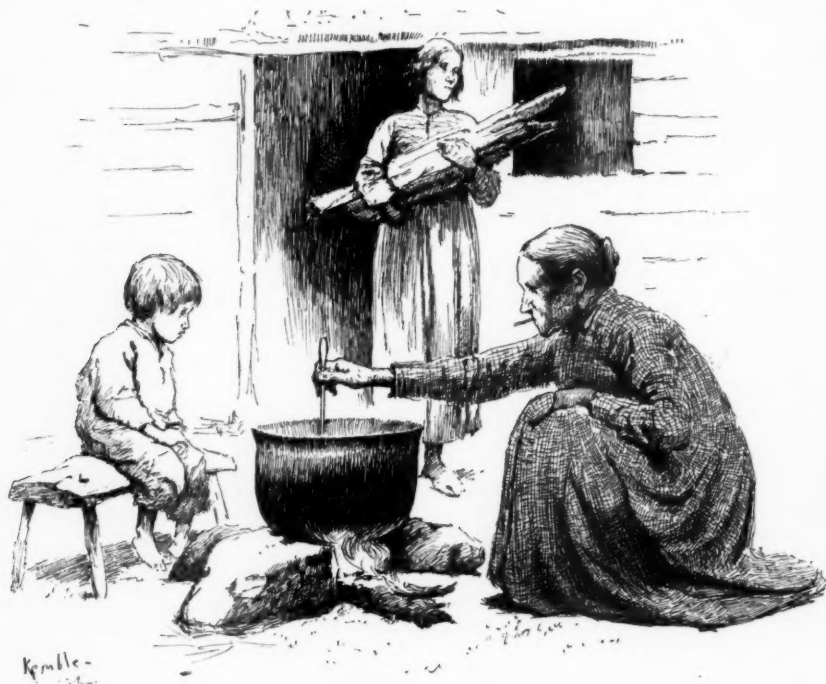
tively as high as where a more complex civilization has created artificial wants. The interdependence in the South between corporation and employees is rare in New England factory villages. The names, residence, circumstances, needs, failings, or virtues are here well known to the officials; in time of trouble or suspension of work money is freely advanced, and by an unwritten code of human feeling long illness or other disability often brings the regular weekly pay. Not only are relations more friendly and intimate than at the North, but there is conspicuous freedom from the spirit of drive and despotism. Even New England superintendents and overseers in these Southern mills soon glide into the prevailing *laissez-faire* or else leave in despair, though admitting that the cracker might be trained to the highest efficiency.

The country mills are archaic in their management, and in the habits of the operatives. Not a clock or watch is owned in the settlement. Life is regulated by the sun and the factory bell, which rings for rising, breakfast, and work. The hours of labor vary from seventy to seventy-two a week. The workers were "borned in the country," and seldom visit even the neighboring town. In complete isolation, dead monotony, and dense, undisturbed ignorance, their

toilsome lives run out. Now and then a strolling minister enlivens the little barnlike church on the hilltop, where also an intermittent Sunday-school furnishes the only religious instruction; of secular there is none. All purchases are made on the order system at the "company's store"; and though it is not compulsory for the operatives to deal there, distance from market constitutes compulsion, and the buyer is at a disadvantage from the absence of competition and the loss of the educational comparison of values and management of his own funds. The wages of each member of the household swell the common gains, and women

upon his own efforts, and do not fall manna-like from the heaven of the proprietor's generosity.

The genius for evading labor is most marked in the men. Like Indians in their disdain of household work, they refuse to chop wood or bring water, and often subsist entirely upon the earnings of meek wives or fond daughters, whose excuses for this shameless vagabondism are both pathetic and exasperating. One young wife claims that her stalwart husband has "been er-cuttin' wood"; yet when closely questioned she is obliged to admit his worthlessness: "Fur mos' two years now he hain't er-binner." The



COOKING IN THE YARD.

often work a lifetime without touching a cent of their pay. One forlorn old maid lamented: "I hain't seed er dollar sence Confed money gave out. Hit 'u'd be good fur sore eyes ter see er genewine dollar." Like so many machines the unsophisticated creatures drudge on, never questioning the prices paid. Such security or indifference is possible but in two conditions of industrial society — entire ignorance, or unshaken trust in the rectitude of employers: both of these conditions obtain here. As the cracker neither adds nor multiplies, it is only by being refused further credit he is made to realize that his supplies depend

father of two little children in the mill does no work at all "'cep'in' hit 's haulin' light wood." A straggling potato row, a scant corn patch on the hillside, an attenuated cow, a few chickens, one pig, and woods full of pine knots for fires bound the Georgia countryman's earthly aspirations except as to clothing, tobacco, and whisky, which his spouse's wages supply. She it is who must feed the poultry and milk the cow. His lordship descends to no duties so menial.

The daily life being so simple, the expenditures of the cracker are proportionally small. A weaver by ten months' work earned \$140,

supported herself and an invalid sister, and laid by \$40 in a year. Transplanted to the city, the mode of life of the poor white is not more sumptuous. Bacon, corn-pone, "greens," molasses, and coffee are the regimen, with milk occasionally, and, in "hog-killin'" time, feasts of spare-rib and sausage. The corn that waves over Georgia fields furnishes in various succulent forms the staple diet of the native, and transmitted into other elements supplies his bacon and whisky, while the stalks serve for fuel. At corn-shuckings the cracker courts his sweetheart. Of these identical shucks the family bed is made; and shake it or knead it as one will, the hard stalks only bristle in knottier ridges. Or he reposes on three or four feather beds piled one upon another, a patchwork quilt being spread over the squishy mountain. Into another like suffocating heap a quartet of bairns is tumbled. The kitchen often serves as bedroom for the family. A chest of drawers, a bald, decrepit hair trunk, a mirror and splint chairs, a table, a few cracked dishes, and a gourd complete the household equipments, while outside the cabin hangs the biscuit tray, and a few peaches or apples dry in the sun. Not uncommonly the cooking is done in the yard in a big pot or over glowing coals.

When money flows in steadily the wage-earners buy the best cuts of meat and are liberal consumers of expensive early vegetables and fruit. The dispensers of charity for a church, more trustful than prudent, gave a mill family professing to be in dire need orders on a grocer for a certain amount weekly, and were astounded to find that for the meat and meal indicated the tradesman was persuaded to substitute fruit, nuts, and raisins. At every door children squat around a tin plate of syrup, dipping in it big hunks of corn-pone and smearing their yellow faces more widely with each mouthful. The sweet "pertatur" roasted in the ashes is always ready—a great advantage where the housewife "bees tired" from her birth. In the cracker's kitchen lard is the universal solvent. The tyrant of his home, the key to his habits, the blazon of his civilization, is the frying-pan.

A niggard as to eatables, a spendthrift as to furniture, in personal habiliments the poor white strikes a golden mean. The usual attire of the women is all unbleached cotton or a neat check or gingham, the serviceable product of their own looms. The style of dress has not altered a seam in thirty years. A peculiar lankiness characterizes the plain, round skirts, accented by the spare, angular form. Overskirts are rare innovations, regarded with envious heart-burnings, the cause of many grotesque adaptations

of costume, and indulged in chiefly by the young and giddy. These additions to the toilet are usually of cheap worsted goods, intense



A CRACKER WOMAN.

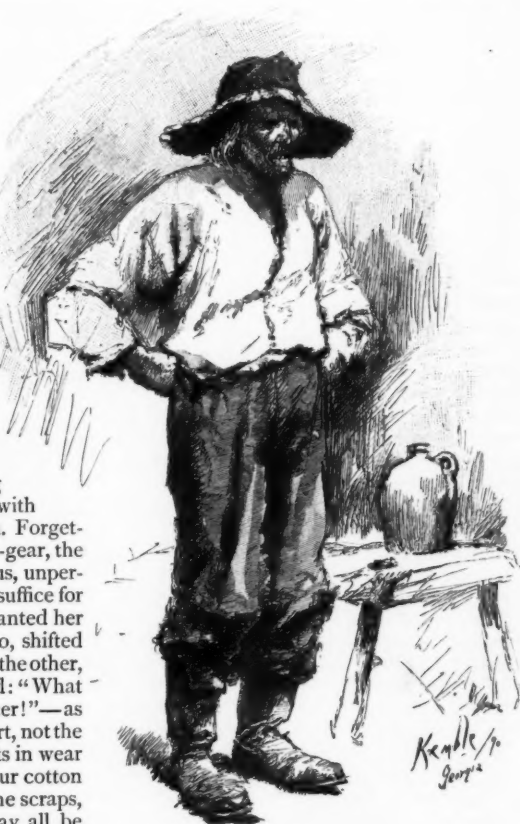
green, or brilliant saffron, surmounting a cotton gown, the whole array made more incongruous by that homeliest head-gear, the slat sun-bonnet, universal badge of the female cracker. From the end of the tunnel formed by the uncompromising pasteboard slats a shrewd, hard, yellow, cadaverous face peers out. When the covering is removed, the scant hair is revealed caught straight back from the brow and skewered into an untidy knot. Occasionally one of the plainest old souls, seized with desire for modern finery, after protracted "tradin'" and haggling becomes possessed of a fashionable bonnet, gay with yellow or pink flowers and cheap lace, which is donned with her best cotton robe and brogans. The inborn taste for

color breaks out in flaring ribbons, variegated handkerchiefs, and startling vivid raiment visible miles away, ill-made, ill-fitting, of cheap texture, and loaded with tawdry trimmings, from which the eye turns with relief to the antiquated, unassuming, lanky figures innocent of corset or bustle, swathed in straight skirts and bodice bulging at the shoulders.

The men wear baggy jeans trousers, often home-made, strapped up almost under the armpits, or else without suspenders and dragging about the hips. The shirt is of unbleached homespun without collar or cuffs. A low battered, soft felt hat, or a third-hand beaver, completes the costume, except when for grandeur a vest is added. The favorite occupation of the men is to spit, stare, and whittle sticks. In the mills the boys are dressed in trousers a world too big, father's or grandfather's lopped off at the knees and all in tatters. Girls are clad in cotton gowns through whose rifts the skin is visible, and few have ever disported even a cast-off hat or an outgrown wool dress. Shoes and stockings, though a luxury, are possessed by all except the most miserable and abandoned of the women. They are, however, put away "for Sunday," and so carefully economized that the simple owners walk barefooted four or five miles to church or camp-meeting with the precious articles wrapped in a handkerchief. Within sight of their goal they sit down in a bend of the snake fence, dust off their tired feet, and, donning the prized hosiery and shoes, march with pride into the assembled congregation. Forgetting the infrequency of the use of foot-gear, the writer expressed surprise to a vigorous, unperverted cracker that one pair of shoes suffice for a year. The tawny giantess firmly planted her big bare feet, stuck her arms akimbo, shifted the quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and with dramatic indignation retorted: "What does yer take me fur? I hain't no dancier!"—as if only devotion to the terpsichorean art, not the ordinary process of locomotion, results in wear and tear of shoe leather. Three or four cotton gowns, as many "bunnits" made of the scraps, a little homespun for underwear, may all be bought for six dollars, and with a blanket shawl for winter the wardrobe is complete. Sewing and laundering are more costly. The traditional prejudice against the washtub ruled the mind of a limp, tattered creature who earned scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. "You do your own washing?" was innocently

demand. "Is I a nigger?" quoth she, wittingly.

Dressy young girls devote \$20 to \$100 a year to their attire, selected without judgment and rarely useful or presentable. The hard-earned funds are wasted on trumpery, pinchbeck jewelry, cotton lace, coarse high-tinted flowers, satin shoes for the dusty highways, and costumes of indescribable hues. It is pathetic to see this ignorant groping for beauty in their hard and colorless lives. In lieu of pretty homes and bright possessions the women make themselves a walking rainbow. Lacking in the crude, impulsive cracker nature is that sense of proportion, that fine instinct for harmony, which dominates the European peas-



A RACE PROBLEM.

ant dress, subordinating color and ornament both to the individual wearer and to the fitness of things. In the South an unsuitable or grotesque fashion rules the hour; and these half-developed creatures being imitative, not



HEADS OF MILL WOMEN.

artistic, and constantly reaching out for warmth, glow, richness, their tropic fire bursts forth in chromatic symphonies which stand them instead of music, poetry, and art.

The inevitable hardships everywhere so disastrous to the workers in textile fabrics fail to account for the feeble constitutions and wrecked health of so many of these Southern toilers. Other causes are manifestly active. The malaria lurking about water-courses ravages the mills on the streams and invades the houses of the employees, usually close to the bank. Drainage is neglected and epidemics stalk relentless. The use of snuff is a withering curse. Hardened *habitués* smoke and chew tobacco, and dip snuff and "lip" the powder. The weed is applied with a softened twig dipped into the snuff and rubbed on the teeth. All down the alleys of the factories are women and little girls with the inevitable stick in their mouth; it is their companion also in the street and at social gatherings, and scarcely laid aside for meals or sleep. The invariable signs, a carrot-like cuticle, livid lips, black-rimmed eyes, flabby, morbid flesh, proclaim the victim of the poison. Excessive indulgence in this stimulant often creates the desire for a stronger, and among the older women drunkenness is not uncommon. Indeed snuff-dippers might be mistaken for inebriates, having the ashy, rickety, depraved aspect that follows a long debauch.

The weak constitutions and frightful appearance as well as the various maladies of the factory operatives are further confirmed by the early age at which work in the mills is begun. For want of legal interference the child is sacrificed either to the dire need or to the avarice, selfishness, and lazy neglect of its parents, and is harnessed to the treadmill as soon as misrepresentations to the overseer will effect that end. When five and six years old the juveniles follow the mothers to the mills, where they are incarcerated till premature old age and helplessness bring about their dismissal. This early decay, this sudden failure of the powers,

descends like a devastating stroke. Unmarried women of thirty are wrinkled, bent, and haggard. Mothers who, despite maternal cares, ought to look as fresh as their daughters, seem to carry the weight of a century on their bowed backs. Twenty years of vitality sapped by summer heat, eaten out by ague, stolen by dyspeptic miseries! Sickly faces, stooping shoulders, shriveled flesh, suggest that normal girlhood never existed, that youth had never rounded out the lanky figure, nor glowed the sallow cheek. A slouching gait; a drooping chest, lacking muscular power to expand; a dull, heavy eye; yellow, blotched complexion; dead-looking hair; stained lips, destitute of color and revealing broken teeth—these are the dower of girlhood in the mills. Take a little maid whose face is buried in her sun-bonnet, and who, when asked her age, responds, "I 'm er-gwine on ten." Push back her bonnet, hoping to find the personification of that grace, vigor, and joy which some demon has stamped out of the saturnine faces of the elders. A sad spectacle reveals itself. Out of a shock of unkempt hair look glassy eyes ringed with black circles reaching far down her yellow cheeks. Her nose is pinched, the features aborted, the yellow lips furrowed with snuff stains. The skin is ghastly, cadaverous, the flesh flabby, the frame weak and loose-jointed. The dirty legs and feet are bare. A tattered cotton slip clings to the formless limbs.

"When do you go to school, my child?"

"Hain't never been thar," the waif responds when shyness has yielded to cajoleries.

"Never at school! Can't you read?"

"No, 'm; but Lizy kin."

"Who is Lizy?"

"Me 'n' Lizy 's sisters."

"Where is your father?"

"Him done dade."

"And your mother?"

A backward motion of the thumb to the mill is the only response.

"What is your name?"

A jumble of mysterious sounds, which, after many repetitions, are understood to signify "Georgy Alybamy Missippy Kicklighter."

"What do you do all day, Georgy?"

"Wuks." The same backward turn of the thumb.

"How long have you been working?"

"Ev'ry sence I was mighty nigh er kitten."

Importuned to state at what age the delights of kittenhood ceased and toil began, she vouchsafes:

"Seven year."

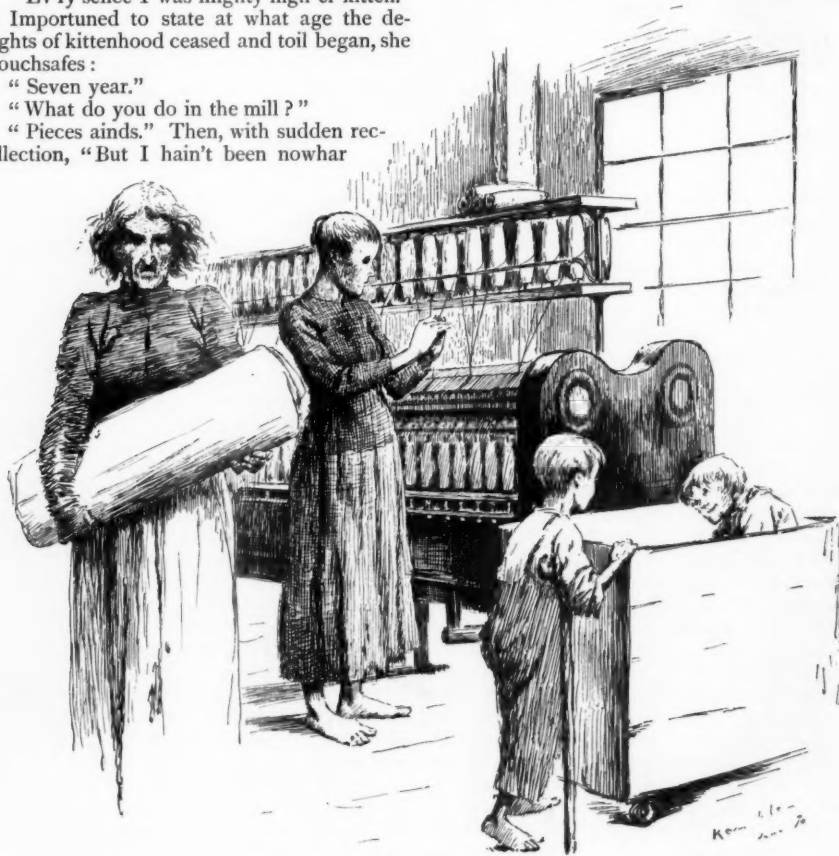
"What do you do in the mill?"

"Pieces ainds." Then, with sudden recollection, "But I hain't been nowhar

could read or write, none had ever been four miles from their shanty and the factory.

"Lizy" was the freak of nature, the meteoric genius of the family, having learned her letters at Sunday-school.

With increasing years came increasing woes. A widow of fifty-three who has spun since she



IN THE MILL.

'cep'n' in mill he'pen' maw sence I was five year ole."

"And were you never put at school?"

"Teacher done sont fur us, but me 'n' Lizy nary one did n't git thar, fur hit broke."

"You look sallow. Does anything ail you?"

"I be pow'ful weak."

"What does the doctor give you?"

"Don' give me nothin'. Maw, she gimme groun' pease. She 'low them 's better 'n doctor's truck fur agy."

This is the product of three generations of mill workers, the grandmother, mother, and child drudging side by side. None of them

was seven scorns the medical gentry. "I bees hardened ter dust. Ef I bees sick, I jes trots ter mill an' wuks it offen me. Hain't no time ter be foolin' 'long er doctors. Got my little business ter ten' ter. But I hain't so kinder peart as I uster was."

The crackers are a "whining set," and valetudinarianism is popular. To be robust and hearty savors of bucolic vulgarity; to be "al-ers gruntin'" approaches the languid delicacy so admired in "rich folks," and occult maladies are a gage of respectability. Allowing for these idiosyncrasies, however, twenty-eight per cent. of the cotton operatives are seriously out of

health. Not invalids are they to be called, convalescents, supernumeraries, or elegant idlers, but women and children baptized in suffering and sacrifice, who stand eleven and twelve hours six days in the week tending complex machinery, or walking miles up and down long frames in a steaming atmosphere where ordinary unsodden human flesh becomes limp and helpless. For the sake of dear dependents the will forces the weary muscles to act and knits the relaxed nerves. Surely, fatally, the joy dies out of the eyes of childhood, girlhood is but a flickering shadow, and maturity an enforced decrepitude, a lingering old age, a quenching of the fires of life before they half burn.

Though the public are indifferent, mill officials as a rule oppose child labor as utilized in the South, and often a wholesale dismissal takes place, quickened by protests of labor unions; but under various pretexts the gnome-like toilers creep back, especially into the country and suburban mills because of the scarcity of hands. A most potent factor in this abuse is that the fathers will not work and the little ones must. Year after year bills to prevent the employment of children under ten and twelve are defeated in the legislature, less from objection to the measure than from criminal indifference and because a time clause has been added reducing the hours of labor; and this curtailment, the manufacturers feel, would be disastrous to their interests. Meanwhile, without palliation or excuse, the murder of the innocents goes on. "Mary Belle Surrelle Jones," a wizened midget of eight, whose father is dead, began work in the factory at five years old. She went to school a little, but does not know her letters, and uses unlimited quantities of snuff. Let a loquacious scrap of nine years tell her own story.

"I wur eight yur ole come er Chewsdy when maw drawed my fus pay. Don' have money much often; maw she gimme er quarter laist buthday. Maw's hur in er mill, en paw's hur, en Saily she he'ps maw spool 'ca'se she hain't big 'nough ter piece ainds. Saily she's six, en maw hain't got nary one ter leave her wid, so she bring her ter mill. No, 'm, I hain't got no book-learnin'. Yais, 'm, I dips. Overseert' other mill he says, 'Calline, dips snuff,' says he; 'ca'se, ef yer don't, blue dye 'll pizen yer.'"

The adult operatives in the older manufactories cannot assign a date at which their apprenticeship began, remembering only that they were "pow'ful young." Girls from fifteen to twenty-five recollect no other playground than the country factories, having been brought there in their mothers' arms in the early dawn and taken home again under the stars; they have been reared amid machinery, their cradle often a box of bobbins, their coverlet the hanks of

yarn. Here, robbed of sunlight and air, smothered in dust and poisonous exhalations, babies from one to five years are entombed; and the precious hours of infancy, passed without love or care, merge into weary drudgery as soon as the young limbs can be bound to the wheels of toil.

Demoralized by a lifetime of travail amid insanitary conditions, underfed, and badly housed, without education, incentives, or ideals, the limited mental development of the cracker is scarcely a reproach to him. Though ignorant, he is rarely stupid. His native shrewdness and sturdy common sense save him from imposition, make him quick to see an advantage. Reading character with intelligent intuition, if circumlocution fails he surprises by direct attack; baffled here, wheedling, or sheer persistence, or the "poor mouth" he puts up, makes his plea quite irresistible. His isolation from current events is absolute, his want of general information fathomless. Few of the older operatives know how old they are. Their age is referred to as a tangible or inflammable possession. "Maw tuk hit away," or "Hit burned up when the house was set afire." Many poor souls being unable to count or add, the confusion of statement is often startling. In 1887 a haggard sexagenarian persisted that she was "jes thirty en nary day over," when she has a son twenty-two and her husband was killed in the war. "How old are you?" usually elicited a comical look of uncertainty. "Now yer got me," was the constant rejoinder. Of three hundred and twenty-eight women and girls fifty-six were unable to state even approximately where they or their parents first saw the light. A variety of leading questions gained no decisive clue, though all presumably were native Georgians. Twenty-seven more were so doubtful that accurate data were unobtainable, and others "reckined" and "disremembered" too much for statistical purposes. "In the country," meaning not in a city, might signify any State; and answers recorded as definite were really only partial, affording hints interpreted by the statistician. Concerning localities, dates, and lapse of time the same untrustworthiness is universal. The only seasons in the vocabulary are "cotton-hoein'," "horg-killin'," or "tween craps." Such homely phrases indicate an intimacy with the processes of nature neither critical nor poetic. Imagining every stranger a "Yankee," they are offish and suspicious till reassured, for sectional animosities still smolder. The President, according to their befuddled creed, is at the focus of all roads, and to enter that august presence is regarded as beatification. Despite this awe, the crackers feel quite neighborly towards the distant magnate of the White House, and at parting often graciously remark, "Tell the President howdy fur me."

Impoverished by the civil war, oppressed by a relatively enormous burden of taxation, Georgia has yet made since 1872 prodigious strides in her common schools. However progressive the educational system in certain cities, in the villages and country the public school organization is defective and appallingly inadequate to the needs of future mothers and citizens. The "ambulatory schools," holding but two months' session, have only lately been abolished. Appropriations have recently suf-

generation after generation remains untaught. In proximity to cities where good public schools are maintained nine months of the year the outlook is more favorable, but even here the privileges of enlightenment are unavailable for the poor crackers, whose wretched little cabins being built beyond suburban limits and the tax collector's arm, their offspring are debarred municipal tuition.

To an utter indifference to letters as much as to these preventable obstacles is due the woful intellectual starvation of the present generation of Anglo-Saxons in the South. The heading, "Working Women in Cities," printed in big capitals, was submitted as a test to a



A CRACKER FIREPLACE.

ficed for a school term of ninety days in the year, and since 1888 a larger fund has been voted. In each subdistrict, if the population warrants, one or more teachers, often incompetent, are certified; but in sparsely settled localities no schools exist. In the absence of compulsion pupils are frequently not forthcoming, and attendance at the best is phenomenally uncertain, lasting one week or one month as home conditions or untoward dispositions dictate. Large numbers of poor, illiterate white children never enter a schoolroom. Parents, insensible to the advantages of education, make no attempt to have their children attend school, and

brawny lass of twenty-four. Her mind ran on a recent religious revival, for in good faith she spelt out the words, "Work now for Jesus." A spinster of thirty-three apologized for breaking down on a more difficult test line offered. "Kin pernounce almos' ary word; but some, cain't speak 'em plain," she averred deprecatingly. An emaciated shadow of nineteen cannot read, and knows nothing but the factory routine. When questioned as to the occupation of her father, an able-bodied vagrant, who spends the earnings of his daughters, filial affection inciting her to invent some authentic employment, she drawled out: "My paw?

Waal, paw — paw does our traidin'." Hear the ring of honest independence, admire the pluck of this girl of twenty who manages words of one syllable: "Tuk up readin' uv my own haid uv er night. Maw 's had two husbins, both on 'em killed. 'Pears like Godle-mighty did n't want nary one uv us ter have none. Maw she sets an' knits. Sis an' me was both down at onct six weeks. Man we traides wid he trusted us, an' we paid ev'ry dog-gone red cent — ef we did n't, yer may eat me."

Of 330 white women and children tested, from eight to seventy years old, 56, or 17 per cent., read words of four or five syllables, some fluently, some hesitatingly; these could also write. Seventy, or 21 per cent., read headings of two syllables with varied degrees of ease from readiness to slow spelling, and all this class could at least write their names. One hundred and four, or 31½ per cent., read monosyllabic sentences, but in most cases stumblingly and with infinite pains. None of this group could write at all, or even spell their own name unless the appellation was very simple.

Practically they were wholly illiterate, their knowledge of letters being inferior to that of primary pupils. The remaining 100, or 30 per cent., embracing children, girls, and adults, did not know the alphabet and were in benighted ignorance. Applying the Massachusetts grading, 61½ per cent. of the Georgia cotton operatives neither read nor write. Had other country mills been investigated the percentage of illiterates would have been far higher. Some years ago in a newly opened Atlanta factory, with a large contingent of rural workers, occasion arose for the eighty women in the spinning room to sign their names. Only two could do so; these were two colored girls employed as sweepers.

Peculiarly interesting, as disproving even a suspicion of racial limitations of intellect, are the fifty-six females who compassed five-syllabled words and who are fair scribes. Such information as they have acquired was wrested at excessive personal cost under adverse circumstances. By the light of pine knots and sputtering tallow candles the mill workers have conned the primer after standing twelve hours in the factory and straining over machinery till every muscle ached. With no help they picked out the letters of their own name or of Bible words as the minister read, and then with a hint or two have mastered the hieroglyphics. Sunday-school teachers have instructed others. Some have spent their tired evenings at the



WASHING.

mill school, supported in their weariness by hopes and aspirations the hardest destiny could not quell.

Though the second group of seventy-six might interpret easy portions of Holy Writ or of newspapers, such severe intellectual athletics are seldom attempted. Save a rare copy of the Scriptures, neither books nor journals are found in the cracker's possession. Free libraries being, so to speak, non-existent in the South, a priggish sort of Sunday-school narrative is the chief literature of the industrial population. Their imagination is captivated by sensuous pictures of a future state, and the Bible powerfully appeals to their emotional and susceptible minds by its inexhaustible stories of war and heroism, its stirring appeals, fiery denunciations, and magnificent promises. Both entertainment and spiritual comfort distil from its well-thumbed pages, and its principles sometimes inspire a piety almost saintly.

The nearly and the quite illiterate comprise all grades of character and manners. Even among confirmed snuff devotees, however, illiteracy is not always synonymous with unworthiness or vulgarity. Rather is it often a misfortune, sealing a beautiful nature from higher possibilities. The normal Georgia cracker under all her nicotine stains overflows in simplicity and unperverted goodness. The dust of the mill makes a halo about lovely, unselfish lives.

Roughness of speech and manners covers a gentle, loyal heart and unswerving integrity. Even the depraved hide their swagger and debauchery from the gaze of innocence, and smite wrong-doing in the young with instinctive wrath and prophetic abhorrence. Dissoluteness of life and speech are rather an excrescence than a vital disease.

Early marriages are more frequent than

of a second so-called marriage is rarely questioned, nor are the contractors ostracized.

Religious feeling is usually fervid, and in these untaught natures is tinged with superstitious fears; church-going is to their barren life a consecrated service. To thousands of children the mission Sunday-schools afford the only instruction, religious or secular, often neutralized by irregular attendance. Too abjectly



A STROLLING PREACHER.

among populations less mercurial, more conservative, and slower to mature. As a corollary of hasty and ill-advised unions, desertion often ensues. The instability of the conjugal bond and the indifference with which marriage is often regarded are evidenced by the boasting of many matrons as to the ease with which they have rid themselves of objectionable partners and taken others more to their fancy. Divorce is deemed a disgrace; but the legality

poor to mingle with pew-holding congregations, the cracker drifts to the chapels and country meeting-houses where pulpits are filled by itinerants or local preachers. The piety of these peripatetic ministers is in some cases extremely questionable. Exhorting on Sunday, "peddling about" during the week, they live in flagrant idleness among their flocks, to whom denial of hospitality to a pastor is a cardinal sin. The shrewd poor whites are quick

to miss the odor of sanctity; but being impenetrable to the idea that intellectual labor can have the same value as manual, or indeed be considered work at all, they regard even industrious, pious clergymen as idlers in the vineyard, with whom their hard-got gains must not be shared. The inimical spirit towards the local minister originates less in irreverence than in instinctive sense of justice. Mingled with contrition for neglect of religious duty is a righteous revolt against imposition. One delicious specimen of the cracker genus was outspoken in her ire.

"What church I goes ter? I be Baptis', Methody, an' Pres'teun. But I never drapped a nickle in meetin' sence I was borned. Preachers is ez able fur ter wuk ez I is, en they mus' scuffle roun' fur theyse'ves en they ladies ez I does. I loves ter see 'em wuk. All ary preacher revolt against imposition. One delicious specimen of the cracker genus was outspoken in her ire."

The denomination specially favored by the natives cannot be named, because, in a truly catholic spirit, they "goes ter all churches, fust one, then t' other." A Baptist declines water except unpolluted, for "the mud" quenches her pious inclinations. The single lady who was scandalized at the inference that she was a "dancer" lives with her sister and brother-in-law, and thus describes her home: "Sis she goes 'head in ther fambly. I cain't read nary bit. Wages hain't er sukkumstaince—like eatin' soup with er knittin'-needle. But I kin wash ez well ez any nigger—my maw learnt me ter love ter wuk. I 'm er shoutin' Methody, but hain't got nary rig fitten ter w'ar ter meetin'. Afeerd I 'll be grinned at. I 'm putty tol'bly homely, but I hates ter be grinned at."

The nomenclature of this uncanny folk is curious and significant. Nancy and Polly are not scorned or transformed as in finical circles. Masculine baptismal titles are numerous, Johnny Smith being not a tow-headed, freckle-faced urchin, but a spinster of uncertain age. Infantile nicknames cling to adults, and old hags are still Babe and Honey. The goddesses are represented by Juno and Vesta, the fruits by Orange and Piny; Savannah and Atlanta, Georgia and Alabama, sleep side by side, and occasionally one puny offshoot is crushed beneath the names of several States. Arcenia Calcedonia is not a heroine of romance or the incarnation of patriotism. She is a squat, ashy-faced, sandy-haired body whose forebears for four generations have "grubbed fur er livin'" in the red hills and gullies of Georgia. Though hard living, dyspepsia, and toil have blotted out almost all beauty among the women, the ugly brown chrysalis of girlhood sometimes frees a glorious being: a refined face and a queenly carriage suggest the strayed aristocrat or the princess in disguise

until plebeian lineage is betrayed by the cracker drawl.

That the poor whites may appropriate Coleridge's beatitude, "Blessed is he who has found his work," their stanchest defender does not claim. Said a candid wife of her better half:

"Why, bless yer heart, honey, my ole man 'll let a purp eat the grub offen his plate 'ca'se he 's too darned lazy ter holler 'Git!'"

The women are moody and capricious, alternating between spasms of exertion and long collapses. The utmost ingenuity is practised in dispensing with articles to save the trouble of getting new ones or mending the old, all utensils that frugal people repair vanishing into the limbo of a shed reserved for "plunder." The mothers being immured in the factories, family life is a travesty. The faculty for adornment, for beautifying their belongings, is a missing sense. The bareness of their unlovely abodes is more abject than the direst poverty can excuse. One artistic susceptibility is paramount—music is both a passion and a spell. Their dirge-like funeral wails, religious songs, and ecstatic camp-meeting choruses are maintained at a white heat of exaltation.

The mill operatives display a propensity for roving that has trickled down in some hereditary channel from their restless Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Their cohesiveness being proverbial, one vagrant nature keeps a whole family moving. Improvident and imperturbable, the easy-going philosophy of the lazy is, "Cain't wuk fur two days' victuals in one"; or the rather skulking faith of the pious, "The Lord will provide." The rapid advance of the South in material prosperity has shaken the proletariat out of serene complacency in ancestral poverty and personal indolence. They bestir themselves and save until they are domiciled beneath their own roof. The forces that turn the cracker to economy and money-getting were subtly analyzed by a wise old weaver.

"Fo' the war, honey, them 'ristocrats had all the plantations, en houses, en fine doin's. Po' white folks was n't nowhar. We was glad ter run er loom, en buy er pint uv 'lasses en live offen rich man's corn. Now, ev'ry cuss with er yaller steer is er-gittin' rich. Even them niggers, bless yer soul, is er-buyin' uv er house. White folks cain't let them niggers be er lead mule. We 's 'bleeged ter git up en git."

Unrefined often in thought as in life, their similes offensive to ears polite, their manners unpolished, a strain of the barbaric pervades their uncouth ethics. Women sometimes curse and brawl. Ribaldry, however, is not the outcome of depraved instincts, but of a silly sensationalism, a bravado to win notoriety, an affectation more than a trait. Neither in countenance nor in demeanor is there brutality or

degradation. Among their guileless rustic castes, under the vulgarity of the worst natures abide a gracious cordiality, an originality, and a freshness, that lift them above the smirch of ordinary disreputable vice. Their figures, drawn from life itself, are apt, although not over-delicate. Their very coarseness of expression is picturesque, and even their immorality is so incongruous that it is not without humor. In bearing the crackers are not surly and forbidding, but friendly and naïve; not brazen or dogmatic, but shy and deprecating; not dull and hidebound, but alert and responsive; not subtle or introversive; not overreaching and selfish, but full of sympathy and gentle tact. Their shrewdness, loyalty, quaint simplicity, frank, open-mouthed wonder, their transparent mentality and unexpected moral obliquities, make a fascinating study.

The vernacular, while possessing similarities to the negro dialect, has qualities that never merge into the African lingo. Widely different from the rich, loud, sonorous tones of the darky is the nasal twang of the thin, piping voices. Even laughter is an attenuated cackle, not a vigorous expiration. Peculiarities of diction succumb to education or association, but sometimes the vicious idioms and emphasis survive through generations, or reappear in the midst of culture to betray ancestry that could not spell. The dialect has interesting analogies with Anglo-Saxon roots, as though by lingual atavism the tongue leaped back to the ancient forms of speech.

Along the trend of the Alleghanies and following the rivers of their water-shed this race, certainly of colonial origin, has persisted and yet remains distinct in pronunciation and characteristics. Into Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisi-

ana, and Missouri the type has been transplanted, and reigns clear-cut and rigid, borrowing few traits from environment, yet marking every other nationality with its unmistakable brand. Not the shallowest optimist, the most ardent apologist for the present social order, can be content with the benighted and unprogressive attitude of the poor whites, when out of this seemingly unpromising material education, mental, moral, and physical, might evolve the highest order of humanity. Even elementary teaching would produce the most dexterous operatives the world has ever seen, fitted by their light, airy physique, their deftness, and their intelligence for nice and complex industrial evolutions. An educated conscience and judgment, together with moral, mental, and manual training, must first be wedded to natural aptitudes. Until wise factory legislation is enforced, and the spiritual needs of man are also considered, until the lever of the common school is applied directly to the individual and the mass, all remedial agencies will find the human stratum stubbornly impervious and resistant.

Neither the strongest in outline nor the raciest in humor is the embodiment of native character here depicted. The mountaineers remain more unperturbed by conventions and less pliable to civilization. A higher ethical interest, however, attaches to the mill workers because of their value as an element in the industrial problem; because their social conditions are fast rooted with the existing economic system, and their future is bound up with our industrial development. The cracker of the factories is the twin-sister of the heroine of fiction, clothed with flesh and blood; the pathos and tragedy of her life are real.

Clare de Graffenried.

A DEAD WORLD.

OFt when I gaze on the clear moon's full round,
 Reveries amid my spirit form and float
 Of how unaltering in her orb remote
 One icy annihilation broods profound.
 Yet radiant life may there have thriven renowned,
 With intellectual aims of noblest note,
 With patriots, heroes, men who ruled or wrote,
 With progress widening to thought's utmost bound.

But now, poor moon, wan shadow of your past pride,
 You bear a look like some pale, glorious flower's
 When treacherous autumn wakes with poignant breath,
 Forever lifting, while slow centuries glide,
 Above this live and populous earth of ours,
 Your silence, pallor and apathy of death!

Edgar Fawcett.

EMMY.



DON'T see how you can stand this awful wind."

"Oh, you get used to it. After you 'd lived here forty year, an' seen ev'rythin' slantendicular in the wind the whole 'durin' time, you 'd get so you would n't think much about it. You 'd feel slantendicular yourself."

"I do b'lieve you have grown kind of sideways, Lucy Ann. Don't you think she has, Emmeline?"

Mrs. Elkins asked the question of her sister, Mrs. Emmeline Cares. Mrs. Cares kept her fair, large face intent upon her sewing. "I 've said she had, time an' time again; but you ain't paid no attention to it," she replied, scarcely opening her fine lips.

"Well, I dunno but you have," Mrs. Elkins said apologetically; "but I ain't realized it till just now. Can't you stand up straighter, Lucy Ann? You had n't ought to get to loppin' over so."

Mrs. Sands stood at the kitchen table rolling out biscuits for tea. She smiled the shrewdly reflective smile of a philosopher. "Well, mebbe I had n't ought to," said she; "but I dunno as it makes much difference. I ain't so young as I was once, an' mebbe if I don't lay out any extry strength in holdin' of myself up straight I 'll last the longer for 't."

"I should think you 'd have a little more regard for your own looks," said Mrs. Cares in a calm, indignant voice. She took strong, even stitches in her white seam.

"Land! I dunno as I 'd know myself if I met myself out a-walkin' on the bluff," returned Mrs. Sands; "I don't think five minutes a day about how I look."

"If you jest tried to think of it, an' stood up straight, an' did n't allow yourself to lean over so, it would n't take long," said Mrs. Elkins.

"If folks won't listen to what folks say, an' don't have no regard to how they look, there ain't no use talkin'. I 'll give it up," said Mrs. Cares.

Mrs. Sands said no more; she put the pans of biscuit into the oven with a sober air. Her two sisters sat sewing with their nice, voluminous black skirts gathered carefully up from contact with the kitchen floor. They had followed Mrs. Sands into the kitchen when she went out to prepare tea. They came from a

town ten miles inland, and were spending the day with her. Their horse and buggy were out in the shed behind the house. The two visiting sisters were trussed up tightly in their fine black gowns, there were gleams of jet upon their high bosoms, there were nice ruffles in their necks and sleeves, their faded light hair was arranged in snugly braided little coronals, and their front locks were crimped.

Mrs. Sands, beside them, showed plainly the marks of the sea upon her; since she had been exposed to the buffetings of its strong salt winds she had changed as much as the coast. Her complexion had been similar to her sisters', fair, although not blonde; now all the fresh tints were gone out of it, and it could well assimilate with the grays and browns of the rocks, and seaweeds down on the shore. She was tall and lean, and leaned sideways, as her sister claimed; she wore a loose, limp, brown dress, and her hair had a rough stringiness over her temples.

After she had put the biscuits into the stove oven she sat down for a minute. She could not fry the fish until Emmy returned; she had gone down to the store after some salt pork. The kitchen had a small, dark interior; it was plastered, and the plaster and unpainted woodwork were brown with smoke. All the color in the room was in a row of tomatoes ripening on the window-sill. The one window looked upon a stretch of wind-swept yard. The edge of the bluff and the sea were upon the other side of the house. The wind was from landward: it beat upon the house in great gusts; now and then a window rattled. The visiting sisters sewed: Mrs. Elkins was using red worsted in some fancy work; Mrs. Cares took nice stitches in some fine white cloth and embroidery. Her daughter was getting ready to be married, and she was doing some needlework for her.

Mrs. Sands kept her eyes fixed upon the work of her sister Mrs. Cares; finally she spoke. "I s'pose you an' Susy have got about all you want to do, with her sewin'?" she said.

"I guess we have," Mrs. Cares assented; "all we can spring to. Susy 's about wore out."

"It 's a good deal of a strain on a girl, gettin' ready to be married. I dunno how Emmy 'd stand it." Mrs. Sands fixed her sober eyes upon the wild sky visible through the window, the corners of her thin mouth curved in a sly smile, but her sisters did not notice it.

Mrs. Cares shook out her work, and took

a dainty stitch with a jerk. "I ruther guess it 's a strain."

"I guess it would come pretty hard on Emmy."

"It ain't the sewin' alone, neither. She 's up pretty late two nights a week, too, an' that tells on her."

"Yes; I dunno of anythin' that tells on anybody's looks quicker than bein' up late nights. Emmy 's been up considerable late along back, an' I can see that she shows it."

"Don't you think this is handsome edging on this skirt?" inquired Mrs. Cares.

"Yes, it is real handsome. How much do you get for Susy's skirts, Emmeline? I s'pose I 've got to buy some for Emmy before long, most likely."

"Three yards."

"Well, that 's about what I thought. Emmy's got to have some new skirts, I s'pose, by an' by."

"Susy 's havin' six made," said Mrs. Cares with subdued loftiness, "an' they is all trimmed to death. I tell her it 's kind of silly."

"Let me see, how much of that gray cashmere did you say you got for Susy's dress? I s'pose Emmy 'll be wantin' one by an' by."

"I b'lieve I got twelve yards."

"I s'pose Emmy 'd take about the same."

"I guess she would. Susy's is most done."

"It 's one of the handsomest dresses for a bride to come out in that I ever see," Mrs. Elkins chimed in enthusiastically.

Mrs. Sands took her eyes from the window. She turned them towards her sisters, a dark blush crept over her face, her smile dispersed. "I don't s'pose you've heard about Emmy," said she.

The sisters stared at her. "Why, no," said Mrs. Cares. "What is it about her?"

"Well—I—expect she 's got—somebody waitin' on her."

"Why, you don't say so, Lucy Ann!" cried Mrs. Elkins.

"Well, I must say I never thought Emmy 'd get anybody," said Mrs. Cares. "Not that she ain't a real good girl, but she ain't never seemed to me like one that would get married. Who is it, Lucy Ann?"

"He 's a real likely young man. He owns a boat; got in yesterday. I s'pose he 'll be up to-night."

"Got anythin' laid by?"

"I should n't wonder if he had. He 's done pretty well, they say, an' he 's stiddy as a clock."

"What 's his name?" Mrs. Cares asked the question with a frown between her eyes. Mrs. Elkins bent forward, smiling curiously.

"Jim Parsons."

"One of Sam Parsons's boys?"

"Yes; the others are dead, you know. He 's

all the one left of the family. He sold the house last year; now he boards over to Capen's."

"How much did he sell the house for?"

"About nine hundred."

"I s'pose he 's got that laid up."

"I rather guess he has."

"Well, that 'll set 'em up housekeepin'. When are they goin' to be married?"

Mrs. Sands's face twitched a little. "Well, I dunno," she said. "I dunno as they 've got quite so fur as that yet."

"Then it ain't settled?"

"Well, no—I guess not. I guess they ain't quite settled it betwixt 'em yet."

Mrs. Cares's eyes, fastened upon her sister's, grew sharper. "How long has he been comin' here?"

"Well, I dunno. He 's been away a spell now. He come here awhile before he went."

"Three months?"

"No, I guess it was n't—hardly three."

"Two?"

"No; I guess not quite."

"Well, he must have been comin' a month if he 's been courtin' at all—if he meant anythin' serious."

"Well, I dunno but 't was about a month in all; he 's been comin' an' goin' with his boat. It 's kinder hard to reckon," said Mrs. Sands, feebly.

"Has he ever took her anywhere?"

"He took her ridin' over to Denbury."

"More 'n once?"

Mrs. Sands shook her head.

"Has he give her anythin'?"

"No—not as I know of. He 's brought mack'ral an' perch in sev'ral times."

"Well," said Mrs. Cares, "you take my advice, Lucy Ann, an' don't you be too sure. You can't tell about these young fellers. They 're more 'n likely not to mean anythin', an' Emmy 's a real good girl; but she ain't one of the kind that young fellers take to, I should n't think. Who 's comin'?"

"Emmy," said Mrs. Sands, with an attempt at dignity.

The door opened then, and Emmy entered. She had a brown paper parcel, and she handed it at once to her mother.

"Here 's the pork, mother," said she.

"I 'd like to know where you have been all this time."

"I had to wait. I could n't help it. The store was full of folks."

Emmy was not as tall as her mother; she was very thin, and there was a little stoop in her slight shoulders. Her young face looked darkly and gravely from under her wind-beaten hat; a dragged plume trailed over the brim, two loops of ribbon stood up grotesquely.

"Do look at Emmy's hat!" said Mrs. Elkins, laughing.

"It's all blown to pieces in this wind," remarked Mrs. Sands. She was slicing the pork.

Emmy removed her hat soberly, and straightened the plume and the ribbon. She had a complexion like her mother's, and the winds had beaten all the brightness out of it. Her blue eyes looked as strange in her fallow face as blue violets would have looked in sand. She had tried to curl her front hair, but the wind had taken out all the curls, and the straight locks hung over her temples. She wore a cheap, blue gingham dress; she and her mother had tried to fashion it after the style of some of the cottagers' costumes. There were platings and drapery, but it was poor and homely, and beginning to fade.

Emmy's aunts surveyed her sharply; finally Mrs. Elkins spoke with a titter: "Well, Emmy, is he comin' up to-night?"

Emmy gave a great start. She looked scared and pitiful, but she answered rather shortly, "I don't know of anybody that's comin'." Then she went quickly into the sitting-room. Presently her mother followed, and found her smoothing her hair before the looking-glass.

Mrs. Sands walked around, and looked at her with a kind of sharp tenderness. "What is it?" she asked; "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, there is, too. You need n't tell me. I saw the minute you come in somethin' had come across you. What is it?"

"Nothin' has come across me. I wish you would n't act so silly, mother."

"Did you see anything of him?" Mrs. Sands's voice dropped to a whisper. Emmy nodded as if she were forced to.

"Where —"

"In the road. Don't, mother!"

"Walkin'?"

"No."

"Ridin'?"

"Yes."

"Anybody with him?"

"Flora Marsh."

Mrs. Sands stood looking at Emmy. "He'd ought to be ashamed of himself," said she. "Don't you mind nothin' about it, Emmy. He ain't worth it."

Emmy strained back her straggling front hair and pinned it tightly; her full forehead showed, and her face, no longer shaded by the straying locks, had a severe cast.

"I don't know why he ain't worth it," said she. "I don't know why he'd ought to be ashamed of himself goin' to ride with Flora Marsh. I can't hold a candle to her."

"Well, I should think after the way he's been comin' here —"

"He ain't been here long. He ain't never asked me to have him. He ain't beholden to go with me if he don't want to."

"Emmy Sands, ain't he set up with you?"

"That don't make it out he's got to marry me."

"Well, you can stick up for him if you want to. I ruther guess —"

"Somebody's comin'," said Emmy; and Mrs. Cares opened the door.

"The pork's burnin'," said she, "an' I guess you'll have to turn it over, Lucy Ann; I'm afraid of its spatterin' on my dress if I try it. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," answered Mrs. Sands; and she went out and turned the pork and fried the fish. Emmy set the table; her aunts questioned her about her "beau," but got little satisfaction.

"I ain't got any beau," she said; and that was all she would say.

Pretty soon her father came, a large man lumbering wearily across the yard with a wheelbarrow load of potatoes. He was a small farmer. He had a nervous face although it was so fleshy, and he looked at his wife and Emmy with an anxious frown between his eyes. He did not say much to his sisters-in-law: he had been as cordial to them as he was able at noon; company disturbed him.

As soon as he could he beckoned his wife into the sitting-room. "Come in here a minute, Lucy Ann," said he. When he had shut the door he looked at her impressively. "What do ye think I see?" he whispered mysteriously; "young Parsons out ridin' with the Marsh girl."

Mrs. Sands held the knife with which she turned the fish. "I know it," said she, impatiently. "Emmy see 'em."

"She did n't!"

"Yes; she met 'em when she was comin' home from the store. I've got to go an' turn the fish; I can smell 'em burnin' now."

"Did she act as if she minded it much?"

"I could n't see as she did. She acted kind of touchy. I can't stan' here, or them fish will be burnt to a cinder. You'd better get you out a clean pocket-handkerchief before you come to the table."

Supper, with its company-fare of fried fish, hot biscuits, and a frosted cake, was quite late. The guests had to take their leave directly afterward, as they had a long drive. Mr. Sands brought the horse and buggy around, and Mrs. Sands got out her sisters' bonnets and wraps. She watched them as they put on their little flower-topped bonnets and adjusted their lace veils over their crimps. She had not had a bonnet so fine for years, but she felt no envy. She seldom looked in the glass, and never except to see if she were tidy. The sea had seemed to cultivate a certain objectiveness in her since she had

lived near it. It was as if the relative smallness of her personality beside the infinite had come home to her.

When the sisters were in the buggy they walked the horse across the yard to the road, and Mrs. Sands walked at the side, talking. When she reached the road Mrs. Cares, who was driving, reined in the horse. A young man and woman were passing in a buggy.

"Who 's that?" called Mrs. Elkins, after they had passed.

Mrs. Cares turned sharply on her sister: "Ain't that Jim Parsons?"

"Yes, I ruther think 't was him."

"Who was that with him?"

"I guess 't was the Marsh girl."

Mrs. Cares tightened the reins. "Well," said she, "I guess you 'll find out there 's somethin' in what I told you, Lucy Ann. It ain't best to be too sure. Well, mebbe she 'll find somebody else, now that the ice is broke. Good-by."

Mrs. Sands stood beside a great wild rose bush and watched her sisters drive down the wood. The twilight was coming fast, but the full moon was rising, and it would be light in spite of the clouds, so there would be no difficulty about the two women driving home.

Mrs. Sands returned to the house, the sweep of the wind strong at her back. Emmy was washing the dishes. "Ain't you goin' to change your dress?" asked her mother.

"No, I guess not."

"Had n't you better? We might have somebody in, an' that don't look hardly fit."

"I guess we sha'n't have anybody in."

"Well, it ain't best to be too sure."

Emmy said nothing more. She kept on washing and wiping the tea-things. The corners of her mouth dropped, but nerve and resolution were in the motion of her elbows. After the dishes were put away she sat down with some sewing. Her mother sat opposite with her knitting-work. Mrs. Sands knitted fast, pursing her lips tightly and wrinkling her forehead. She and Emmy scarcely spoke during the evening. At nine o'clock there was a step at the door, and a sudden red flamed over Emmy's face; her mother started. "There, I told you to change your dress," she whispered. But the door opened and it was only Isaac Sands. He stepped in cautiously, looked anxiously around the room, and then sat down.

"Well, how are you gettin' along?" he said.

"Pretty well," replied Emmy.

"Anybody been in?" he inquired in a casual voice.

Mrs. Sands shook her head. Pretty soon Emmy laid aside her work and went upstairs to bed in her plain little room. After she was in bed she lay listening to the murmur of her parents' voices in the room below. She knew

they were talking about her. She felt intense shame that they should be discussing her love matters. It seemed sometimes to this little soul, setting forth for the first time out of her harbor of youth, as if the friendly watchers on the pier caused her more discomfort than the roughness of the voyage. It seemed to Emmy that her parents talked all night; she was not conscious of any cessation.

When she went down in the morning her mother looked sharply at her. "You don't look as if you 'd slept a wink; great hollers under your eyes," said she.

"I 've slept enough," replied Emmy.

That morning she went about as usual helping her mother; she was always very quiet. When her father came home at noon he had the news that Jim Parsons was going to stay in town a week. Whether Emmy watched or not, her father and mother watched every day for her recreant lover to come, but he did not. He was seen walking and riding with the other girl. Isaac kept a sharp watch upon him, then came home and reported to his wife. They said little about it to Emmy. Emmy, meek and small and quiet, had little dignity about her, but there was a certain reserve which produced the same effect. Her parents were somewhat shy of imposing upon it.

In the mean time Jim Parsons, a young fellow with eyes as blue and bold as the sea, with a rough, hard grace in his sinewy figure, and a rude, merry way, had troubled himself about Emmy more than people knew. Once or twice he had met her on the bluff, his brown face had blushed darkly, and he had stammered forth some greeting. But Emmy had looked quite soberly and calmly at him and returned his greeting, and he had said to himself that she did not care. If he had been charged with offense he would have believed in his own freedom from guilt; left to himself he was not quite sure, and disliked to meet Emmy on the bluff. He was a strange person to have thought twice of Emmy Sands, but she had had her attraction for him, and she had it now. Many a night Jim Parsons was upon the verge of forsaking his new love and returning to his old, but the beauty and the imperious ways of the new one held him. If Flora Marsh had not been in the village within sight and hearing, Emmy would at any time have regained her lover. Simple and uncritical as she was, she had an intuition of the fact herself.

"It 's because Flora came in his way, and she 's pretty; if he were only away from her he would n't think so much more of her," she used to think to herself when she sat sewing so busily and nobody could tell that she was thinking at all. Emmy had even discovered how Jim's first deflection came about. When

he came in from his cruise Flora and some other girls had been down at the landing. There had been joking, and she had as good as asked him in her way, whose prettiness disguised its boldness, to take her to ride. Thus it had gone on.

Jim was to leave on a Thursday, sailing over to Rockland for some stores and a part of his crew, then off the next morning on his fishing cruise. The night before Emmy said to herself, "This is the last night she'll have him."

On Thursday all the sky was red at sunset, the northeast wind blew, and the sea looked beaten flat beneath it; outside the surf it had a metallic calmness. Gulls were flying over a long rock that jutted out into the water a little distance down the coast. Isaac Sands, out early bringing a pail of water over the bluff from a neighbor's well, stopped and looked out to sea.

"Guess we're goin' to have a gale," he remarked when he entered the house. Emmy, helping her mother get breakfast, thought to herself that Jim was going out that afternoon. All that morning she watched the sky. There was a strange, wild glow in it, and the wind increased. There were patches of ghastly green light, like rafts on the sea. At noon when Isaac came home to dinner he had the weather gossip from the store where he had been.

"They say down to Capen's," he reported, "that there's goin' to be the biggest blow of the season. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he ain't never see it look much worse in this part of the world. If he was in the West Indies, he says, he'd be certain there'd be a hurricane. They say Jim Parsons's goin' over to Rockland this afternoon anyhow, an' they think he's crazy to do it. He ain't got no sense to start out a day like this, nor his crew neither. They're all young fellers as careless as he is. Three on 'em's over to Rockland anyhow. I guess if the rest had any folks here, there'd be a time about their startin'."

"Well, I don't want nobody to get drowned," said Mrs. Sands, "but I must say I would n't care if Jim Parsons got pretty well scared."

"I guess there ain't much scare in him; he's a crazy-headed young feller," responded Isaac, grimly.

Emmy said nothing. She did not eat much dinner. Afterward she watched the sky again. Her mother kept watching her with a severe and impatient air. "Emmy Sands, what ails you this afternoon?" she said once, harshly. "Nothin'," replied Emmy. Then she sewed faster.

About five o'clock her father came in. "Jim Parsons ain't gone yet, an' if he goes to-night he an' his crew will go to the bottom before

they ever get to Rockland," said he. "'T ain't far there, but it's one of the roughest little cruises on the coast. He'd ought to have gone in the daytime if he was goin' at all. He's gone to carry that Marsh girl out to ride, and he ain't got home yet. It'll be dark as a pocket before he gets started. Old Cap'n Lawrence says he's been out in about as rough water as anybody, but he'd be hanged if he'd sail that boat over to Rockland to-night. An' there won't none of them other fellers say nothin'; they're hangin' round waitin', an' they look as uneasy as fish out of water, but they ain't goin' to hang back. Young Blake he's the oldest on 'em, an' he ain't over twenty-five. I guess if they had any folks here they would n't start out; but they ain't."

"If Jim Parsons don't know no better than to start out to-night he'd ought to be taken up," said Mrs. Sands. "If he wants to go get drowned himself I dunno as anybody'd care much, but when it comes to drownin' other folks it's a different thing."

"They're all a crazy set," said Isaac. He was not working that afternoon, he was too nervous with the approaching storm. He went back and forth between the house and the store on ostensible errands, but in reality for the gratification of his restless spirit. Pretty soon he arose again. "Well, I s'pose I've got to go down to Capen's again," said he. "I forgot to ask him if he wanted any of them turnips."

After her father had gone Emmy went too, slipping out the front way; her mother was in the kitchen. She pulled her hat down over her ears to keep it on, and went down the little footpath over the crest of the bluff. She had not put on any shawl or sack; her meager little figure, wavering in the blast, stood out darkly against the wild sky. Everything on the bluff looked gigantic in the wind, which seemed to widen and lengthen everything. The fringe of coarse grass on the edge of the bluff looked like a weedy forest. Emmy passed by the row of summer cottages all shut up and deserted now; and the great festoons of spiders' webs on the piazza, oscillating in the wind, held spiders which looked like tropical ones. Emmy went on. There were some sails in the harbor. There was one in the west which she eyed intently. Anchored opposite it lay a dory; there were some men on the beach near it. Jim was not among them. Emmy, swaying in the wind, stood on the bluff behind them and made sure of that. She turned and ran back along the bluff. She passed her own house and went on to the store. The rough weather had driven the row of lounging men inside. There was scarcely a clear space between the visitors perched upon boxes and barrels and propped against coun-

ters and walls. Emmy's father was sitting on a barrel. She pushed up to him. "Is he goin' to-night, father?" she whispered.

He stared at her. "What?"

"Is he goin' to-night?"

"Who goin' — Jim?"

"Yes."

"Course he 's goin'. He 's just come in, an' gone upstairs to pack his things."

Nobody had overheard Emmy's and her father's whispered conversation, but one of the men took it up. It was the topic of the day, coming uppermost in intervals like waves.

"I would n't give that for his chances," he exclaimed. "That boat will go to the bottom with all on board afore they heave in sight of Rockland."

Then a chorus arose like the crying of a flock of ominous birds.

Emmy hurried out of the store without another word. Her father called after her, but she did not hear him. She ran along the bluff again. The sun was low in a red glare of sky and ragged violet and orange clouds. The sky and clouds appeared as close to the sea as the coast; it was as if the sun was passing to some infernal shore. Emmy went nearly to her own house, then she struck across lots to the highway. She hurried down the road until she came to the house where Flora Marsh lived. It was a fine house for this little coast village. It had green blinds, and a bay window at one side. Emmy knocked at the front door, and Flora opened it.

"Why, hullo, Emmy!" said she. Then she stood staring at her. There was a soft pink glow all over Flora's delicate blonde face that showed she had just been out in the wind. She was prettily dressed.

"Can't you stop his goin'?" Emmy said in a quick, dry voice.

"What?"

"Can't you stop his goin'?"

"I don't know what you mean, Emmy Sands." Flora's manner was at once pert and confused.

"Can't you stop Jim Parsons's goin' out to-night?"

"Stop his going?"

"Yes; can't you? They say it 's awful dangerous. There 's a terrible gale comin'. He 'll be drowned."

"Oh, I guess there won't be much of a gale. He says it 's safe enough."

"It ain't. They all say it ain't. He 's terrible careless. He 'll be drowned. Can't you stop him?"

Flora looked at her; her sweet, full brows contracted. The wind blew so that the girls could hardly stand against it; their very words seemed to be tossed about passing from one

to the other. "Come in a minute," said Flora; "we can't talk here."

"There ain't any time to lose."

"It won't take any longer in the house than it will here. Somebody 'll hear us if we talk here, we have to holler so."

Emmy followed Flora into the house, into the parlor. Flora shut the door. "I wish you'd tell me now what you mean — what you want me to do?" said she.

"Stop his goin' out to-night."

"How can I stop him, I 'd like to know?"

"Go down to the shore where his dory is, and when he comes ask him not to go."

Flora hesitated. She fingered a tidy on the back of a chair. "To tell the truth," said she, "I 've told him once I did n't think he ought to go; but it did n't do any good. You can't keep him back an inch if you tell him it ain't safe. He ain't afraid of anything. If I ask him to stay because it 's dangerous to go it 'll just make him all the fiercer for going."

"I know that. Don't ask him not to go because it 's dangerous."

"How shall I ask him then, I 'd like to know?"

"Tell him you want him to come up and see you to-night."

Flora looked at Emmy. She drew a long breath. "I don't know what to make of you, Emmy Sands."

"He 'll be gone if — you don't go quick," Emmy almost gasped.

"Emmy Sands, how you act! I ain't engaged to him. I can't make him stay any more 'n you can."

"Yes, you can; he likes you. Oh, go quick!"

"Why don't you go yourself and ask him not to go?"

"I ain't no reason to."

There came an odd look into Flora's face.

"Look here," said she; "do you know what you 're doing? I ain't engaged to him. Jim Parsons is an awful flirt. He 's going off to be gone quite awhile. Maybe when he comes back he 'll come to see you again. I 've bid him good-by, and we ain't engaged. It would be a good deal safer for you if you let him go. There, I like him well enough, but I 'm going to tell you the truth about it, anyhow. It would be a good deal safer for you if he did n't come to see me again before he goes. You know what I mean."

Emmy threw her head back; her voice rang out sharply. "What do you suppose I care about that?" said she. "Do you suppose I 'm comin' here because I want to marry him? Do you suppose, if he wants you and you want him, I 'd lift my finger to get him back? Get him back — there ain't any gettin' him back;



THE CREST OF THE BLUFF.

he ain't never said he thought of marryin' me. Marryin'! What 's marryin'? It ain't marryin'; it 's life an' death that 's to be thought of! What difference do you suppose it makes to me who he marries, if he ain't drowned in that awful sea to-night? Why don't you go if you care anythin' about him? What are you stoppin' for? He 'll be gone before you get there."

"You are the strangest girl I ever saw," said Flora.

She went out into the entry and put on her hat and jacket. Emmy opened the outer door and stood waiting. "I don't imagine it 'll do any good," Flora said when she came out.

The two girls hurried across to the bluff. Emmy kept looking at Flora. "Tuck up your hair a little under your hat; it 's comin' down," she said once as they ran along.

When they reached the bluff Emmy turned towards her own house.

"You 're going home?" said Flora.

Emmy nodded.

"Well, I 'll do the best I can. If I get him, I 'll come up the other steps and go by your house. You watch."

Flora sank from sight directly, going down some steps over the face of the bluff, and Emmy went home. It was time to get supper, but she stole upstairs to her own room and sat down at the window that overlooked the sea. The breakers gleamed out in the dusk like white fire. It was not long before two figures, a man

and a woman, passed below her window. The woman uplifted her face and looked at the house.

Mrs. Sands called at the foot of the stairs: "Emmy, where be you? Supper 's all ready."

"I 'm comin'," answered Emmy. She went down into the lamp-lighted room, and her father and mother looked at her, then at each other. She appeared almost pretty. There was quite a red flush on her sallow cheeks, and her eyes shone like blue stars.

After supper Isaac Sands went down to the store again. Emmy and her mother sat by the kitchen fire and sewed. The gale increased; they could hear the breakers on this side of the house with all the windows closed. "I ruther guess Jim Parsons will wish he 'd staid on shore," remarked Mrs. Sands. "Well, if folks will be so headstrong and foolhardy, they 've got to take the consequences." There was a grim satisfaction in her tone.

Emmy said nothing.

When Isaac came home he was dripping with rain. "It 's an awful night," he burst forth when he opened the door. "Guess it 's lucky Jim Parsons did n't go out."

"Did n't he go?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"No. Young Blake was down to Capen's; he said Jim backed out. The Marsh girl come down an' talked to him, an' he guessed she persuaded him not to go. Guessed it would have been his last cruise if he had."

"Served him right if it had been," said Mrs. Sands, severely.

Emmy lighted her lamp and went to bed.

That night the gale was terrific; the rain, driven before it, rattled upon the windows like bullets. The house rocked like a tree. Nobody could sleep much. In the morning it rained still, the spray from the ocean dashed over the footpath on the bluff, the front windows were obscured by a salt mist. Jim Parsons with all his recklessness could not put out to sea that day. It was three days before he could go. Then the sun shone, the sea was calmer, although still laboring with the old swell of the storm, and he went out in the afternoon, steering down the coast to Rockland.

The day after he went Emmy met Flora Marsh on the bluff. She was going by with only a greeting, but Flora stopped her.

"He did stay; you knew, did n't you?" said she.

Emmy nodded. "Yes; I saw you go by with him."

Flora stood before her as if wanting to say something. She blushed and looked confused. Emmy made a motion to pass her.

"I guess he 'd run considerable risk if he had gone that night," Flora remarked flutteringly.

"He 'd been lost if he had," returned Emmy. Then she passed on. Flora stood aside for her. Suddenly Emmy turned. "You did n't say anything to him about me, did you?" said she.

"No, I did n't."

"You won't, will you?"

"No, I won't."

Then the two girls went their ways. It was not long before the news of Flora Marsh's engagement to Jim Parsons was all over the village.

Emmy's father and mother heard it, but they said nothing about it to her; they wondered if she knew. It was said that the couple were to be married when Jim returned from his cruise.

If Emmy knew it, it did not apparently affect her at all. She kept faithfully on in her homely little course. She was interested in all that she had been; there was no indication that any sharp, unsatisfied, new taste had dulled the old ones. Her mother felt quite easy about her, although her pride and indignation rallied whenever she thought of Jim Parsons. When he returned from his cruise, and the wedding was appointed the week after, she was unable not to speak of it to Emmy. The day but one before the wedding she began suddenly in a harsh voice, "I s'pose you've heard the news."

"Yes, I heard it," replied Emmy.

"Well, I hope he 'll stick to his wife."

"I don't see why he should n't."

"Don't see why he should n't after the way he treated you?"

Emmy faced her mother. "Mother, once for all, he did n't treat me bad. I guess I know more about it than you do. There ain't any reason for you to say such things about him."

"Well, if you want to stick up for him, you can. I 'm sure it ain't nothin' to me who he marries, if it ain't to you. If you don't feel bad, I 'm sure I don't."

"I don't."

"Well, I 'm glad of it," said her mother.

It was just after dinner. Emmy went to the door to shake the tablecloth and saw her aunts driving into the yard. They had come to make a visit; they were going to spend the night, and drive home the next morning.

The aunts had not been seated very long before the subject of the wedding was opened. Flora Marsh had been to their town to buy her wedding clothes, the dressmaker there had made her dress, and they had seen it. They knew all about the matter, how it was to be only a family wedding, and how Jim and Flora were going to Boston. Emmy sat and listened quite calmly. Once, when she had gone out of the room for a minute, Mrs. Elkins turned to her sister.

"I forgot he used to go with her once," she whispered. "She don't mind hearin' it, does she?"

"Land, no," replied Mrs. Sands. "She did n't care nothin' about him. Emmy ain't one of the kind to set her heart much on any feller. I 'm thankful enough she did n't have him. He ain't got no stability, an' never will have. He would n't have made no kind of a husband for her."

The morning of the wedding the Sands family arose early. The aunts wished to start for home in good season. The sun was only a little way above the horizon when Emmy opened her window and looked out. It was a beautiful morning. Over in the east the sun stood; behind him lay what looked like a golden land of glory. The sea was calm, the ripples in the forward path of the sun shone like sapphires and rubies and emeralds.

Emmy's small, plain face looked upon it all from her window. Her cheeks were dull and blue with the chilly air; there was no reflection of the splendid morning in her face. But beneath it, in the heart of this simple, humble young woman of the seaboard, with a monotone of life behind her and one stretching before, was love of the kind, in the world of eternity, that is better than marriage.

Mary E. Wilkins.

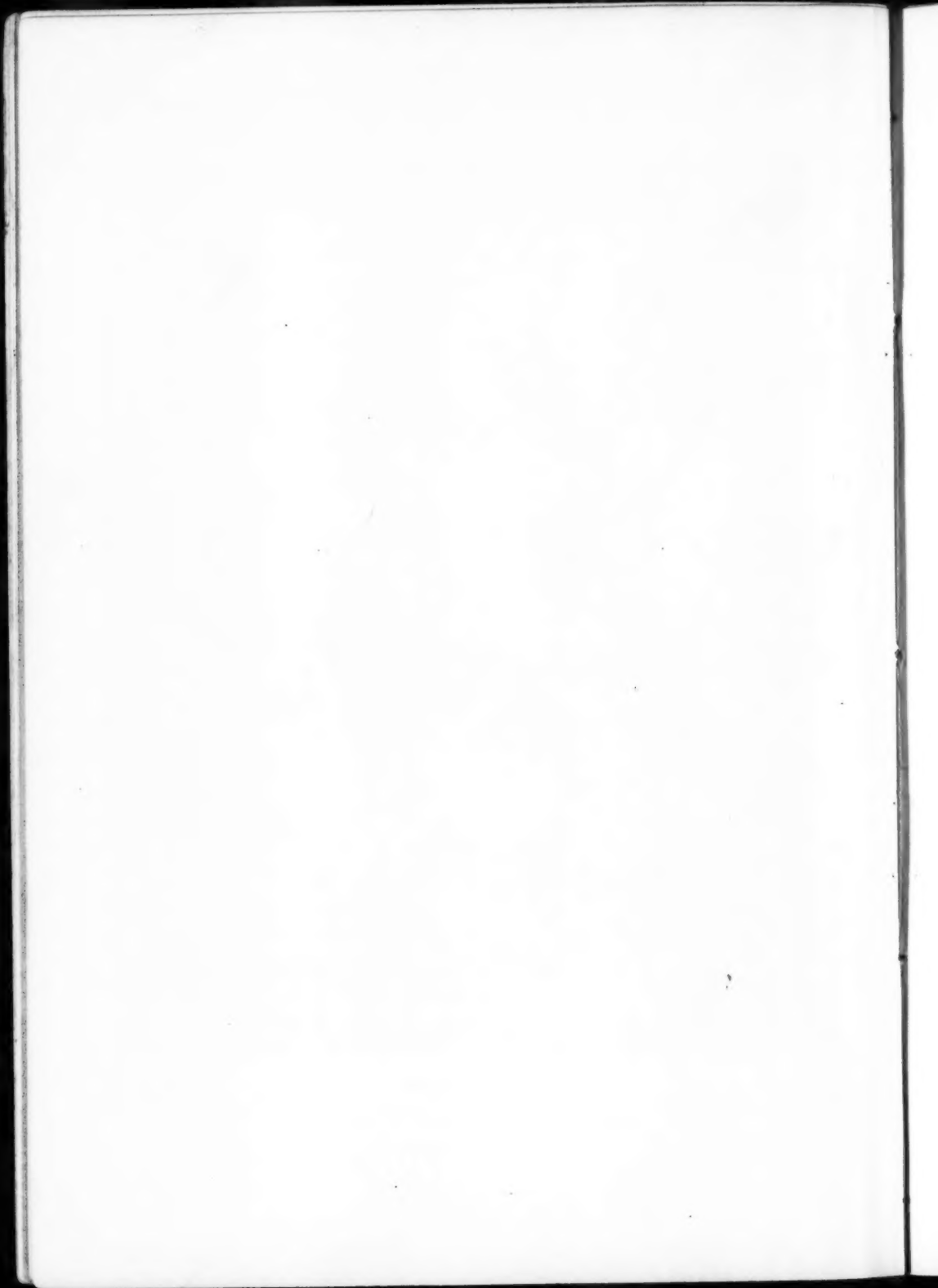


ENGRAVED BY W. S. CLOSSON.

THE MIRROR.

FROM A PAINTING BY D. M. BUNKER.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")



PENELOPE'S SWAINS.



IN the breakfast-room of the Misses Berkeley in old Belhaven town, Virginia, you might, before the war, have beheld daily a pleasant spectacle.

As soon as the last relay of batter-cakes had been carried out by Trip, it was Miss Penelope Berkeley's custom to call in a black woman bearing upon a tray a cedar piggin hooped with brass and full of boiling water, a mop, a bit of soap, and some fair towels of linen crash. Into this tub the old lady would first dip her tea-pot, sugar-dish, and cream-jug of oval-shaped colonial silver; after them, in regular routine, cups and saucers, spoons and forks. Transferred from their steaming bath to Gay's dainty finger-tips, the various articles were dried and in pristine luster replenished in a corner cupboard. Not for the world would Gay have let fall one of those family treasures. Her care for them was that of the Guards in the Tower of London for the regalia of the Crown.

One beautiful May day, when the custard honeysuckle had sent a flower inside the sash of the breakfast-room window to woo Gay into the garden, it was made evident by sundry tokens that something had stirred the spinster household from its normal calm. Trip, the kitchen Mercury, in a clean check pinafore, his head bristling with twigs of plaited wool, displayed a continual grin and a pair of wildly goggling eyes. Dennis, the purblind butler, shuffling around the table, with snow-white jacket and long linen apron, wore an air of gratified hospitality, tempered only by the memory of Trip's shortcomings (Trip, his great-grandson, in training for house service, was the thorn in Dennis's side), and Susan, the housemaid, had tied her kerchief with coquettish consciousness about her head. Upon the forsaken table, awaiting Miss Penelope's regenerating touch, was not a portion but all of the Berkeley tea-service (even the urn with a pineapple on top, reserved for special tea-parties), and also the "Nantgarow" cups and saucers, with brier-roses and trefoils, that saw daylight only behind glass, except as a mark of honor to cherished guests.

Gay, divided between her anxiety to see china and silver back in safety on the shelves, a physical excitement inspired by delicious weather, and a keen feminine relish for a sentimental situation, was in high feather. An old lover, a has-been suitor, who had sighed in vain

and ridden away to come back after many years—a widower, no doubt hoping to be consoled—here, under the same roof with his first love—Gay an eye-witness to the progress of events—what an enchanting combination! True, it had been something of a drawback to see the Reverend Dr. Fountain accept from Aunt Penelope's own hand three cups of coffee and a glass of milk in quick succession. He had also partaken more heartily of rice-cakes, waffles, rolls, light bread, batter-bread, cold ham, roe herrings, radishes, and broiled tomatoes than accorded with Gay's theory of allegiance to past or present. She could not help wondering if the late lamented Mrs. Fountain had been what was called in Belhaven a "good provider."

And now that the meal was over, Dr. Fountain had retired with Aunt Finetta into the paneled parlor looking out across the garden and river to the red clay hills of Maryland. The door had closed behind them. Aunt Finetta, who invariably sat here in the family room reading her newspaper until the things were washed and put away and Penelope was ready to go to market! How funny it had been to hear the old lady say, with majestic courtesy:

"We will adjourn temporarily to the drawing-room, Dr. Fountain, if you please, leaving to my sister the care of our few domestic duties."

Was this, Gay wondered, a blind to give the doctor an opportunity to declare his enduring passion for Aunt Penelope, and to receive her elder sister's blessing on his hopes. For Gay had often heard the Belhaven gossip about the Misses Berkeley; how young Fountain, as a prospective clergyman, had been Miss Finetta's choice for her sister, and how Aunt Penelope had obstinately preferred that rattle-brained Daisy Garnett. Fountain, ordained a priest and called to a distant parish, had married and flourished, acquired a good-sized family, had now lost his wife, and was talked of as on the way to become a bishop. When it was announced that he would certainly be present at the annual convention of the Church, that year falling to Belhaven's lot, Aunt Finetta had forthwith invited their friend of olden days to be one of the two guests assumed as her share of town hospitality towards the clergy. This, to Gay's active mind, was a suspicious circumstance. She tried, but without success, to adjust to it some of the situations in the novels of Mme. d'Arblay or Miss Porter, dear to her

through many readings in the hall window-seat up-stairs. Mme. d'Arblay had no elderly hero with a large purple face, a beard shaven save to adorn his chin, an oratorical style of general conversation, and a habit of blowing his nose with a resounding blast. Gay's idea of a lover was that he should use his handkerchief

still held their vogue. How often had Gay seen the pink satin frock, with its umbrella-gores and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, in which Aunt Penelope, at fourteen, had danced down the middle of a reel with Daisy, to wind up a Twenty-second-of-February ball at Gadsby's tavern.



IN THE HALL WINDOW-SEAT.

only to mop beads of anguish from his brow when unsuccessful in his suit.

In the sixteen-year-old judgment of a head stuffed with old songs, old sayings, old love tales, and young whims, there was quite as much incongruity with romance in the appearance of her aunt's other admirer of langsyne. Major David Garnett, yclept by his fellow-townsmen "Daisy," had been a famous Belhaven buck in the-days when birthnight balls

"I was slighter then, my love," Miss Pen would say, when Gay's reverent fingers measured the width and depth of the corsage. "I remember so well this was new just when stooping had been declared out of fashion for the genteel. Dear mama made us wear a piece of Russian sheeting under the bust, with shoulder-straps, and brother Billy laughed and said no fine lady but would now be seen bridling up in company; and so it was. We wore

our hair smooth and glossy, like a satin cap, and on top two or three bows of hair with feathers and roses. Mrs. Betsey Thompson, who 'd been a widow just one year,—she that was afterwards Mrs. Colonel Steptoe of the Eastern Shore,—appeared that night in a high black crape puff with silver spangles and black feathers on her head, a frock of blue Italian muslin, and a black spencer; this she was pleased to call second mourning! The Misses Delaney were the belles; they wore white lute-strings with gold spangles and gold cords, and green velvet leaves sewed all round the tail—poor Billy was so attentive to the elder. Sally Delaney married a Tucker and died before my dear brother—where was I, child?"

"At the ball, Auntie, dancing the reel with Major Daisy. Tell me some more about the ball."

"There were seven hundred guests, my dear, and the supper was truly elegant. I walked in with (Mr. Garnett.) There was a monstrous cake in the middle of the table, ornamented with an equestrian statue of General Washington, the whole covered with sugar-candy in the form of a cone, on top of which was the American eagle. Then there were jellies and blanc-manges, oranges and nuts, all sorts of dressed dishes, ornamental cakes and sugar emblems, and the sweetest baskets made of macaroons and filled with kisses."

"Goodness me!" cried Gay.

"Yes, there was no scrimping in those days, I'll promise you, though I *have* heard mama tell how the General used to laugh at some of the old Belhaven parties, calling them bread-and-butter balls. After the supper was eaten, the beaus scrambled for the sugar eagle on top of the cake, and Mr. Garnett got it and presented it to me."

"To think you were only fourteen, Aunt Pen, and I 'm not allowed to turn out yet."

"It was the custom of the day, my love."

"What became of the sugar eagle, Auntie?"

"It crumbled away the year Mr. Garnett went to the war in Mexico. I opened the box to look at it, and found it quite destroyed, and the very next week came news that he was wounded at Chapultepec."

Gay, who knew every word of the recital, always drew a long breath of awe-stricken satisfaction at this point.

There was no doubt that Miss Penelope, who could now speak of her old swain so calmly, had once wished to marry him. But Miss Berkeley, ruling her family with a rod of iron, would have none of David Garnett. He was a reckless young fellow, unfit to be trusted with the happiness of her sole surviving sister, the youngest of the flock. Pen was inclined to giddiness, and Daisy far too

fond of frolicking, tipping, horses, cards, and dancing. One heard of him here, there, and everywhere in Maryland and Virginia, at "weddin's," fox-hunts, races, and barbecues. Worse than all, he had exchanged shots in an encounter near Bladensburg with a senator from South Carolina, with whom he had had the misfortune to differ on a question of State precedence. After this, Miss Berkeley—who, having once published a diatribe in pamphlet form against the appearance of certain of the Virginia clergy in the chancel without robes, was considered to have a scathing style in authorship—sat down and wrote to David, forbidding him the house. Then it was that Penelope was said to have bowed before the blast, and renounced the "understanding" between her lover and herself.

Gay could not reconcile these traditions of Major Daisy's *jeunesse orageuse* with the trig little lame gentleman wearing a seedy auburn scratch, his winter-apple face crisscrossed with wrinkles, who, as regularly as Saturday night came around, hung his hat on the spinsters' hall peg. Thanks to time, the softener of all asperities, Aunt Finetta defied David no longer. There was even a neighborly welcome for him in Princess Royal street, where the old Berkeley mansion reared its high-shouldered chimneys draped with English ivy and wistaria to the gaze of passers-by.

Gay, taking part sometimes with the major and her great-aunts in a four-handed game of cards, used to wonder could this be the gallant volunteer who, when left badly wounded by the tide of battle sweeping up the heights of Chapultepec, had lain hugging to his breast the flag he had snatched from the hand of its dead bearer, and cheering his comrades on to victory? The major, whose game leg was a souvenir of that occasion, had indeed long since settled down from the ways of his wild youth into a Belhaven landmark as steady and familiar as the town clock. He had "joined the church" and become a vestryman; he was the leader in "Mear" and "Federal Street" in a straggling choir of volunteers; was frequently called on to be a godfather; and as a pall-bearer was an assurance to survivors of the high respectability of the departed.

It was a common saying that no wedding could take place without "points" from Major Daisy. First to know of the engagement,—what time the bud of love had been pleased to break into unexampled flower,—he was the confidant of Jenny's pets and Jessamy's despair, and in due course brought the lovers in safety to the altar, gave away the bride, and was the first to salute her blushing cheek. At the wedding-feast who but he could be counted on to offer toasts, fill plate and glass for lonely



IN THE OLD MARKET.

wall-flowers, lead out touchy maiden aunts, joke with "the boys" who wore the willow for the bride, and keep the bridesmaids in a flutter with his compliments?

At christenings Major Daisy was great. He had a genius for discovering in the unformed features of the infant on exhibition the likeness of all others it was meet and right for that child to have. Was there in the family annals a distinguished dimple, or scowl, or squint desirable to perpetuate, he would espy and proclaim it to flattered parents.

At funerals, again, he might be seen, his hat borne down under a long black weeper, his hands lost in the wrinkles of undertaker's gloves, walking in the procession with a look of rooted gloom. Thus equipped, he inclined bystanders to believe in the great loss the community sustained in the death of old Aleck Appleby, who for twenty years had been soaking himself in whisky and disgracing all his kin.

In politics Major Daisy was an old-line Whig, contributing, over the signature of "Senex," many articles on the tariff and sub-

jects of kindred interest, to the columns of the "National Intelligencer" in Washington. He was, in theory, a deadly opponent of some of the incendiary teachings of Thomas Jefferson, and his modern idol was the Honorable Henry Clay. He was an enthusiastic freemason, frequenting the lodge of Washington in Cameron street; and as a citizen was second to none in the estimation of his townspeople, although not in active business, having inherited a wide old double house in which he lived alone, and sufficient patrimony for his small wants and large charities.

Ah, yes, it was years since Miss Penelope had folded away her love-dream, sprinkled with rue and pansies, like a garment of the beloved dead. And yet little Gay's sharp eyes were not mistaken in seeing upon her faded cheek a faint warmth when the major stepped in on Saturdays to offer her revenge at cards, or chess, or backgammon. He brought her a pink rosebud once, plucked in the yard while waiting for Dennis to hobble to the door, reminding her that she had always looked so well in pink. Next day Gay found Miss Penelope picking out the rosettes of lavender "love" ribbon in her evening cap and fumbling with some loops of rose color. But Miss Finetta's brusque entrance and demand to know what nonsense she was at, fussing with such colors at her age, made Miss Penelope hasten to put back the lavender, which had never since been changed.

Miss Penelope Berkeley was a fair, pretty old lady, with dimples and a double chin, her drab hair, once golden, worn in "sausages" on each temple. She had grown stout, but was still active on her feet, and was always sent for when trouble or sickness came to the household of her friends. She was not learned or very accomplished. Her representation of *The Flood*, in cross-stitch worsted work, now hanging over the chamber mantelpiece, began and ended her achievements with the needle. She could sit down to the piano in the twilight and play pieces that gave delight to listening ears, and as a housekeeper her fame went far and wide. "She makes the best pickles of any woman I ever ate," was the comment of a rival, who would *not* yield to Miss Penelope the palm for preserves of watermelon rind carved to resemble Chinese ivories. She was generous to a fault, tender, forgiving. To carry to her one's sorrows was like lying down when tired on an oldtime feather bed. And she adored novels. Gay's taste for romance was omnivorous, hardly anything coming amiss to her, but Miss Penelope liked chiefly those many-volumed works including a traitor, a misunderstanding, two riven hearts, a dying heroine, and a lover on horseback arriving in time for the last sigh.

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Aunt Finetta, on the contrary, was given to no melting at imaginary woes. She was a stern, hawk-eyed woman, utterly out of keeping with her fairy-tale appellation; and was many years older than her sister, whom she regarded as in some respects on a par with their orphan grandniece Gay. The only survivors of a large family born in this house, she, more than her sister, belonged to the by-gones that possessed it. The old gray-white stucco pile, built by their Scotch grandfather soon after his arrival in the Virginia colony, had always been hand in glove with Virginia history. No room but kept its tradition of some personage renowned in the stirring days before and after the American Revolution. The epoch of Miss Finetta's first appearance at Belhaven routs and parties had been before the ebb-tide of Belhaven's prosperity. Her people had led the van of entertainments to strangers and townsfolk. Now all were gone—friends, parents, fortune. The house fairly echoed with haunting whispers of the past. Nothing remained but the old walls, the old furniture, some old servants, a genteel competence, sister Penelope, and Gay. By and by she would be carried out to take her place in the family vault, already crowded, under the cedars of the old town burial-ground.

Gay was not troubled by such thoughts. She only lamented the cutting off their right of way to the river, by a city street and buildings. Once the gentry who came to drink tea used to stroll down, between box walks and under bowers of jasmine, to see their own ships set sail for England. After that period came the bustle of growing commerce; but now the long wharf jutting into the river, and the dingy warehouses with the twinkling, broken panes of glass, had passed under a spell of silence and decay. Forlorn as was their present aspect, Gay loved to steal down and sit dangling her feet over the edge of the rotting docks, to dream and wonder why every exciting thing "had been." Time was when she, born a sailor's child, had longed to repeople these hushed spaces with the seafaring folk that had kept Belhaven town astir. She fed her imagination on the stories of their memorable doings on the deep when they sailed richly laden barks into pirate-haunted waters. Among many tales, her favorite, perhaps, was that of the merchantman homeward bound from London in 1792, chased and captured by the French frigate *Insurgente*, her crew and captain carried to Nantes, drawn up in a line in the prison yard, and every other man picked out for Madame Guillotine—the ones left escaping over the prison wall by means of their blankets cut into strips and knotted into a rope. Gay liked to think that those survivors had set

foot in safety upon the crumbling boards through which she now caught glimpses of green water lapping upon emerald-vested piles.

As she grew older the sea mania faded, and her ambition took another turn. She wanted to go out and shine in the great world. If her father, the lieutenant, had lived, Gay felt sure that her talents would have had wider scope. She was impatient of the calm routine, the church-going, the housekeeping, the traditions, the long, dull streets with their cobblestones set in grass, in which no inexplicable sound was ever heard. Oh, for some break in this monotony of peace!

Then Gay passed into a softer phase. She began to look oftener in the glass, to tie her rough locks under a ribbon top-knot, to speculate about love and lovers. That her own suitor should be tall, with night-black hair, a dome-like brow, and a hidden sorrow, was all she absolutely exacted of fate—the rest was immaterial. Failing a romance on her own account, she took the deeper interest in Aunt Penelope's. Even the purple-faced doctor offered a loophole of escape from the unevenness of life in old Belhaven.

"You may take Peggy and the basket and go to market for me, Gay," Aunt Penelope remarked, a little flurried. "You know what we need, and be sure Hodges sends us the right cut of the sturgeon. Dr. Fountain likes his sturgeon stuffed and baked."

Gay winced at the unsentimental sturgeon, but obeyed. Nothing she loved better than market-day and a little brief authority.

The clean streets around the market-place were crowded with country wagons from which the horses had been unhitched to feed at the back. Inside, under the old brick arches, was delicious shadow. Out in the open part of the square a picturesque medley of booths for the sale of fruit and flowers and vegetables was shaded by awnings from the May sun. All the country-side seemed to have rendered tribute in May flowers. Even the fish-stalls, with their shining spoils of the Potomac, and the prosaic butchers' stands, had each its nosegay of fresh mock-orange, lilac, snowball, and althea. The cries of imprisoned ducks and chickens rose above the soft chatter of the negro women, gay and emulous to sell their wares. Everybody was at leisure to be civil, and what elsewhere is the mosquito-note of business here subsided into the drone of honeybees at harvest.

"If that is n't Major Daisy with old Jupiter!" exclaimed Miss Gay to her attendant.

"Major Daisy larfing round de wrong side o' he mouf to-day, I reckon," said Peggy, sapiently. "Law, honey, he 'sarves it, he sut-

tinly do fo' lettin' ole Miss give him de mitten fo' Miss Pen. Shua 's you live dere 's to be a weddin' in de fambly, cos I done fotch it in coffee groun's an' in de keards."

"A wedding! Oh, Aunt Peggy!" cried Gay.

"You jus' wait, chile. 'Pears like husbands was a long time a-comin' to our house, but—(Look heah, you niggah! Ef you blocks up our way I 'll make a mashed persimmon o' you, mighty quick.) Ef on'y ole Miss don' go discommodatin' Providence by shettin' de do' in dis heah one's face—"

"But, Aunt Peggy," said Gay, who knew the terms upon which the termagant lived with her own meek little consort, Mars, "I thought you did n't approve of marrying."

"Laws, chile, who said I do? (None o' them tomarteses o' yourn, Miss Johnson. I 'm s'prised at you fo' offerin' 'em to my young miss.) Men is triflin', no 'count critters, honey; but I s'pose de good Lawd knowed wot he was arter when he 'lowed dat husbands was to be."

Gay, more affected than she chose to admit by Peggy's prophecy, for the old woman enjoyed great renown as a fortune-teller, felt quite a pang of sympathy for Major David when they came up with the little gentleman, who was purchasing some rather diminutive chops to put into the large basket the colored butler carried upon his arm.

"Good morning, Miss Gay. Hope I see you well, ma'am," he said, with a flourishing bow. "Caught the old bachelor buying his dinner, eh? Well, it 's like keeping house for a canary, so Jupiter thinks; but I 'm blessed if I know what to get when I 'm by myself. And how are the good ladies this morning? Was a little afraid Miss Pen would have a return of her earache after going out on the porch to see the new moon o' Saturday."

No word, no consciousness of the presence of the hated rival in the Berkeley house. Gay felt defrauded of a dramatic situation.

"You know we 've staying company," she said, with a little toss of the head. "A most agreeable and eminent divine. The Reverend Joshua Fountain, a friend, a very old friend, of my aunts."

"Fountain? You don't say so. Why, of course I know old Fountain. We were at school together; and the boys—because of a hearty appetite, you know, boys will give nicknames—they called him 'Gobbling Josh.' Ha! ha! I remember one day at our table—but it don't do to tell tales out of school. Why, of course—Josh married Miss Molly Patton, of Anne Arundel. I remember seeing the two Patton girls—Miss Molly was the little foxy one—at the Greenbrier White in—let me see—what year—"

But Gay, with great dignity, interrupted

him. "Dr. Fountain has been a widower for at least a year," she said; "and I think my aunts will be expecting me, as we've got to go to convention presently—so good morning, Major Garnett."

She blamed herself afterwards for this severity. In books the discarded suitor always veils his real feeling by an assumption of indifference. She even pardoned, and determined to forget, the odious suggestion of "Gobbling Josh," although it returned to her mind more than once at the dinner-table that day, when the family, reinforced by a new arrival, another reverend appetite, sat down to enjoy the sturgeon, with a bountiful provision of Peggy's and Aunt Penelope's best culinary skill. Further to promote good fellowship, Aunt Finetta had invited in her next-door neighbors, the Misses Bassett, two dear little old ladies, whose establishment was ruled over by an Angora cat always spoken of as "he," and whose fear of burglars induced them to invest in a man's hat and stick kept prominently in view in their front hall.

The social supremacy of the clergy in Belhaven has long been a fact accepted with resignation by her citizens of secular employment. It used to be said by the disaffected lawyers, bankers, doctors, and merchants of the place that their women would give first chance to any theologian, even were he the downiest youngster from the famous school of divinity hard by the town; that for such were held in store the brightest smiles, the softest arm-chairs, the most buttery of muffins. Without accepting this slander, we may admit the discouragement to a young man who had requested the object of his hopes to be at home to him alone, at finding her with a seminarian, practising "Come Ye Disconsolate" at the melodeon. And we have heard of a Belhaven serenade received with enthusiasm by the maiden beneath whose window the darkness was aroused with the tune of "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb," performed as a solo on the French horn.

The only real dissipation Belhaven ever indulged in was a convention, and the week was very gay. Tripping over the newly washed bricks of the sidewalk, in the wake of ministerial coats, were seen ladies in neat prunella slippers, their white stockings crossed with black ribbons, their bonnets and mantillas looking as if just come out of silver paper and smelling of vanilla bean. They flocked to every sitting of the delegates, and in the intervals exchanged tea-parties and "dinings," at which each housewife was expected to try some new recipe. With their eyes devoutly fixed upon the expounding doctor in the pulpit, they would, during the services, be often torn by pangs as to whether Aunt Judy would know when to take that cake out of

the oven, or whether she might not get "perinkety," and over-spice the soup. This state of things was hard upon the doctrine, but comfortable for the divines.

Under such conditions Dr. Fountain, who had arrived in Belhaven wearing his bereavement upon his sleeve for all to see, cheered up amazingly. His allusions to the loved and lost, his sniffs at tributes to her worth, became less frequent. He waxed even playful in his heavy way. He made visits among his old acquaintances, drank tea and assumed Sir Oracle in many homes, but was steadfast in returning early to enjoy the society of the house in Princess Royal street. The Misses Bassett, who from their parlor window saw everything, declared that coming back to the scenes of his young life had made the doctor lose ten years of his age. He walked buoyantly, exchanged his broad-brimmed hat of black straw for a white one with a black band, and preached a sermon so full of hope for humanity and love for his fellow-men as to sound like the twittering of swallows from a chimney-top. When the Misses Bassett asked Miss Penelope if she did not find this discourse "most refreshing," Aunt Pen assented beamingly; though in truth the dear old lady had dozed off at "thirdly, my beloved brethren," not to awake till the benediction. Major Daisy, stalking up the aisle of the church after everybody else was seated, with the gloves usually carried in his hat still resting upon his wig, heard the sermon also, and said afterwards, with a quizzical smile, that "Josh was taking notice," he presumed. Dr. Fountain, who had come to spend a week, remained with the Berkeleys an entire fortnight, and afterwards took up his abode at the Mansion House, near by. It was understood by his congregation that he was traveling for his health.

And now little nothings, betokening which way the wind blew, began to multiply. He asked Aunt Penelope to play for him "My favorite air, the melody of Thomas Moore entitled:

'Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day.'"

He brought in a big bunch of hundred-leaf roses purchased in the market-place, and, after hovering uncertainly around Miss Penelope awhile, presented them to Gay. He talked a great deal of his home, and his dear girls, and of the fine watermelon crops in his part of the country. He presented "Doddridge's Sermons" to Miss Berkeley; Pope's "Essay on Man" to Miss Penelope; and to Gay a blue and gold volume of "Selected Poems of the Affections," at which she laughed, and of which she did not read ten lines. But as the intentions

of her future Uncle Joshua were good, she thanked him sweetly and redoubled her acts of hospitable kindness.

One night Peggy, accustomed to visit her Miss Penelope for purposes of gossip after the old lady had retired to bed, found that her time for calling was misplaced. Miss Penelope, in a voluminous white wrapper, starched and frilled, was still upon her knees engaged in devotions that Peggy from experience knew were likely to be protracted beyond the limit of her own waiting powers. Peggy therefore, in a strained and melancholy voice, observed:

"Miss Pen's sayin' her pra'r's, ain't she? I jes wish she knowed Miss Fanny Bassett's axed for de loan o' a quart o' to-morrer mornin's milk for breakfas'."

"Let her have the milk, of course, Peggy," came in hollow tones from beneath Miss Penelope's night-coif; and then, to Peggy's disappointment, down went the head in devotion deeper than before. What was to be done? Peggy, well aware of the old lady's terror of a mouse, was not long at a loss. Taking a ball of wool from Miss Penelope's knitting-basket, she let it shoot across the floor to bring up against her mistress's protruding foot. With a shriek and a bound Miss Penelope sprang to her feet, nor did she rest until tucked up in bed, deceitful Peggy looking everywhere, but of course in vain, for the most deadly enemy of her lady's maiden peace.

"Look for it, Peggy. Kill it! The little wretch touched me. Oh, I can smell him still!"

"Dey worn't never nut'in' like de giniwine Berkeley nose for smellin' mice," said Peggy. "Da now, chile, I see him run into dat crack behin' de bureau, an' he 'll be too scart to come back dis away to-night. Miss Pen—! Shua's you born dat gentleman o' yourn ain't gwine away from here 'thout co'tin' somebody. He's suttinly sot on it."

"Nonsense, Peggy," said Miss Penelope.

"He is dat, shua! An' husbands ain't so plenty in dis house. Now, chile, I jes want to speak a word in season. Ole Miss ain't a gwine to las' forever, an' when she go, who's to take care o' you 'n' Miss Gay?"

"The Lord will provide, Peggy."

"S'posin' he will, you'd better hold on to your beau all de same. He ain't so purty as some, but he's stiddy an' conformable-like, an' he's got chillen to keep company wid Miss Gay."

"O Peggy, I've thought of all that," said poor Miss Penelope. "Don't you suppose sister Finetta has been at me every day? I'm sure I never saw her so possessed to take anybody's part."

"But you likes him jes one little teenchy

bit, honey?" coaxed Peggy, guiltily conscious of a present in her pocket of a gold dollar bestowed by Dr. Fountain for encouragement received, when she had encountered the good gentleman walking up and down between her rows of cabbages, and, with the familiar wheedling of her race, had contrived to let him know that his presence in the house was not unacceptable.

"Wait till he asks me, Peggy," answered Miss Penelope, who, resolutely pulling the counterpane up to her chin, refused to say another word.

THE afternoon following this momentous interview Gay was in the garden tying up her clove-pinks, which persisted in hanging their heavy, luscious heads to mother earth. While thus employed a shadow fell across her sunshine, and, looking up, she beheld the tall, black-coated form and rubicund visage of their reverend visitor.

What followed has not circumstantially transpired. But the aunts, who were in the shady chamber napping over their books, were surprised and shocked at the sudden, impetuous entrance of Miss Gay, with a crimson face and an agitated manner.

"He's a horrid, old, conceited thing, and I hope never to lay eyes on him again," she cried, dashing a lapful of carnations down upon the floor.

"Gay, I am astonished," remarked both of the ladies in duet. "Pray, child, whom do you mean?"

"Dr. Fountain," cried Gay, too furious to cry. "He thought I was *in love with him*! He said I'd encouraged him to stay. And he said he'd wrestled in prayer about me till he'd determined to overlook my youth and take me to—be—his—*wife*!"

"My dear, you must be dreaming," said Aunt Penelope, gently. Aunt Finetta was too thunderstruck to speak.

"No, no; it's perfectly, hatefully true. I despise him, but I despise myself still more. When I only meant to be kind to him because—be—cause—" Here Gay stopped, and choked.

"It's my duty to inquire into this affair," said Miss Berkeley, moving majestically towards the door.

"Oh, you need n't!" said Gay. "He's gone! He's raging! When he had the impudence to take my hand in his old flabby one and squeeze it I just pinched him—pinched him awfully, and made him let me go."

Miss Berkeley stopped, undecided, with her hand upon the knob. Then turning to her sister, a pained look of inquiry came upon her face.

"Penelope?" she said.

"We all have been mistaken, sister," was the quick answer. "I was doing my best to please you; but — I'm afraid — I feel relieved."

ONE year after these events Gay's heart's desire was realized. There came into the still Belhaven streets such a stir and marshaling of troops that the town was born again to be the war-post of the days of Washington. And when presently the boys in gray who had been rallied from Belhaven's homes marched out, the boys in blue marched in. Needless to say that, drawn from its rusty scabbard, the sword he had carried in Mexico was offered by Major Garnett to his Virginia. As colonel of a regiment of infantry he served at the two battles of Manassas, and for several campaigns was heard of wherever there was fighting for his corps. Then the eager, yearning friends shut up in Belhaven, and meeting in secret to pray for the armies of the South, learned that General Garnett had lost both an arm and a foot in battle, and was lying, not expected to survive, at a hospital in Richmond. For the first time in her life Gay saw a blue light of fixed determination burn in the placid orbs of Aunt Penelope. Overcoming all obstacles, and braving danger and distress, Miss Penelope Berkeley pushed through the lines and went to Richmond.

"Do you know me, David?" she asked, at the moment when it was believed his gallant soul was passing to its reward.

"Know you, Pen?" he answered. "Why, I must be in heaven."

"THERE is n't much of me left, ma'am," he remarked, in the course of a few weeks, to his devoted nurse; "but there's a body to hold my heart, and a hand to put the ring upon your finger. Nothing should part us now, Pen. Come, say you'll be Mistress Garnett."

"O David! As if I had n't loved you all my life," sighed Miss Penelope.

Gay's own romance came to her after General and Mrs. Garnett had gone back to live in the old house, whence Aunt Finetta had been gathered to her fathers. But long before this she had given to Major Daisy the enthusiastic homage of her heart. "Between Pen and Gay," the dear old boy used to say, "I've more hands and feet and coddling than any one man, much less half a man, deserves."

The Reverend Joshua espoused a widow with six children, three farms, and a temper locally renowned. Old Peggy died firmly believing that her incantations, if not her diplomacy, had secured two husbands to the ancient house of Berkeley.

Constance Cary Harrison.



TO GEORGE B. BUTLER.

FULL many an artist, Butler, have I known
In golden days gone by, but none like thee;
For thou dost paint what no one else can see,
What should be seen, but hath not yet been shown —
Secrets whose meaning has forever flown,
Things doubtful once which now authentic be,
The selfhood which all children christen "me,"
And which discovered is by thee alone.
Whence is this marvelous craft wherein we find,
Thou by the pencil, I, my poorer pen,
What slumbers in the cradle of the heart,
Or suddenly is awakened in the mind?
Through Song at last have I deciphered men,
Man from the first thou hast discerned by Art.

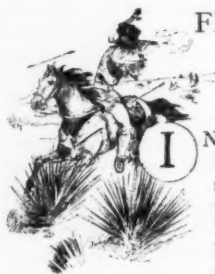
R. H. Stoddard.

*"The undersigned hereby agree to
organize for the purpose of gaining and
maintaining the independence of California".*

THE BEAR FLAG PLATFORM, DRAFTED BY GENERAL BIDWELL (FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT OF THE PRESENT ARTICLE.)

FRÉMONT IN THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.¹

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



IN the autumn of 1845 Frémont came on his second exploring expedition to California. This time he divided his party east of the Sierra Nevada and sent the greater portion to come in through a gap supposed to exist farther to the south, while he followed substantially what is now the emigrant road, or Truckee route, and came direct to Sutter's Fort with about eight or nine men. At that time I was in charge of Sutter's Fort and of Sutter's business, he being absent at the bay of San Francisco. Frémont camped on the American River about three miles above the fort. The first notice of his return to California was his sudden appearance, with Kit Carson, at the fort. He at once made known to me his wants, namely, sixteen mules, six pack-saddles, some flour and other provisions, and the use of a blacksmith's shop to shoe the mules, to enable him to go in haste to meet the others of his party. I told him precisely what could and could not be furnished—that we had no mules, but could let him have horses, and could make the pack-saddles; that he might have the use of a blacksmith's shop, but we were entirely out of coal. He became reticent, and, saying something in a low tone to Kit Carson, rose and left without saying good-day, and returned to his camp. As they mounted their horses to leave, Frémont was heard to say that I was unwilling to accommodate him, which greatly pained me; for, of course, we were always glad of the arrival of Americans, and especially of one in au-

thority. Besides, I knew that Captain Sutter would do anything in his power for Frémont. So I took with me Dr. Gildea, a recent arrival from St. Louis, across the plains, and hastened to Frémont's camp and told him what had been reported to me. He stated, in a very formal manner, that he was the officer of one government and Sutter the officer of another; that difficulties existed between those governments; and hence his inference that I, representing Sutter, was not willing to accommodate him. He reminded me that on his first arrival here, in 1844, Sutter had sent out and in half an hour had brought him all the mules he wanted. I protested my willingness to do anything in my power, but was obliged to plead inability to do more than stated, telling him that in 1844 Sutter was in far better circumstances; that on that occasion a man (Peter Lassen) had just arrived with a hundred mules, of which Sutter had bought what Frémont needed. But he had not been able to pay for them, because Frémont's drafts had to go East before Sutter could realize on them the money which had been promised to Lassen. In a few days Sutter returned, but could not furnish anything more than I had offered. Then Frémont concluded to go down to the bay and get supplies. He went with his little party of eight or nine men, including Kit Carson, but without success; so he sent the men back to Sutter's Fort to go, as best they could, to find the main party. Meanwhile he himself had made his way to Monterey to see the American consul, Thomas O. Larkin. After several weeks Frémont and his entire party became united in the San Joaquin Valley.² While at

¹ See the preceding papers by the present writer: "The First Emigrant Train to California" and "Life in California before the Gold Discovery," in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1890, respectively.—EDITOR.

² His men in the mountains had suffered considerably. Frémont had given positive orders for them to wait at a certain gap or low divide till he should meet them with supplies, but the place could not be found. The men got out of provisions and bought from the Indians. The kind they most relished was a sort of

brown meal, which was rich and spicy, and came so much into favor that they wanted no other. After a while the Indians became careless in the preparation of this wonderful meal, when it was discovered to be full of the broken wings and legs of grasshoppers! It was simply dried grasshoppers pounded into a meal. The men said it was rich and would stick to the mouth like gingerbread, and that they were becoming sleek and fat. But after the discovery they lost their appetites. How hard it is sometimes to overcome prejudice!

Monterey he had obtained permission from José Castro, the commandant-general, to winter in the San Joaquin Valley, away from the settlements, where the men would not be likely to annoy the people. He had in all in the exploring party about sixty well-armed men. He also had permission to extend his explorations in the spring as far south as the Colorado River.

Accordingly early in the spring (1846) Frémont started south with his party. When Castro gave him permission to explore towards the Colorado River he no doubt supposed he would go south or southeast from where he was camped in the San Joaquin Valley, and on through the Tejon Pass and the Mojave Desert; but, instead, Frémont with his sixty armed men started to go west and southwest through the most thickly settled parts of California, namely, the Santa Clara, Pajaro, and Salinas valleys. As he was approaching the last valley Castro sent an official order by an officer warning Frémont that he must leave, as his action was illegal. The order was delivered March 5. Frémont took possession of an eminence called Gavilan Peak, and continued to fortify himself for several days, perhaps a week or more, Castro meantime remaining in sight and evidently increasing his force day by day. Frémont, enraged against Castro, finally abandoned his position in the night of March 9, and, gaining the San Joaquin Valley, made his way rapidly northward up the Sacramento Valley and into Oregon, leaving Sutter's about March 24.

A little over four weeks after Frémont left I happened to be fishing four or five miles down the river, having then left Sutter's service with the view of trying to put up two or three hundred barrels of salmon, thinking the venture would be profitable. An officer of the United States, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the marines, bearing messages to the explorer, came up the river in a small boat and at once inquired about Frémont. I told him he had gone to Oregon. Said he: "I want to overhaul him. How far is it to the fort?" And receiving my reply, he pushed rapidly on. He overtook Frémont near the Oregon line. Frémont, still indignant against Castro, who had compelled him to abandon his explorations south, returned at once to California. It so happened that Castro had sent Lieutenant Arce to the north side of the bay of San Francisco to collect scattered Government horses. Arce had secured about one hundred and fifty and was taking them to the south side of the bay, *via* Sutter's Fort and the San Joaquin Valley. This was the only way to transfer cattle or horses from one side of the bay to the other, except at the Straits of Carquinez by the slow

processes of swimming one at a time, or of taking one or two, tied by all four feet, in a small boat or launch. Arce, with the horses and seven or eight soldiers, arrived at Sutter's Fort, staid overnight as the guest of Sutter, and went on his way to the Cosumne River (about sixteen or eighteen miles) and camped for the night.

Frémont's hasty departure for Oregon and Gillespie's pursuit of him had been the occasion of many surmises. Frémont's sudden return excited increased curiosity. People flocked to his camp: some were settlers, some hunters; some were good men, and some about as rough specimens of humanity as it would be possible to find anywhere. Frémont, hearing that the horses were passing, sent a party of these promiscuous people and captured them. This of course was done before he had orders or any positive news that war had been declared. When Gillespie left the United States, as the bearer of a despatch to Larkin and Frémont and of letters to the latter, war had not been declared. The letters included one from Senator Benton, who had the confidence and knew the purposes of the Administration. As Gillespie had to make his way through Mexico, he committed the despatch and his orders to memory, destroyed them, and rewrote them on the vessel which took him, *via* the Sandwich Islands, to the coast of California. There had been no later arrival, and therefore no later despatches to Frémont were possible. Though Frémont was reticent, whatever he did was supposed to be done with the sanction of the United States. Thus, without giving the least notice even to Sutter, the great friend of Americans, or to Americans in general, scattered and exposed as they were all over California, he precipitated the war.

Sutter was always outspoken in his wish that some day California should belong to the United States; but when he heard that the horses had been taken from Arce (who made no resistance, but with his men and with insulting messages was permitted to go on his way to Castro at Santa Clara), he expressed surprise that Captain Frémont had committed such an act without his knowledge. What Sutter had said was reported to Frémont, perhaps with some exaggeration.

As soon as the horses arrived at Frémont's camp, the same party—about twenty-five in number—were sent to Sonoma. By this party General Vallejo, the most prominent Californian north of the bay, his brother Salvador, his brother-in-law Jacob P. Leese, and Victor Prudon were surprised at night, taken prisoners, and conveyed to Frémont's camp, over eighty miles distant by the traveled route on the Sacramento River. The prisoners were

sent to Sutter's Fort, Frémont arriving at the same time. Then Sutter and Frémont met, face to face, for the first time since Frémont, a month before, had passed on his way towards Oregon. I do not know what words passed between them; I was near, but did not hear. This, however, I know, that Sutter had become elated, as all Americans were, with the idea that what Frémont was doing meant California for the United States. But in a few minutes Sutter came to me greatly agitated, with tears in his eyes, and said that Frémont had told him he was a Mexican, and that if he did not like what he (Frémont) was doing he would set him across the San Joaquin River and he could go and join the Mexicans. But, this flurry over, Sutter was soon himself again, and resumed his normal attitude of friendship towards Frémont, because he thought him to be acting in accordance with instructions from Washington. For want of a suitable prison, the prisoners were placed in Sutter's parlor,—a large room in the southwest corner of the second story of the two-story adobe house,¹—which had but one door, and this was now guarded by a sentinel. Frémont gave me special directions about the safety of the prisoners, and I understood him to put them under my special charge. Some of Frémont's men remained at the fort.

Among the men who remained to hold Sonoma was William B. Ide, who assumed to be in command. In some way (perhaps through an unsatisfactory interview with Frémont which he had before the move on Sonoma) Ide got the notion that Frémont's hand in these events was uncertain, and that Americans ought to strike for an independent republic. To this end nearly every day he wrote something in the form of a proclamation and posted it on the old Mexican flagstaff. Another man left at Sonoma was William L. Todd,² who painted, on a piece of brown cotton, a yard and a half or so in length, with old red or brown paint that he happened to find, what he intended to be a representation of a grizzly bear. This was raised to the top of the staff, some seventy feet from the ground. Native Californians looking up at it were heard to say "*Coche*," the common name among them for pig or shoat.

The party at Sonoma now received some accessions from Americans and other foreigners living on the north side of the bay. Rumors began to reach them of an uprising on the part of the native Californians, which indeed began

under Joaquin de la Torre. Henry L. Ford and other Americans to the number of thirty met De la Torre — whose force was said to number from forty to eighty — near the Petaluma Ranch, and four or five of the Californians were said to have been killed or wounded. The repulse of the Californians seems to have been complete, though reports continued alarming, and a man sent from Sonoma to Russian River for powder was killed. A messenger was sent in haste to Sacramento for Frémont, who hurried to Sonoma with nearly all his exploring party and scoured the country far and near, but found no enemy.

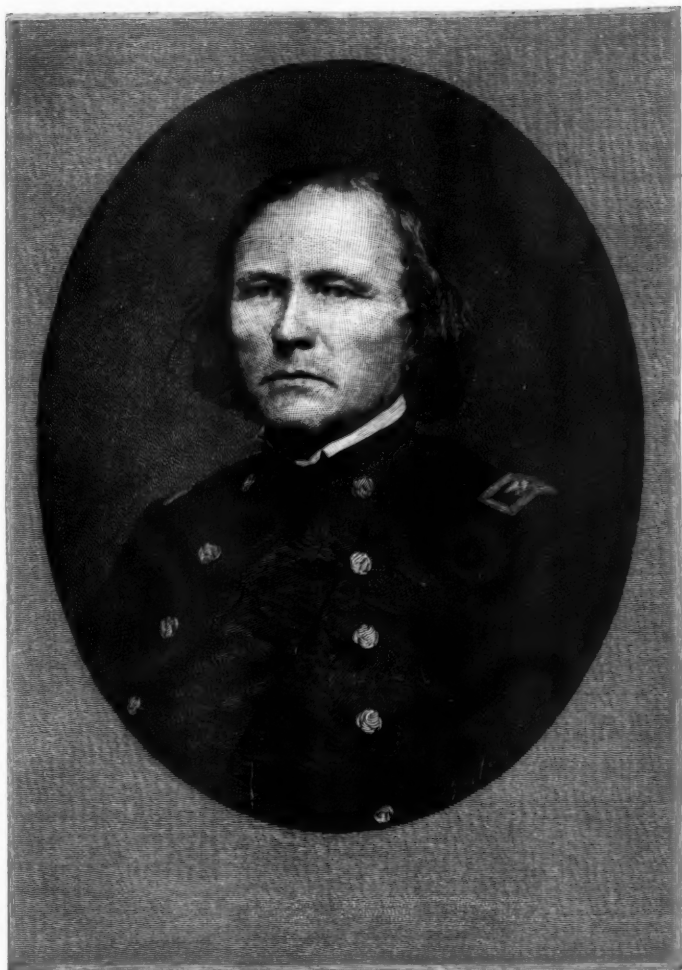
I tried to make the prisoners at Sacramento as comfortable as possible, assisting to see that their meals were regularly and properly brought, and sometimes I would sit by while they were eating. One day E. M. Kern, artist to Frémont's exploring expedition, called me out and said it was Frémont's orders that no one was to go in or speak to the prisoners. I told him they were in my charge, and that he had nothing to say about them. He asserted that they were in his charge, and finally convinced me that he had been made an equal, if not the principal, custodian. I then told him that, as both of us were not needed, I would go over and join Frémont at Sonoma. Just at this time Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett of the United States Navy arrived from the bay, inquiring for Frémont. The taking of the horses from Arce, the capture of the prisoners, and the occupation of Sonoma, had been heard of, and he was sent to learn what it meant. So he went over to Sonoma with me.

On our arrival Frémont was still absent trying to find the enemy, but that evening he returned. The Bear Flag was still flying, and had been for a week or more. The American flag was nowhere displayed. There was much doubt about the situation. Frémont gave us to understand that we must organize. Lieutenant Gillespie seemed to be his confidential adviser and spokesman, and said that a meeting would be held the next day at which Frémont would make an address. He also said that it would be necessary to have some plan of organization ready to report to the meeting; and that P. B. Reading, W. B. Ide, and myself were requested to act as a committee to report such a plan. We could learn nothing from Frémont or Gillespie to the effect that the United States had anything to do with Frémont's present movements.

¹ This adobe house is still standing, within the limits of the city of Sacramento, and is the only relic left of Sutter's Fort. [See sketch on page 169, *THE CENTURY* for December, 1890.] It was built in 1841 — the first then, the last now.

² More than thirty years afterwards I chanced to

meet Todd on the train coming up the Sacramento Valley. He had not greatly changed, but appeared considerably broken in health. He informed me that Mrs. Lincoln was his own aunt, and that he had been brought up in the family of Abraham Lincoln.



(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1863, IN POSSESSION OF C. B. HALL.)

K. Carson
Late 1 Cavalry Regt.
Bvt Brig General

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KIT CARSON.

In past years rumors of threats against Americans in California had been rather frequent, several times causing them and other foreigners to hasten in the night from all places within one or two hundred miles to Sutter's Fort, sometimes remaining a week or two, drilling and preparing to resist attack. The first scare of this kind occurred in 1841, when Sutter became somewhat alarmed; the last, in 1845. But in every case such rumors had proved to be groundless, so that Americans had ceased to have apprehensions, especially in the presence of such an accessible refuge as Sutter's Fort. And now, in 1846, after so many accessions by immigration, we felt entirely secure, even without the presence of a United States officer and his exploring force of sixty men, until we found ourselves suddenly plunged into a war. But hostilities hav-



JACOB P. LEESE.

ing been begun, bringing danger where none before existed, it now became imperative to organize. It was in every one's mouth (and I think must have come from Frémont) that the war was begun in defense of American settlers! This was simply a pretense to justify the premature beginning of the war, which henceforth was to be carried on in the name of the United States.¹

Under these circumstances on the Fourth of July our committee met. We soon found that we could not agree. I wished to paste together his long proclamations on the flagstaff, and

make them our report. Reading wrote something much shorter, which I thought still too long. I proposed for our report simply this: "The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California." Unable to agree upon a report, we decided to submit what we had written to Lieutenant Gillespie, without our names, and ask him to choose. He chose mine. The meeting took place, but Frémont's remarks gave us no light upon any phase of the situation. He neither averred nor denied that he was acting under orders from the United States Government. Some men had been guilty of misconduct in an Indian village, and he reprimanded them—said he wanted nothing to do with the movement unless the men would conduct themselves properly. Gillespie made some remarks, presented the report, and all present signed it.

The organization took place forthwith, by the formation of three companies. The captains elected were Henry L. Ford, Granville P. Swift, and Samuel J. Hensley. Thus organized, we marched into the Sacramento Valley. The men who had not been at Sonoma signed the report at the camp above Sutter's Fort, except a few who soon after signed it at the Mokelumne River on our march to Monterey. This was, so far as I know, the last seen or heard of that document, for Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey before our arrival, and soon it waved in all places in California where American influence prevailed.

As yet Frémont had received advices from Washington no later than those brought by Gillespie. His object in going to Monterey must have been to confer with Commodore Sloat and get positive information about the war with Mexico, which proved to be a reality, as we learned even before our arrival there. There was now no longer uncertainty; all were glad. It was a glorious sight to see the Stars and Stripes as we marched into Monterey. Here we found Commodore Sloat. The same evening, or the next, Commodore Stockton, a chivalrous and dashing officer, arrived around Cape Horn to supersede him. Plans were immediately laid to conquer California. A California Battalion was to be organized, and Frémont was to be lieutenant-colonel in command. Stockton asked Frémont to nominate his own officers. P. B. Reading was chosen paymaster, Ezekiel Merritt quartermaster, and,

¹ So much has been said and written about the "Bear Flag" that some may conclude it was something of importance. It was not so regarded at the time: it was never adopted at any meeting or by any agreement; it was, I think, never even noticed, perhaps never seen, by Frémont when it was flying. The naked old Mexican flagstaff at Sonoma suggested that

something should be put on it. Todd had painted it, and others had helped to put it up, for mere pastime. It had no importance to begin with, none whatever when the Stars and Stripes went up, and never would have been thought of again had not an officer of the navy seen it in Sonoma and written a letter about it.



GOVERNOR JUAN B. ALVARADO. (1836-42.)



GOVERNOR MANUEL MICHELTORENA. (1842-45.)

TWO MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA.¹

I think, King commissary. The captains and lieutenants chosen at Sonoma were also commissioned. Though I did not aspire to office, I received a commission as second lieutenant.

Merritt, the quartermaster, could neither read nor write. He was an old mountaineer and trapper, lived with an Indian squaw, and went clad in buckskin fringed after the style of the Rocky Mountain Indians. He chewed tobacco to a disgusting excess, and stammered badly. He had a reputation for bravery because of his continual boasting of his prowess in killing Indians. The handle of the tomahawk he carried had nearly a hundred notches to record the number of his Indian scalps. He drank deeply whenever he could get liquor. Stockton said to him: "Major Merritt" (for he was now major), "make out a requisition for some money, say two thousand dollars. You will need about that amount at the start. Bring your requisition on board, and I will approve, and direct the purser to honor it." Major Reading wrote the requisition and Merritt got the money, two thousand Mexican silver dollars. That afternoon I met him in Monterey, nearly as drunk as he could be. He said, "Bidwell, I am rich; I have lots of money"; and putting both hands into the deep pockets of his buckskin breeches he brought out two handfuls of Mexican dollars, saying, "Here, take this, and if you can find anything to buy, buy it, and when you want more money come to me, for I have got lots of it."

Merritt was never removed from his office or rank, but simply fell into disuse, and was detailed, like subordinate officers or men, to perform other duties, generally at the head of

small scouting parties. Merritt's friends—for he must have had friends to recommend him for quartermaster—in some way managed to fix up the accounts relating to the early administration of his office. In fact, I tried to help them myself, but I believe that all of us together were never able to find, within a thousand dollars, what Merritt had done with the money. How he ever came to be recommended for quartermaster was to every one a mystery. Perhaps some of the current theories that subsequently prevailed might have had in them just a shade of truth, namely, that somebody entertained the idea that quartermaster meant the ability and duty to quarter the beef!

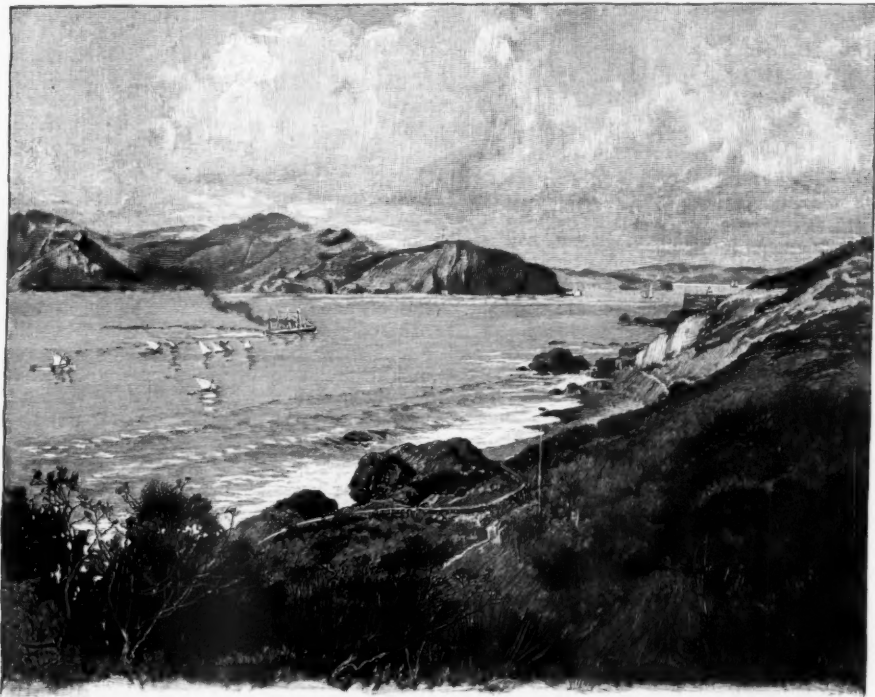
The first conquest of California, in 1846, by the Americans, with the exception of the skirmish at Petaluma and another towards Monterey, was achieved without a battle. We simply marched all over California from Sonoma to San Diego and raised the American flag without opposition or protest. We tried to find an enemy, but could not. So Kit Carson and Ned Beale were sent East, bearing despatches from Commodore Stockton announcing the entire conquest of California by the United States. Frémont was made governor by Stockton at Los Angeles, but could not enter upon the full discharge of the duties of his office till he had visited the upper part of California and returned. He sent me to take charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey, with a commission as magistrate over the larger portion of the country between Los Angeles and San Diego. Stockton and all his forces retired on board of their vessels. Frémont went north, leaving part of his men at Los Angeles under Gillespie, part at Santa Barbara under Lieutenant Talbot, and some at other points. Pio Pico and

¹ For a portrait of Pio Pico, the successor of Micheltorena and the last Mexican governor, see *THE CENTURY* for January, p. 379.

José Castro, respectively the last Mexican governor and commander-in-chief, remained concealed a while and then withdrew into Mexico.

Suddenly, in about a month, Frémont being in the north and his troops scattered, the whole country south of Monterey was in a state of revolt.¹ Then for the first time there was something like war. As there were rumors of Mexican troops coming from Sonora, Merritt was sent by Gillespie to reconnoiter towards the Colorado River. Gillespie was surrounded

and reorganized the forces, composed of sailors, marines, men of Frémont's battalion under Gillespie and Merritt, volunteers at San Diego, including some native Californians and that portion of the regular troops under General S. W. Kearney that had escaped from the field of San Pascual²—in all between 700 and 800 men. Of these forces I was commissioned and served as quartermaster. This work of preparation took several months. Finally, on the 29th of December, 1846, the army set out to retake



THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

at Los Angeles, and made to capitulate. I fled from San Luis Rey to San Diego. Merritt and his party, hearing of the outbreak, also escaped to San Diego. Meanwhile Frémont enlisted a considerable force (about four hundred), principally from the large Hastings immigration at Sacramento, and marched south. Commodore Stockton had landed and marched to retake Los Angeles, and failed. All the men-of-war, and all the scattered forces, except Frémont's new force, were then concentrated at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton collected

Los Angeles. It fought the battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa, which ended the insurrection. The enemy fled, met Frémont at San Fernando, and surrendered to him the next day. The terms of surrender were so lenient that the native Californians from that time forth became the fast friends of Frémont.

Unfortunate differences regarding rank had arisen between Stockton and Kearney. Frémont was afterwards arrested in California by Kearney for refusing to obey his orders, and was taken to Washington and court-martialed. Stockton,

¹ Royce, in his history of California, says that the immediate cause of this revolt was the intolerant and exasperating administration of affairs by Gillespie at Los Angeles.—EDITOR.

² Time does not permit me to do more than allude to the arrival at San Diego of General Kearney with one hundred soldiers, and with Kit Carson and Beale, from New Mexico; or to his repulse at San Pascual.

however, was largely to blame. He would not submit to General Kearney, his superior in command on land, and that led Frémont to refuse to obey Kearney, his superior officer. Frémont's disobedience was no doubt owing to the advice of Stockton, who had appointed him governor of California.¹

The war being over, nearly all the volunteers were discharged from the service in February

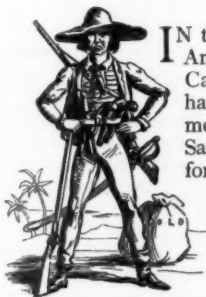
and March, 1847, at Los Angeles and San Diego. Most of us made our way up the coast by land to our homes. I had eleven horses, which I swam, one at a time, across the Straits of Carquinez at Benicia, which J. M. Hudspeth, the surveyor, was at the time laying out for Dr. Robert Semple, and which was then called "Francisca," after Mrs. Vallejo, whose maiden name was Francisca Benicia Carrillo.

John Bidwell.



THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA: A CARICATURE OF THE TIME FROM "PUNCH" BY RICHARD DOYLE.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



THE MOST APPROVED CALIFORNIA OUTFIT.
(FROM "PUNCH.")

IN the summer of 1847 the American residents of California, numbering perhaps two thousand, and mostly established near San Francisco Bay, looked forward with hope and confidence to the future. Their government held secure possession of the whole territory, and had announced its purpose to hold it permanently. The Spanish Californians, dissatisfied with the manner in which Mexico had ruled them, and convinced that she could not protect them, had abandoned the idea of further resistance. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of political affairs, the market prices of cows, horses, and land, which at that time were the chief articles of sale in the country, had advanced, and this enhancement of values was generally

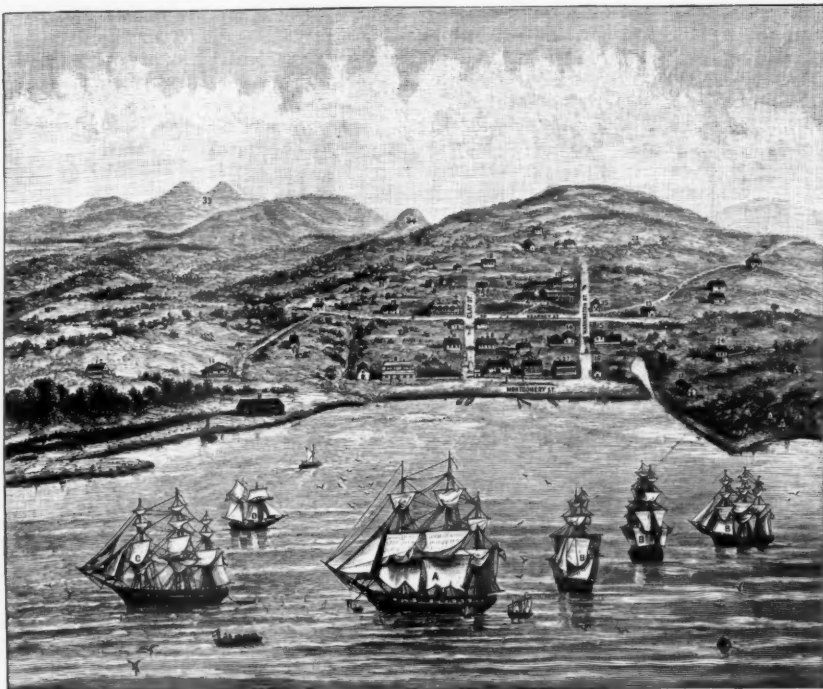
regarded as a certain proof of the increased prosperity that would bless the country under the Stars and Stripes when peace, which seemed near at hand, should be finally made.

It so happened that at this time one of the leading representatives of American interests in California was John A. Sutter, a Swiss by his parentage; a German by the place of his birth in Baden; an American by residence and naturalization in Missouri; and a Mexican by subsequent residence and naturalization in California. In 1839 he had settled at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, near the site of the present city of Sacramento.

When he selected this site it was generally considered very undesirable, but it had advantages which soon became apparent. It was the head of navigation on the Sacramento River for sailing vessels, and steam had not yet made its appearance in the waters of the Pacific. It had a central position in the great interior valley. Its distance of sixty miles from the nearest village, and its situation on one of the main

¹ Mr. Charles H. Shinn informs us that General Vallejo in one of his letters tells of having received on the same day communications from Commodore Stock-

ton, General Kearney, and Colonel Frémont, each one signing himself "Commander-in-chief of California."
— EDITOR.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO (FORMERLY YERBA BUENA) IN MARCH, 1847. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY W. F. SWAZEY.)

A, U. S. S. *Portsmouth*; B, U. S. Transports *Los Choo*, *Susan Drew* and *Thomas H. Perkins*—which brought the Stevenson regiment; C, Ship *Vandalia*—merchantman consigned to Howard & Mellus; D, Coasting schooner; E, Launch *Luce* (belonging to James Lick); 1, Custom-house; 2, Calaboose; 3, School-house; 4, Alcalde's office; 5, City hotel owned by Wm. A. Leidesdorff; 6, Portsmouth hotel; 7, Wm. H. Davis's store; 8, Howard & Mellus's store (the old Hudson Bay Co.'s building); 9, Leidesdorff's warehouse; 10, Samuel Brannan; 11, Leidesdorff; 12, Kuss; 13,

John Sullivan; 14, Peter T. Sherback; 15, Juan C. Davis; 16, G. Reynolds; 17, Ellis's boarding-house; 18, Fitch & McKurley; 19, Captain Vioget; 20, John Fuller; 21, Jesus Noe; 22, Juan N. Fidilla; 23, A. A. Andrew; 24, Captain Antonio Ortega; 25, Francisco Caceres; 26, Captain Wm. Hinckley; 27, General M. G. Vallejo's building; 28, C. L. Ross; 29, Mill; 30, Captain John Paty; 31, Doctor E. P. Jones; 32, Robert Ridley; 33, Los Pechos de la Chocoi; 34, Lone Mountain; 35, Sill's blacksmith-shop; — Trail to Presidio; — Trail to Mission Dolores.

traveled routes of the territory, gave political and military importance to its proprietor. The Mexican governors sought his influence and conferred power on him. But more important than all these advantages was the fact that the only wagon road from the Mississippi Valley to California first reached the navigable waters of the Pacific at Sutter's Fort. This road had been open for several years and was of much prospective importance. The immigration had been interrupted by the war, but would certainly start again as soon as peace should be restored.

The American residents of California, knowing the feeling prevalent among their relatives east of the Rocky Mountains, expected that at least a thousand immigrants, and perhaps two or three times as many, would arrive overland every year; and they supposed that such additions to the population would soon add much to the value of property, to the demand for labor, and to the activity of general business.

The immigration would be especially beneficial to Sutter. At his rancho they would reach the first settlement of white men in the Sacramento Valley. There, after their toilsome march across the desert, they would stop and rest. There, they would purchase supplies of food and clothing. There, they would sell their exhausted horses and oxen, and buy fresh ones. There, the penniless would seek employment. There, those who were ready to continue their journey would separate for the valleys to the northward, westward, and southward. There, parties starting for Oregon or "the States" would obtain their last stock of supplies. The advantages of the site were numerous and evident.

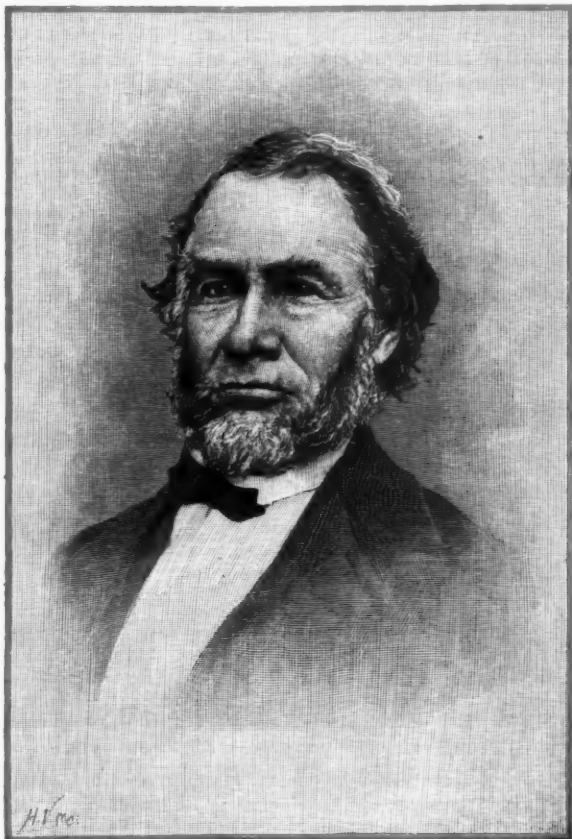
But the advantages of Sutter's Fort imposed certain obligations on its owner. He should be prepared to furnish provisions to the immigrants. He should not expect the Americans to be content with the Mexican system of crushing grain by hand on the *metate*, as the flat under millstone of the Mexicans and

native Californians is called, the upper mill-stone being cylindrical and used like a rolling-pin. He ought to build a flour-mill in the Sacramento Valley to grind the wheat which he cultivated in considerable quantity. There was no great difficulty about the construction of such a mill. He had a site for it on his own rancho. The necessary timber for it could be found not far away. Among the Americans at the fort there was skill to build and to manage it. These ideas pleased Sutter; he adopted them, and acted on them. He selected a site and made his plans for a flour-mill, and, partly to get lumber for it, he determined to build a saw-mill also.

Since there was no good timber in the valley, the saw-mill must be in the mountains. The site for it was selected by James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, a skillful wheelwright by occupation, industrious, honest, generous, but "cranky," full of wild fancies, and defective in some kinds of business sense. By accident he discovered the gold of California, and his name is inseparably connected with her history, but it is impossible to make a great hero of him. The place for his mill was in the small valley of Coloma, 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and 45 miles from Sutter's Fort, from which it was accessible by wagon without expense for road-making. Good yellow-pine timber was abundant in the surrounding hills; the water-power was more than sufficient; there were opportunities to make a secure dam and race with small expense, and there was little danger of loss by flood. Sutter left the plans and construction of the mill, as well as the selection of the site, to Marshall, and on the 27th of August the two signed an agreement of partnership under which Sutter was to furnish money, men, tools, and teams, and Marshall was to supply the skill for building and managing.

While the project of the saw-mill was under consideration some Mormons arrived at New

Helvetia and solicited employment. They had belonged to the Mormon battalion, which, after enlisting in Nebraska for one year, marching to the Pacific by way of the Gila, and garri-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMAR.

James W. Marshall

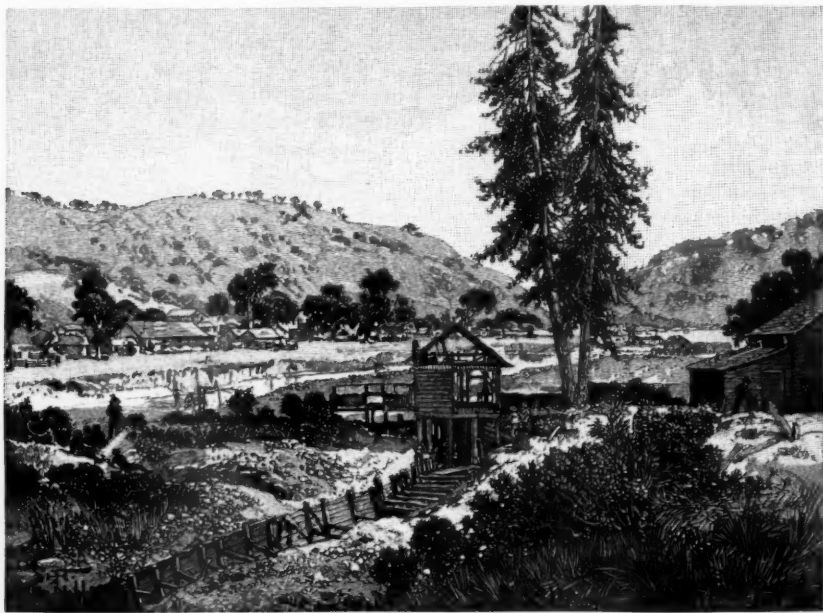
THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL.

soning San Diego, had been mustered out at Los Angeles on the preceding 16th of July. They were on their way to Salt Lake, but at the fort received letters advising all who could not bring provisions for the winter to remain in California until the following spring. They were sober, orderly, peaceful, industrious men, and Sutter hired them to work at his flour-mill and saw-mill. He sent six of them to Coloma. Besides these, Marshall had three "Gentile" laborers, and about a dozen Indians.

All the white men were natives of the United States.

For four months these men worked at Coloma, seeing no visitors, and rarely communicating with the fort. The mill had been nearly completed, the dam was made, the race had been dug, the gates had been put in place, the water had been turned into the race to carry away some of the loose dirt and gravel, and

mill, where he showed them to the men as proof of his discovery of a gold mine. The scantiness in the provision supply gave Marshall an excuse for going to the fort, though he would probably not have gone at this time if he had not been anxious to know Sutter's opinion of the metal. He rode away, and, according to Sutter's diary, arrived at the fort on Friday the 28th. Sutter had an encyclopedia, sulphuric



SUTTER'S MILL, THE SCENE OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY. (FROM A PAINTING BY NAHL, IN POSSESSION OF A. ROMAN.)

then had been turned off again. On the afternoon of Monday the 24th of January Marshall was walking in the tail-race, when on its rotten granite bed-rock he saw some yellow particles and picked up several of them. The largest were about the size of grains of wheat. They were smooth, bright, and in color much like brass. He thought they were gold, and went to the mill, where he told the men that he had found a gold mine. At the time little importance was attached to his statement. It was regarded as a proper subject for ridicule.

Marshall hammered his new metal, and found it malleable; he put it into the kitchen fire, and observed that it did not readily melt or become discolored; he compared its color with gold coin; and the more he examined it, the more he was convinced that it was gold. The next morning he paid another visit to the tail-race, where he picked up other specimens; and putting all he had collected, about a spoonful, on the crown of his slouch hat, he went to the

acid, and scales, and with the help of these, after weighing the specimens in and out of water, he declared that they were undoubtedly gold.

The first record of the discovery, and the only one made on the day of its occurrence, was in the diary of Henry W. Bigler, one of the Mormon laborers at the mill. He was an American by birth, then a young man, and now a respected citizen of St. George, Utah. He was in the habit of keeping a regular record of his notable observations and experiences, selecting topics for remark with creditable judgment. His journal kept during his service in the Mormon battalion and his subsequent stay in California is one of the valuable historical documents of the State. On the 24th of January, in the evening, Bigler wrote in his diary, "This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail-race that looks like gold." For the purpose of enabling the reader to see precisely how the original record looks, it is here shown in facsimile. The size of the page is

~~Monday~~ th Monday 24th This day
some kind of mett~~le~~ was

¹⁷⁷
~~discovery~~ was found in the tail race that
that looks like gold first discov-
ered by James W. Wadsworth, the Boy of the Mill.
Sunday 30th Clear & has been
all the last week our metal
has been tried and proves to
be gold it is thought to be
rich we have pick up more than
a hundred dollars worth last
week

February. 1848
Sun 6th the weather has been clear

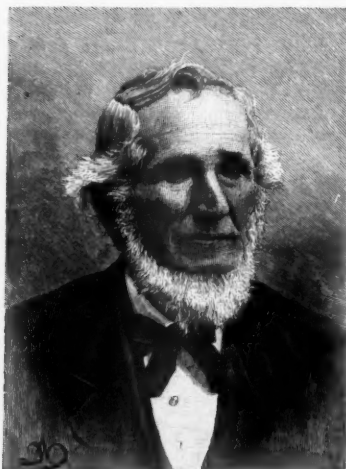
FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN BIGLER'S DIARY.

retained. The words in darker ink were interpolated by Mr. Bigler after he had made his first entries. Carelessness in the spelling appears in "mettle" and "metal," both written within a week; and the influence of his experience in the Mormon battalion may account for his method of writing the name of Mr. "Martial."

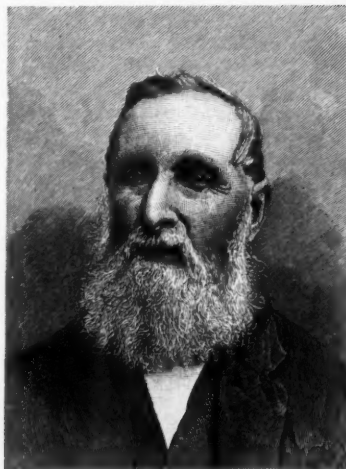
The artless arrangement of ideas, and the ungrammatical phraseology, accompanied by the regular mental habits that demanded a diary, and the perception that enabled him to catch with his pen the main facts of life as they passed, add much to the interest as well as to the authority of his diary.

Nothing was said in public about the date of the discovery until 1856, eight years after the event, when Marshall published a letter in which he said that he found gold at Coloma "about the 19th" of January, 1848. Neither then, nor at any subsequent time, did he claim that his recollection of the day was aided by a written memorandum. In 1857 he published a statement that the discovery was made on

the 18th, 19th, or 20th. His biography, prepared under his direction, and printed in 1870, fixed the 19th as the precise day. As years elapsed he became more exact, perhaps under the influence of public opinion, which from 1856 to 1886 accepted the 19th as the day. On the 9th September, 1885, at the annual celebration of the admission of the State into the Union, I delivered an address on the gold discovery to the Pioneer Society of San Francisco, and sent a copy of it in print to Mr. Bigler, of whom I had heard as one of the survivors of the Coloma party, and requested him to correct my errors, if he found any. He replied that, according to his diary, the gold was found on the 24th. At my solicitation he copied the entries of his book from that day to the middle of May; and then I began an investigation which made me familiar with the diaries of Azariah Smith, a survivor of the Mormon battalion and of the mill-builders at Coloma, and with the diary of Sutter. These three diaries agreed substantially with one another, and with Marshall's



AZARIAH SMITH.



HENRY W. BIGLER.

TWO SURVIVORS OF THE PARTY OF DISCOVERY AT SUTTER'S MILL.

statement that four days after the discovery he took specimens of the gold to Sutter's Fort. Smith made his entries on Sunday as a rule; and on the 30th January he wrote that on the preceding week gold had been found at the mill, and that Marshall had gone to New Helvetia to have it tested. This was probably written in the morning, for Bigler's entry made on the same day mentions that the test was successful, implying that Marshall had returned.

Sutter's diary reports that on the 28th January Marshall arrived at the fort "on important business," without mentioning the gold. The agreement of the three diaries with Marshall's statement that he went to New Helvetia four days after the discovery, the superior value of documentary evidence as compared with vague recollections, dimmed by years of intervening events, and the uncertainty of Marshall in reference to the date, left no room for doubt that the 24th was the true day, which I gave to the public for the first time in January, 1886.¹

It is worthy of note that although Marshall's date was first discredited by Bigler, the latter sought no publicity on this point. For more than twenty years after Marshall's story had been in print he kept silence, and finally did not give his testimony until solicited to do so. We may presume that his attention was not called to the discrepancy of dates until 1885, and then he did not seem to attach enough

importance to it to make any effort to inform the public about the error.

For six weeks or more the work on the mill continued without serious interruption. Never having seen placer mining, and having no distinct idea of the methods of finding and washing gold, the laborers at Coloma did not know how to gather the treasures in their vicinity. The first one to find gold outside of the tail-race was Bigler, who was the hunter of the party, sent out by Marshall at least one day in every week to get venison, which was a very acceptable addition to unground wheat and salt salmon, the main articles of food sent from Sutter's Fort. Deer being numerous in the neighboring hills, it was not necessary that Bigler should go far for game; and more than once he managed, while hunting, to look at the banks of the river and find some of the precious metal. His report of his success stimulated others, and they too found gold at various places.

In regard to the beginning of gold washing as a regular occupation there is a conflict of testimony. Bigler says that the first men who, within the range of his observation, devoted themselves to placer mining were Willis Hudson and five others, all of Sam. Brannan's Mormon colony, whom he visited at Mormon Island, on the American River below Coloma, on the 12th of April. On that day, washing the gravel with pans and pan-like Indian baskets, they took out more than two ounces and a half

¹ In February, 1887, Mr. Hittell, under the title of "Reminiscences," printed a fuller article on the gold discovery in the "Overland Monthly," where Mr. Bigler's diary appeared in September, 1887, and

Mr. Smith's in February, 1888. The files of the same magazine contain many interesting and important contributions to the early history of California.—EDITOR.

(forty-one dollars) for each man. On the other hand, Isaac Humphrey, who had been a placer miner in Georgia, and who was the first person to use a rocker in the Sierra Nevada and to teach others there to use it, said that he arrived in Coloma on the 7th of March, and within a week commenced work with a rocker. We may explain the discrepancy between these two authorities by imagining that for some weeks Humphrey purposely avoided observation, as placer miners often do; or that in the interval of ten years between his first appear-

ceived at New Helvetia. Five weeks later the "Star" announced that its editor, E. C. Kemble, was about to take a trip into the country, and on his return would report his observations. He went to Coloma and either saw nothing or understood nothing of what he saw, for he preserved absolute silence in his paper about his trip.¹ On the 20th of May, after a number of men had left San Francisco for the mines, he came out with the opinion that the mines were a "sham," and that the people who had gone to them were "superlatively silly." The increasing



SAMUEL BRANNAN, IN THE REGALIA OF PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE SOCIETY ROOMS.)

[Brannan was the energetic leader of a colony of Mormons who reached San Francisco in July, 1846, in the *Brooklyn* from New York. He was the founder of the "Star," a special number of which setting forth the resources of California was prepared in March, 1848, for circulation at the East. Brannan afterward apostatized from the Mormon faith.—EDITOR.]

ance at Coloma and the publication of his reminiscences his memory misled him in the date.

In the spring of 1848 San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, had two newspapers, the "Californian" and the "California Star," both weeklies. The first printed mention of the gold discovery was a short paragraph in the former, under date of the 15th of March, stating that a gold mine had been found at Sutter's Mill, and that a package of the metal worth thirty dollars had been re-

production of the mines soon overwhelmed the doubters; and before the middle of June the whole territory resounded with the cry of "*gold ! gold !! GOLD !!!*" as it was printed in one of the local newspapers. Nearly all the men hurried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain, were left for a time to take care of themselves.

In 1848 the gold hunters of the Sierra Ne-

¹ See article by Kemble in "Californiana" in the present number.

vada did not need a scientific education. The method of washing gold was then so simple, and they were so skillful in many kinds of industrial labor, that they learned it quickly. Capital, like scientific education and technical experience, was unnecessary to the early placer miner. With the savings of a week's work he could buy the pick, shovel, pan, and rocker which were his only necessary tools. As compared with other auriferous deposits of which we have definite knowledge, those of the Sierra Nevada were unequaled for the facility of working. They were not deep under ground, or scantily supplied with water, as in Australia and South Africa; nor in a land of tropical heat, as in Brazil; nor in a region of long and severe winters, as in Siberia. The deposits were on land belonging to the National Government, which, without charge, without official supervision, and without previous permit or survey, allowed every citizen to take all the gold from any claim held in accordance with the local regulations adopted by the miners of his district.

The first gold washing was done on the bars of the rivers, where the gravel was shallow, usually not more than two or three feet deep, and where prospecting was easy, and mining was prompt in its returns and liberal in its rewards. The gravel was rich if it yielded twenty-five cents to the pan; and in favorable situations a man could dig and wash out fifty to sixty pans in a day, while with a rocker he could do three times as much. But on the bars of the American, the Bear, and the Yuba rivers it was no uncommon event to obtain from one dollar to five dollars in a pan, and then the yield for a day's work was equal to a princely revenue.

When the rainy season began in the winter of 1848 the rivers rose and covered their bars, and the miners, compelled to hunt claims elsewhere, found them in ravines which were dry through nine months of the year. These were in many cases almost as rich as the bars. It was not uncommon to hear, on good authority, that this or that man had taken out \$1000 in a day, and occasionally \$5000 or more would reward the day's work. In 1849 the miners generally got \$16 a day or more, and when a claim would not yield that much it had no value.

The important gold producing localities of California may be divided into the regions of the Sierra Nevada, the Upper Sacramento, and the Klamath. The Sierra Nevada region comprises a strip about 30 miles wide, and 200 miles long from north to south, in the basins of the Feather, Yuba, Bear, American, Cosumne, Mokelumne, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers between the elevations of 1000 and

5000 feet. In all these streams miners washed gold in 1848. This auriferous region is not only more extensive than any other in the State, but has produced ten times as much as all the others, and has had the richest bars, the richest ravines, the most remarkable river claims, and the largest beds of deep gravel, as well as the most productive quartz mines. It comprises the places where the gold was discovered by Marshall, where the sluice and the hydraulic processes were invented, and where the most notable improvements of modern times in gold-quartz machinery were first devised.

The mines of the Upper Sacramento are in Shasta County, and were known in 1848; those of Klamath are in Siskiyou and Trinity counties, and were opened in subsequent years. Outside of these three main regions gold has been found in paying quantities, but in relatively small aggregate amount in many isolated districts, including places in the basins of the San Joaquin, Fresno, and Kern rivers, on the eastern slope of Mount San Bernardino, and in the mountains of San Diego. Gold has also been found in the San Francisquito Cañon, about sixty miles northward from Los Angeles, where there was a little placer-washing at intervals through nine years before Marshall made his great discovery.

Most of the camps which have yielded gold abundantly are between 1500 and 3500 feet above the sea; a few are as high as 5000 feet, and a few as low as 300. The river-beds may have as much gold in the valleys as in the mountains, but it is only where there is a steep grade that the rich stratum on the bed-rock can be conveniently prospected and washed. With a large area of good auriferous gravel on the surface of the ground, open to everybody; with a method of mining that required neither capital nor trained skill; with a climate that permitted work in the open air throughout the year; and with a population which before the close of 1849 included at least 75,000 intelligent, enterprising, young, and strong men—with all these it might have been expected that California would, as she did, suddenly rise to great importance in the commerce and industry of the world.

The successful miners demanded provisions, tools, clothing, and many luxuries, for which they offered prices double, treble, and tenfold greater than those paid elsewhere. Sailing vessels went to Oregon, Mexico, South America, Australia, and Polynesia with gold dust to purchase supplies, and soon filled all the seaports of the Pacific with the contagion of excitement. The reports of the discovery, which began to reach the Atlantic States in September, 1848, commanded little credence there before January; but the news of the

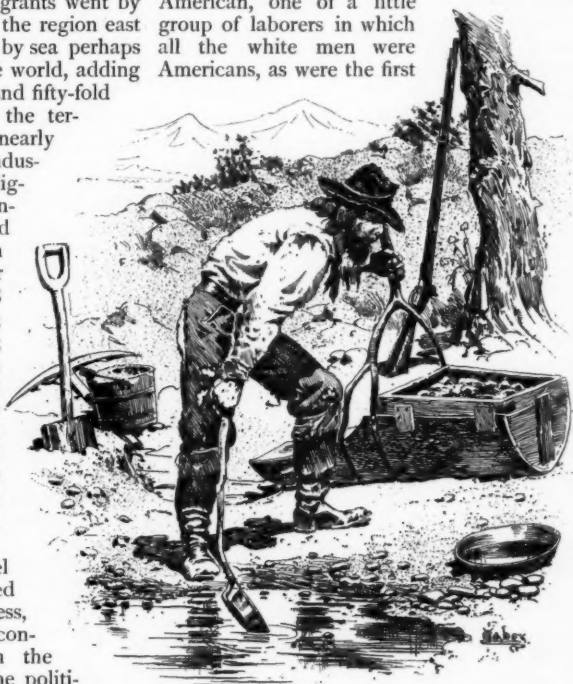
arrival of large amounts of gold at Mazatlan, Valparaiso, Panama, and New York in the latter part of the winter put an end to all doubt, and in the spring there was such a rush of peaceful migration as the world had never seen. In 1849, 25,000 — according to one authority, 50,000 — immigrants went by land, and 23,000 by sea from the region east of the Rocky Mountains, and by sea perhaps 40,000 from other parts of the world, adding twelve-fold to the population and fifty-fold to the productive capacity of the territory. The new-comers were nearly all young, intelligent, and industrious men. Fortunately the diggings were rich enough and extensive enough to give good reward to all of them, and to much larger numbers who came in later years. The gold yield of 1848 was estimated at \$5,000,000; that of 1849 at \$23,000,000; that of 1850 at \$50,000,000; that of 1853 at \$65,000,000; and then came the decline which has continued until the present time, when the yield is about \$12,000,000. In the last forty-one years the gold yield of California has been about \$1,200,000,000.

Gold mining was neither novel nor rare, but the unexampled combination of wonderful richness, highly favorable geographical conditions, high intelligence in the miners, and great freedom in the political institutions of California led to such a sudden rush of people, and such an immense production of gold, that the whole world was shaken. The older placers of Brazil and Siberia, and the later ones of Australia and South Africa, had a much smaller influence on general commerce and manufactures.

The impression on the public mind was rendered the more forcible by the fact that California had just been ceded by Mexico to the United States. The gold was discovered before the treaty of cession was signed, on the 2d of February, 1848; the wealth of the mines was known throughout the territory before the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, on the 30th of May; and before the latter date the Government of the United States had made a contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for a line of monthly steamers to ply between New York and San Francisco by way of Panama. The first steamers were ready for California before the people were; and thus the new dominion, the gold, the steamship line, and the great migration showed their com-

bined splendors at once to the astonished globe.

The discovery of the mines was an American achievement. It was the result of the American conquest, and of preparation for American immigrants. It was made by an American, one of a little group of laborers in which all the white men were Americans, as were the first



A PRIMITIVE OUTFIT. (AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN 1850, BY J. W. AUDUBON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MISS M. R. AUDUBON.)

men who devoted themselves to mining. They also were Americans who subsequently invented the sluice and the hydraulic process of placer-washing, and who planned and constructed the great ditches, flumes, and dams that gave a distinctive character to the placer-mining of California.

Never in any other country has a change in the political dominion been followed so promptly by so marvelous an increase of wealth and population, of productive industry and general intelligence. Never did a province repay new masters more liberally for their trouble in its acquisition, nor did any other conquered territory ever receive greater benefit from conquest. The most notable instances in history of triumphant invasions rewarded with great sums of precious metal were those of Babylonia by Cyrus, of Persia by Alexander, of Mexico by Cortez, and of Peru by

Pizarro — all populous empires with wealth accumulated through centuries of prosperity. Yet not one of them yielded to its conquerors, within a generation, so much treasure as did desolate California to the Americans. Byron lamented that he did not live in the day "when Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing fame away." The pioneers of California can congratulate themselves that they have seen the day when the American made the shovel's blade surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing gold away.

Let us now consider the consequences of the discovery. First, as to the men at Coloma in January, 1848, Marshall was not enriched. His lumber was soon in demand at \$500 a thousand feet of board measure, or twenty-fold more than he had expected when he commenced his work; but not many months elapsed before all the good timber trees near Coloma had been cut down by the miners, and then the mill had to stop. He turned his attention to mining, but was not successful. When he had money he did not know how to keep it. When he had a good claim he did not stick to it. When friends tried to help him he frequently refused their offers with a snarl. He imagined offenses where none were intended. He complained of plots against his life in a community where nearly everybody acknowledged obligation to him. He was irritated by the superior popularity and prosperity of Sutter, by the facts that to Sutter the main credit of the gold discovery was given by many newspapers and influential citizens, and that, partly under the influence of that idea, a pension of \$250 a month was given to Sutter in 1870, while the true discoverer received nothing. After the publication of Marshall's biography in 1870, the legislature perceived the injustice of its exclusive favor to Sutter, and in the course of six years it gave \$9600 as pension to Marshall, but left him to spend the last eight years of his life in poverty and privation. In 1885, at the age of seventy-three, he died while alone in a solitary cabin which he occupied in company with another aged and indigent pioneer miner. He was buried at Coloma in sight of the place where he discovered the gold. His figure, in colossal bronze, stands over his grave.

Sutter fared better than Marshall, but to him, too, the gold discovery proved disastrous. Foreseeing the American conquest, he did all he could to favor the Americans and the American Government. He was liberal in his entertainment of the Wilkes and Frémont expeditions. He gave generous aid to needy American immigrants when they reached his fort from their exhausting journey across the desert. Notwithstanding his oath of allegiance

to Mexico, he assisted the Bear Flag insurgents as well as the American forces after the Stars and Stripes had been raised. When the gold hunters arrived at New Helvetia on their way to the mines many of them obtained undeserved assistance and trust from him. So long as he had anything he was open-handed. He delighted in being a benefactor, and was spoken of as a man of princely generosity.

He had two land grants from Mexico, one of 48,000 and the other of 93,000 acres. The first was finally confirmed to him in two tracts, one of 8800 acres south of the American River, including the site of Sacramento City, and the other of about 39,000 acres north of the American River. This estate was worth millions above all the large sums that he was compelled to spend in defending it against the law officers of the United States and against squatters; but he managed it badly, and within twenty years he had lost everything. The larger grant was rejected, though it was entitled to confirmation under the proclamation issued, in the name and under the authority of the National Government, by Commodore Sloat when he took possession of California. The promise, made when it was important to conciliate the Spanish Californians, was broken when it became important to conciliate land-thieving squatters.

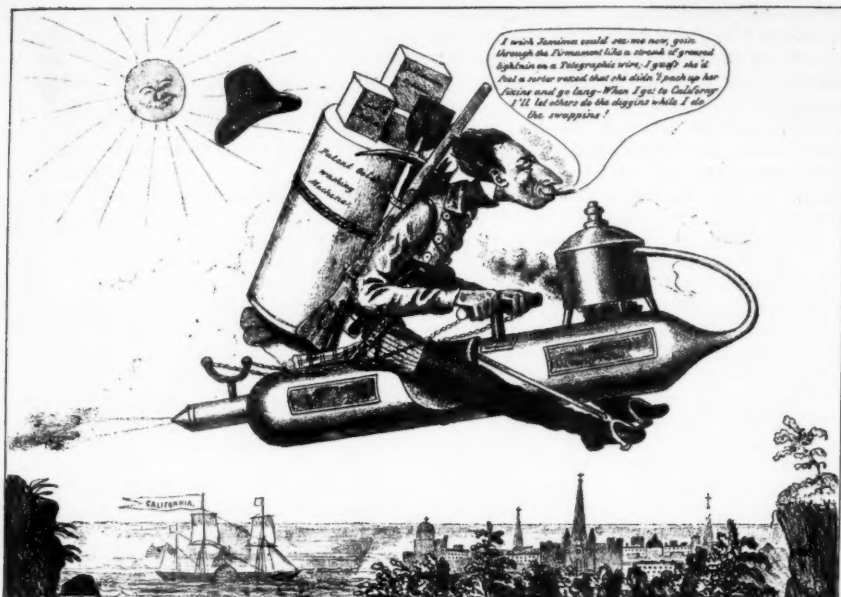
Sutter's popularity with the pioneers was so great that when he had lost all his property the legislature came to his aid with a pension of \$3,000 a year, which sum was paid for six years; and it would perhaps have been continued till his death if he had not left the State in order to demand justice from Congress for the spoliation of his property. But he did not possess the same popularity and influence in the Eastern States as in California. He spent winters of vain solicitation at Washington, and there he died on the 18th of June, 1880, at the age of seventy-seven years.

His grave is at Litiz, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he had made his home.

Of the men at Coloma with Marshall none became rich. Perhaps the most successful miner among them was a carpenter named Scott, and twenty years after the discovery he was working by the day. He dug much gold, but could not save it. He used to tell that, with some partners, he had a claim in which they were mak-



MARSHALL MONUMENT AT COLOMA. (ERECTED IN 1889 BY THE SOCIETY OF THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.)



MR. GOLIGHTLY BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY A. DONNELLY, 1849.)

ing \$300 each every day, when they were told of another ravine where the claims yielded \$700. They went to the other diggings, where they found that all the good ground was occupied, so they returned to their old claim only to find that occupied too. He never found anything so good elsewhere. Henry W. Bigler, Azariah Smith, and P. L. Wimmer and wife, the only survivors of the Coloma party, are not known as rich men. Bigler resides in St. George, Utah; Smith in Manti, Utah; and Wimmer in San Diego, California.

For California the main results of the discovery have been the sudden changes from a Spanish-speaking to an English-speaking community; from popular ignorance to high intelligence; from pasturage, first to mining, and then to tillage, as the occupation of most of the people; from a population of less than 10,000 to more than 1,200,000; and from isolation to frequent, cheap, and convenient communication with all civilized countries. The State has become one of the most noted gardens, pleasure grounds, and sanitariums of the world; and San Francisco is one of the most intellectual and brilliant, and in many respects

one of the most interesting, of cities. To the United States the Californian gold discovery gave a vast increase of the national wealth; great attractiveness for immigration from Europe; a strong stimulus to shipping; the development of the mineral wealth of Nevada, Idaho, and Utah; and the vast railroad system west of the Mississippi.

But Marshall's find did not limit its great influences to our continent. It aroused and stimulated industrial activity in all the leading nations. It profoundly agitated all the countries of South America. It shook Europe and Asia. It caused the first large migration of the Chinese across the Pacific. It opened Japan to the traffic of Christendom. It threw a belt of steam around the globe. It educated Har- graves, and taught him where to find and how to open up the gold deposits of Australia. It built the Panama railroad. It

brought the Pacific Ocean within the domain of active commerce. Directly and indirectly it added \$3,500,000,000 to the stock of the precious metals, and by giving the distribution of this vast sum to the English-speaking nations added much to their great industrial and intellectual influence.

John S. Hittell.



THE SONG OF THE SIRENS. (FROM A DRAWING BY DOYLE, PUBLISHED IN "PUNCH.")

CALIFORNIANA.

Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery.

[MARSHALL'S NARRATIVE.]

I WAS one of the "forty-niners," and worked for two years in the mines near Coloma. There I became well acquainted with Marshall, the discoverer of gold, about whom we Argonauts had so often conversed on our long and weary journey across the plains.

Coloma, the site of "Sutter's Mill," was then but a small mining village, whose straggling houses and canvas tents were scattered promiscuously along both banks of the Rio de los Americanos. At that time it was the center of numerous mining camps, and was famous for its drinking saloons and gambling booths, where miners from all the neighboring camps were accustomed to gather on Sunday to hear the news, lay in supplies for the coming week, and try their luck at monte. The cañon through which the river flowed here widened out on both sides, leaving a space of level ground on which the town was built; from this the ascent to the level land above was comparatively easy. All the rivers of California that have their rise in the Sierra Nevada run through wild cañons, from one to three thousand feet in depth. The faces of these cañons are so abrupt and steep that in a few places only can the sure-footed pack-mule zigzag its way up and down their dizzy heights. Here, at Coloma, the sides of the cañons lose their perpendicular and rugged character, and slope gently upward. For this reason long trains of pack-animals, with an occasional "prairie schooner," were daily seen descending and fording the river at the mill on their way from Sacramento to the mines still farther north.

One day, while I was taking a pencil sketch of the mill and its surroundings, Marshall came along and seated himself beside me; and there, sitting on the high bank with our feet dangling over the race, he pointed out the very spot where his eye had caught the glimmer of that first bit of gold. He was very communicative, but somewhat soured, and spoke rather freely of the heartlessness of the Government at Washington because it had not protected him in his rights as a settler. He claimed the same amount of land, six hundred and forty acres, that the first settlers had obtained in Oregon, where he had lived before he drifted southward into California. He had made nothing from his discovery, and now all this land surrounding his mill, which was his by right of settlement, was gathered up and taken from him little by little, "without leave or license." He had nothing left but the fame, which, as he naively remarked, was "neither victuals nor clothes to any one."

I fully sympathized with him in his tribulations, and finally obtained what I so much desired, a full statement of the causes which impelled him to come so far from Sutter's Fort, together with all the incidents pertaining to his great discovery. This narrative, which I penciled down at the time, I believe was the first he ever gave to any one. And it is written just as it fell from his lips, without correction or addition of any kind.

FREEPORT, PA.
VOL. XLI.—71.

Charles B. Gillespie.

"IN May, 1847, with my rifle, blanket, and a few crackers to eat with the venison (for the deer then were awful plenty), I ascended the American River, according to Mr. Sutter's wish, as he wanted to find a good site for a saw-mill, where we could have plenty of timber, and where wagons would be able to ascend and descend the river hills. Many fellows had been out before me, but they could not find any place to suit; so when I left I told Mr. Sutter I would go along the river to its very head and find the place, if such a place existed anywhere upon the river or any of its forks. I traveled along the river the whole way. Many places would suit very well for the erection of the mill, with plenty of timber everywhere, but then nothing but a mule could climb the hills; and when I would find a spot where the hills were not steep, there was no timber to be had; and so it was until I had been out several days and reached this place, which, after first sight, looked like the exact spot we were hunting.

"I passed a couple of days examining the hills, and found a place where wagons could ascend and descend with all ease. On my return to the fort I went out through the country examining the cañons and gulches, and picking out the easiest places for crossing them with loaded wagons.

"You may be sure Mr. Sutter was pleased when I reported my success. We entered into partnership; I was to build the mill, and he was to find provisions, teams, tools, and to pay a portion of the men's wages. I believe I was at that time the only millwright in the whole country. In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions, and accompanied by six men I left the fort, and after a good deal of difficulty reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp on yon little rise of ground right above the town.

"Our first business was to put up log houses, as we intended remaining here all winter. This was done in less than no time, for my men were great with the ax. We then cut timber, and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundation of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the forebay and then I left for the fort, giving orders to Mr. Weimar to have a ditch cut through the bar in the rear of the mill, and after quitting work in the evening to raise the gate and let the water run all night, as it would assist us very much in deepening and widening the tail-race.

"I returned in a few days, and found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the ditch. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible; and in the morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I would walk down, and, shutting off the water, look along the race and see what was to be done, so

that I might tell Mr. Weimar, who had charge of the Indians, at what particular point to set them to work for the day. As I was the only millwright present, all of my time was employed upon the framework and machinery.

"One morning in January,—it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning,—as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color: all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had ever seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it! This question could soon be determined. Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and did n't break: it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

"When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited, and had they not thought that the gold only existed in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone. However, to satisfy them, I told them that as soon as we had the mill finished we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces—our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold.

"In about a week's time after the discovery I had to take another trip to the fort; and, to gain what information I could respecting the real value of the metal, took all that we had collected with me and showed it to Mr. Sutter, who at once declared it was gold, but thought with me that it was greatly mixed with some other metal. It puzzled us a good deal to hit upon the means of telling the exact quantity of gold contained in the alloy; however, we at last stumbled on an old American cyclopedia, where we saw the specific gravity of all the metals, and rules given to find the quantity of each in a given bulk. After hunting over the whole fort and borrowing from some of the men, we got three dollars and a half in silver, and with a small pair of scales we soon ciphered it out that there was no silver nor copper in the gold, but that it was entirely pure.

"This fact being ascertained, we thought it our best policy to keep it as quiet as possible till we should have finished our mill. But there was a great number of disbanded Mormon soldiers in and about the fort, and when they came to hear of it, why it just spread like

wildfire, and soon the whole country was in a bustle. I had scarcely arrived at the mill again till several persons appeared with pans, shovels, and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we would not permit. As fast as one party disappeared another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them. I sent them all off in different directions, telling them about such and such places, where I was certain there was plenty of gold if they would only take the trouble of looking for it. At that time I never imagined that the gold was so abundant. I told them to go to such and such places, because it appeared that they would dig nowhere but in such places as I pointed out, and I believe such was their confidence in me that they would have dug on the very top of yon mountain if I had told them to do so.

"The second place where gold was discovered was in a gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the South Fork of the American River a little above the junction of the Middle and South forks. The diggings at Hangtown [now Placerville] were discovered next by myself, for we all went out for a while as soon as our job was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and thus in a very short time we discovered that the whole country was but one bed of gold. So there, stranger, is the entire history of the gold discovery in California—a discovery that has n't as yet been of much benefit to me."

Confirming the Gold Discovery.

SOMETIME in March, 1848, vague rumors of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill found their way to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at that time a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. The writer of this was editing and printing with his own hands a small weekly paper in the town, the first that had been started there, and when the reports of gold on the Rio de los Americanos began to multiply he deemed it to be in the line of his duty to go and investigate the wonder.

It was a seven days' journey by sloop or "launch," as the Sacramento River carrier of that day was called, from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort, and the party, consisting of the editor and two friends, reached the "embarcadero" of Sutter's Fort,—that is to say, the river landing,—where Sacramento now stands, in the early part of April. One of Sutter's Indians apprized the captain of our coming, and, as was his invariable custom on the arrival of strangers, he caused saddled horses in charge of vaqueros to be sent to convey the new-comers to the fort. Its proprietor met us at the entrance, hat in hand, and gave us his usual whole-hearted welcome. He was then a man of about forty-six years of age, gray and venerable in appearance, but erect, and of ruddy countenance, his mild, blue eye lighted with benevolence, and his simple, guileless nature manifesting itself in every act and expression. After seeing us made comfortable, he set before us a hearty meal of the beef and frijoles of the country, and we announced that we had come to see the gold-mine which it was reported he and Marshall had opened on the American River.

He not only readily assented, but offered to provide horses, provisions, and attendants for our journey, and also to go with us in person to the spot. It may have been that he had not the faith of his partner Marshall in the extent and permanency of the newly discovered "diggings," but those who knew Sutter well will see in the incident the overflowing kindness of heart and the unselfish generosity that characterized his whole life.

At sunrise the next morning we took the road to the lumber camp, distant a good day's ride from the fort. Captain Sutter's two Indian body-servants preceded us with extra saddle-horses and a pack-animal carrying provisions and camp equipage. Our party, consisting of the captain, mounted on a favorite riding-mule, and my two friends and myself, on native horses, followed at a good gait, though at this period of his life Captain Sutter was not an overbold rider, and in fording streams and crossing marshy places was careful almost to timidity. I remember well his appearance under his broad-brimmed hat, and carrying under his arm his gold-headed cane. At one point on the road, where it led through a stony bog, his mule made a misstep, and I heard her rider expostulate in a low tone: "God bless me, Katy! Now den, child! De oder foot. So!"

We reached the fork of the American, on which the saw-mill was being erected, early in the afternoon. During our ride we had not seen a human being, and had passed but one house. The camp of the millwright and lumbermen was in a beautiful grove of pines on the side of a long hill sloping to the river. This "long hill of Coloma" became memorable not many months afterward, when freight wagons and stages came into use, for its wearisomeness, occasionally relieved by a runaway among the half-trained bronco teams. The mill, now so famous in history, was at the foot of this hill, on the edge of the stony bar that stretched out to the river. The race, in which the first gold was found, ran along the bank just above the level of the bar, but both bar and race were flooded now from the sudden and unusual rise in the river; work was stopped at the mill, and the lumbermen were idle in the camp.

Riding up to the camp, Captain Sutter saluted the men with his characteristic politeness and cordiality, and introduced our party to Marshall. "These gentlemen have come to see der gole-mines, Mr. Marshall," he said; and then, seeing the vexed and disappointed look that came into the latter's face, he added that we were his friends, and showed by his open manner that so far as we were concerned, at least, there need be no secrecy about the gold. But Marshall would not be propitiated, and gave us only gruff and evasive replies to our inquiries about the locality where it was to be found.

"You 'll find it anywhere you 're a mind to dig for it down there," said he, half extending his arm in the direction of the river. Some months later this

proved to be literally true, but it was very misleading to our unpractised party at that time, and we searched diligently until near sundown in most impracticable places. Only one of us was rewarded by the "color": Major P. B. Reading washed out a few grains with an Indian basket and thought himself very poorly paid for his labor.

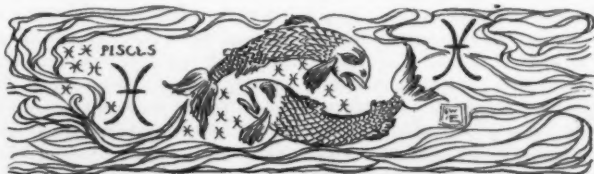
After supper we gathered about the camp-fire, and the Indians of the neighborhood, having heard of Captain Sutter's arrival, came, as was their custom, to see him, dropping in by twos and threes until we had nearly all the principal men of the Coloma bands before us. Then an old chief arose and began to harangue the captain, warning him against looking for the gold, which he declared was very "bad medicine." He said his ancestors had known all about it; that it existed all through the mountains, but that it belonged to a demon, who devoured all who searched for it. This demon inhabited a lake in the mountains the shores of which were lined with gold. All our dusky friends agreed with the speaker that it was a very awful thing to meddle with the gold. We afterward came to the conclusion that the early Mission fathers had learned of the existence of gold, and, wishing to keep the knowledge secret and prevent its value becoming known among their Indian catechumens, had invented this fable of the demon to work upon their superstitious fears. But the old chief was a true prophet as to the disastrous effects of the newly discovered gold on the fortunes of poor Sutter and of the simple-minded and hospitable Spanish rancheros who then dwelt at ease on the land.

We returned to the fort the next day. On our way through the foothills we had another illustration of Captain Sutter's unbounded generosity. Crossing the beautiful little valley through which Weber Creek flowed, one of our party expressed his admiration of the spot in such warm terms that our host offered to present a deed of the land to him. From the fort we returned to San Francisco, and in the columns of the "California Star" of the following Saturday appeared the first veritable announcement of the discovery of gold, coupled with half a column of serious advice to farmers, mechanics, and all who were plying their trade successfully to stick to their calling and let the gold-mines severely alone. This was the first investigation of the gold-mines in California, and the first visit by Captain Sutter to the scene of the discovery which laid open the wonders of that region to the world.

E. C. Kemble.

Erratum.

ON page 791 of the September CENTURY, in Mr. Fitch's article "How California came into the Union," an instance of heterophemy occurs in the substitution of September 29 for October 29, the date of the first formal celebration of the admission of California.



THE FAITH DOCTOR.¹

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

I.

THE ORIGIN OF A MAN OF FASHION.



It was the opinion of a good many people that Charles Millard was "something of a dude." But such terms are merely relative; every fairly dressed man is a dude to somebody. There are communities in this free land of ours in which the wearing of a coat at dinner is a most disreputable mark of dudism.

That Charles Millard was accounted a dude was partly nature's fault. If not handsome, he was at least fine-looking, and what connoisseurs in human exteriors call stylish. Put him into a shad-bellied drab and he would still have retained traces of dudishness; a Chatham street outfit could hardly have unduded him. With eyes so luminous and expressive in a face so masculine, with shoulders so well carried, a chest so deep, and legs so perfectly proportioned and so free from any deviation from the true line of support, Millard had temptations to cultivate natural gifts.

There was a notion prevalent among Millard's acquaintances that one so versed in the lore and so deft in the arts of society must belong to a family of long standing; the opinion was held, indeed, by pretty much everybody except Millard himself. His acquaintance with people of distinction, and his ready access to whatever was deemed desirable in New York, were thought to indicate some hereditary patent to social privilege. Millard had, indeed, lines of ancestors as long as the longest, and, so far as they could be traced, his forefathers were honest and industrious people, mostly farmers. Nor were they without distinction: one of his grandfathers enjoyed for years the felicity of writing "J. P." after his name; another is remembered as an elder in the little Dutch Reformed Church at Hamburg Four Corners. But Charley Millard did not boast of these lights of his family, who would hardly have availed him in New York. Nor did he boast of anything, indeed; his taste was too fastidious for self-assertion of the barefaced sort. But if people persisted in fitting him out with an imaginary pedigree, just to please their

own sense of congruity, why should he feel obliged to object to an amusement so harmless?

Charles Millard was the son of a farmer who lived near the village of Cappadocia in the State of New York. When Charley was but twelve years old his father sold his farm and then held what was called in the country a "vendoo," at which he sold "by public outcry" his horses, cows, plows, and pigs. With his capital thus released he bought a miscellaneous store in the village, in order that his boys "might have a better chance in the world." This change was brought about by the discovery on the part of Charley's father that his brother, a commission merchant in New York, "made more in a week than a farmer could make in a year." From this time Charley, when not in school, busied himself behind the counter, or in sweeping out the store, with no other feeling than that sweeping store, measuring calico, and drawing molasses were employments more congenial to his tastes and less hard on good clothes than hoeing potatoes or picking hops. Two years after his removal to the village the father of Charley Millard died, and the store, which had not been very successful, was sold to another. Charley left the counter to take a course in the high school, doing odd jobs in the mean while.

When young Millard was eighteen years old he came into what was a great fortune in village eyes. His father's more fortunate brother, who had amassed money as a dealer in country produce in Washington street, New York, died, leaving the profits of all his years of toil over eggs and butter, Bermuda potatoes and baskets of early tomatoes, to his two nephews, Charley Millard and Charley's elder brother, Richard. After the lawyers, the surrogate, the executor, and the others had taken each his due allowance out of it, there may have been fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars apiece left for the two young men. Just how much it was the village people never knew, for Charley was not prone to talk of his own affairs, and Dick spent his share before he fairly had time to calculate what it amounted to. When Richard had seen the last of his money, and found himself troubled by small debts, he simplified matters by executing a "mysterious dis-

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appearance," dropping out of sight of his old associates as effectually as though he had slipped into some cosmical crack. Charley, though nominally subject to a guardian, managed his own affairs, husbanded his money, paid Dick's debts, and contrived to take up the bank stock and other profitable securities that his brother had hypothecated. He lived with his mother till she died, and then he found himself at twenty-one with money enough to keep him at ease, and with no family duty but that which his mother had laid upon him of finding the recreant Dick if possible, and helping him to some reputable employment—again if possible.

In Cappadocia Charley's little fortune made him the beau of the town; the "great catch," in the slang phrase of the little society of the village—a society in which there were no events worth reckoning but betrothals and weddings. In such a place leisure is productive of little except ennui. To get some relief from the fatigue of moving around a circle so small, and to look after his investments, Charley made a visit to New York a month after the death of his mother. His affection for his mother was too fresh for him to neglect her sister, who was the wife of a mechanic living in Avenue C. He would have preferred to go to a hotel, but he went dutifully to his aunt's half of a floor in Avenue C, where the family compressed themselves into more than their usual density to give him a very small room to himself. His Aunt Hannah did her best to make him comfortable, preparing for him the first day a clam chowder, which delicacy Charley, being an inlander, could not eat. His cup of green tea she took pains to serve to him hot from the stove at his elbow. But he won the affection of the children with little presents, and made his aunt happy by letting her take him to see Central Park and the animals.

As seen in the narrow apartment of his Aunt Hannah Martin, life in the metropolis appeared vastly more pinched and sordid than it did in the cottages at Cappadocia. How the family contrived to endure living in relations so constant and intimate with the cooking stove and the feather beds Charley could not understand. But the spectacle of the streets brought to him notions of a life greatly broader and more cultivated and inconceivably more luxurious than the best in Cappadocia.

The third day after his arrival he called at the Bank of Manhadoes, in which the greater part of his uncle's savings had been invested, to make the acquaintance of the officers in control, and to have transferred to his own name the shares which his brother had hypothecated. He was very cordially received by Farnsworth, the cashier, who took him into

the inner office and introduced him to the president of the bank, Mr. Masters. The president showed Charley marked attention; he was very sensible of the voting importance of so considerable a block of stock as Charley held now that he had acquired all that was his uncle's. Masters was sorry that his family was out of town, he would have been pleased to have Mr. Millard to dine with him. Would Mr. Millard be in town long? Dining with a New York bank president would have been a novel experience for young Millard, but he felt obliged to go home the last of the week. Not that there was anything of pleasure or duty to render his return to Cappadocia imperative or desirable, but the pressure he was daily putting on his aunt's hospitality was too great to be prolonged, and the discomfort of his situation in Avenue C was too much for a fastidious man to endure.

Though his return to Cappadocia made a ripple of talk among the young women of the village, to whom he was at least a most interesting theme for gossip, he found the place duller than ever. His mind reverted to the great, dazzling spectacle of the thronged streets of the metropolis with their unceasing processions of eager people. Since he had all the world to choose from, why not live in New York? But he did not care to go to the city to be idle. He liked employment, and he preferred to earn something. He had no relish for speculation, nor even any desire to run the risks of trade. But he thought that if he could contrive to make enough to pay a portion of his own expenses, so as to add the greater part of each year's dividends to his principal, such cautious proceeding would entirely suit his prudent temperament and content his moderate ambition. After taking time to revolve the matter carefully, he wrote to the obliging Mr. Masters, suggesting that he would like to secure some position in the bank. The letter came at an opportune moment. A considerable number of the stockholders were opposed to the president in regard to the general policy to be pursued. The opposition was strong enough to give Masters some anxiety. What was known as "the Millard stock" had been held neutral in consequence of Charley's minority. If now Masters could attach this young shareholder to himself, it would be a positive gain to the administration party in the stockholders' meetings, and indeed it would put the opposition beyond any chance of doing much mischief.

When Masters got the letter Farnsworth, the cashier, was called into his room. But Farnsworth could not give him any information about Millard's character or capacities. That he would not do without special training for

a teller or bookkeeper was too evident to require discussion. All that could be said of him at first glance was that he wrote a good hand and composed a letter with intelligence. He might be made of assistance to the cashier if he should prove to be a man of regular habits and application. What Masters wrote in reply was: "We should be most happy to have the nephew and heir of one of our founders in the bank. At present we have no vacancy suitable to you; for, of course, a man of your position ought not to be assigned to one of the lowest clerkships. But if an opportunity to meet your wishes should arise in the future we will let you know."

It was only after some years' experience in the bank that Millard, in looking over this letter, was able to conjecture its real significance. Then he knew that when that letter went out of the bank addressed to him at Cappadocia another must have gone with it to a certain commercial agency, requesting that Charles Millard, of Cappadocia, New York, be carefully looked up. Two weeks later Masters wrote that it had been found necessary to employ a correspondent to aid the cashier of the bank. The salary would be two thousand dollars if Mr. Millard would accept it. The offer, he added, was rather larger than would be made to any one else, as the officers of the bank preferred to have a stockholder in a semi-confidential position such as this would be. In village scales two thousand dollars a year was much, but when Charley came to foot up the expenses of his first year in New York, this salary seemed somewhat less munificent.

Millard's relations were directly with the cashier, Farnsworth, an eager, pushing, asthmatic little man, wholly given to business. Farnsworth's mind rarely took time to peep over the fence that divided the universe into two parts—the Bank of Manhadoes and its interests lying on the one side, and all the rest of creation on the other. Not that he ignored society; he gave dinner parties in his elegant housekeeping apartment in the Sebastopol Flats. But the dinner parties all had reference to the Bank of Manhadoes; the invitations were all calculated with reference to business relations, and the dinners were neatly planned to bring new business or to hold the old. But there were dinners and dinners, in the estimation of Farnsworth. Some were aimed high, and when these master-strokes of policy were successful they tended to promote the main purposes of the bank. The second-rate dinners were meant merely to smooth the way in minor business relations.

It was to one of these less significant entertainments, a dinner of not more than three

horse-power, that he invited his correspondent-clerk, Mr. Millard. It would make the relations between him and Millard smoother, and serve to attach Millard to his leadership in the bank management. Millard, he reasoned, being from the country, would be just as well pleased with a company made up of nobodies in particular and his wife's relatives as he could be if he were invited to meet a railway president and a leather merchant from the Swamp turned art connoisseur in his old age.

Charley found his boarding-house a little "poky," to borrow his own phrase, and he was pleased with Farnsworth's invitation. He honored the occasion by the purchase of a new black satin cravat. This he tied with extreme care, according to the approved formula of "twice around and up and down." Few men could tie a cravat in better style. He also got out the new frock-coat, made by the best tailor in Cappadocia, carefully cherished, and only worn on special occasions—the last being the evening on which he had taken supper at the house of the Baptist minister. If there was something slightly rustic about the cut or set of the coat, Millard did not suspect it. The only indispensable thing about clothes is that the wearer shall be at peace with them. Poor Richard ventured the proposition that "our neighbors' eyes" are the costliest things in life, but Bonhomme Richard may have been a little off the mark just there. Other people's opinions about my garments are of small consequence except in so far as they affect my own conceit of them. Charley Millard issued from his room at half-past six content with himself, and, what was of much more importance to the peace of his soul, content with his clothes.

At eleven o'clock Millard is in his room again. The broadcloth Prince Albert lies in an ignominious heap in the corner of the sofa. The satin cravat is against the looking-glass on the dressing-case, just as Charley has thrown it down. Nothing has happened to the coat or the cravat; both are as immaculate as at their sallying forth. But Millard does not regard either of them; he sits moodily in his chair by the grate and postpones to the latest moment the disagreeable task of putting them away.

No matter what the subject under consideration, we later nineteenth-century people are pretty sure to be brought face to face with the intellect that has dominated our age, modified our modes of thinking, and become the main source of all our metaphysical discomforts. It is this same inevitable Charles Darwin who says that a man may be made more unhappy by committing a breach of etiquette than by falling into sin. If Millard had em-

bezzled a thousand dollars of the bank's funds, could he have been more remorseful than he is now? And all for nothing but that he found himself at dinner with more cloth in the tail of his coat than there was in the coat-tails of his neighbors, and that he wore an expensive black cravat while all the rest of the world had on ghostly white linen ties that cost but a dime or two apiece.

Of course Millard exaggerated the importance of his mistake. Young men who wear frock-coats to dinner, and men of respectability who do not possess a dress-coat, are not entirely lacking in New York. If he had known more of the world he would have known that the world is to be taken less to heart. People are always more lenient towards a mistake in etiquette than the perspiring culprit is able to imagine them. In after years Millard smiled at the remembrance that he had worried over Farnsworth's company. It was not worth the trouble of a dress-coat.

His first impulse was to forswear society, and to escape mortification in future, by refusing all invitations. If he had been a weakling such an outcome would have followed a false start. It is only a man who can pluck the blossom of success out of the very bramble of disaster.

During that dinner party had come to him a dim conception of a society complicated and conventional to a degree that the upper circle in Cappadocia had never dreamed of. He firmly resolved now to know this in all its ramifications; to get the mastery of it in all its details, so that no man should understand it better than he. To put it under foot by superior skill was to be his revenge, the satisfaction he proposed to make to his wounded vanity. As he could not even faintly conceive what New York society was like,—as he had no notion of its Pelions on Ossas piled,—so he could as yet form no estimate of the magnitude of the success he was destined to achieve. It is always thus with a man on the threshold of a great career.

Among the widely varying definitions of genius in vogue, everybody is permitted to adopt that which flatters his self-love, or serves his immediate purpose. "Great powers accidentally determined in a given direction," is what some one has called it. Millard was hardly a man of great powers, but he was a man of no small intelligence. If he had been sufficiently bedeviled by poverty at the outset who knows that he might not have hardened into a stock-jobbing prestidigitator, and made the world the poorer by so much as he was the richer? On the other hand, he might perhaps have been a poet. Certainly a man of his temperament and ingenuity might by prac-

tice have come to write rondeaus, ballades, and those other sorts of soap-bubble verse just now in fashion; and if he had been so lucky as to be disappointed in love at the outset of his career, it is quite within the limits of possibility that he should have come to write real poetry, fourteen lines to the piece. But as the first great reverse of Millard's life was in a matter of dress and etiquette, the innate force of his nature sent him by mere rebound in the direction of a man of fashion; that is to say, an artist not in words or pigments, but in dress and manners.

II.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SOCIETY MAN.

IT is the first step that costs, say the French, and Millard made those false starts that are inevitable at the outset of every career. A beginner has to trust somebody, and in looking around for a mentor he fell into the hands of a fellow-boarder, one Sampson, who was a quiet man with the air of one who knows it all and is rather sorry that he does. Sampson fondly believed himself a man of the world, and he had the pleasure of passing for one among those who knew nothing at all about the world. He was a reflective man, who had given much thought to that gravest problem of a young man's life—how to keep trousers from bagging at the knees; the failure to solve which is one of the most pathetic facts of human history. After he had made one or two mistakes in following the dicta that Sampson uttered with all the diffidence of a papal encyclical, Millard became aware that in social matters pretension is often in inverse ratio to accomplishment. About the time that he gave up Sampson he renounced the cheap tailor into whose hands he had unwarily fallen, and consigned to oblivion a rather new thirty-dollar dress-suit in favor of one that cost half a hundred dollars more. He had by this time found out that the society which he had a chance to meet moved only in a borderland, and, like the ambitious man he was, he began already to lay his plans broad and deep, and to fit himself, by every means within his reach, for success in the greater world beyond.

Having looked about the circle of his small acquaintance in vain for a guide, he bethought him that there were probably books on etiquette. He entered a bookstore one day with the intention of asking for some work of the sort, but finding in the proprietor a well-known depositor of the bank, Charley bought a novel instead. Behold already the instinct of a man of the world, whose rôle it is to know without ever seeming to learn!

When at length Millard had secured a

book with the title, "Guide to Good Manners as Recognized in the Very Best Society. By One of the Four Hundred," he felt that he had got his feet on firm ground.

It chanced about this time that Sampson brought an old college chum of his to eat a Sunday dinner at the boarding-house in Eighteenth street. He introduced this friend to Millard, with that impressiveness which belonged to all that the melancholy Sampson did, as "Mr. Bradley, Mr. Harrison Holmes Bradley, the author; you know his writings."

Millard was covered with concealed shame to think that he did not happen to know the books of an author with a name so resonant, but he did not confess his ignorance. This was his first acquaintance with a real literary man—for the high-school teacher in Cappadocia who wrote poetry for the country papers would hardly count. The aspiring Millard thought himself in luck in thus early making the acquaintance of a man of letters, for to the half-sophisticated an author seems a person who reflects a mild and moonshiny luster on even a casual acquaintance. To know Mr. Bradley might be a first step towards gaining access to the more distinguished society of the metropolis.

Harrison Holmes Bradley proved to be, on examination, a New Englander of the gaunt variety, an acute man of thirty, who ate his roast turkey and mashed potatoes with that avidity he was wont to manifest when running down an elusive fact in an encyclopedia. At the table Millard, for want of other conversation, plucked up courage to ask him whether he was connected with a newspaper.

"No; I am engaged in general literary work," said Bradley.

Neither Millard nor any one else at the table had the faintest notion of the nature of "general literary work." It sounded large, and Bradley was a clever talker on many themes fresh to Millard, and when he went away the author exacted a promise from Charley to call on him soon in his "den," and he gave him a visiting card which bore a street number in Harlem.

Two weeks later Millard, who was quite unwilling to miss a chance of making the acquaintance of a distinguished man through whom he might make other eligible friends, called on Bradley. He found him at work in his shirt sleeves, in a hall bedroom of a boarding-house, smoking and writing as he sat with a gas-stove for near neighbor on the left hand, and a table, which was originally intended to serve as a wash-stand, on the other side of him. The author welcomed his guest with unaffected condescension, and borrowed a chair from the next room for him to sit on. Finding Millard curious

about the ways of authors, he entertained his guest with various anecdotes going to show how books are made, and tending to throw light on the relation of authors to publishers. Millard noted what seemed to him a bias against publishers, of whom, as a human species, Bradley evidently entertained no great opinion. Millard's love for particulars was piqued by Bradley's statement at their first meeting that he was engaged in general literary work. He contrived to bring the author to talk of what he was doing, and how it was done.

"You see," said Bradley, pleased to impart information on a theme in which he was much interested himself, "a literary life is n't what people generally take it to be. Most men in general literary work fail because they can do only one thing, or at most, two. To make a living, one must be able to do everything."

"I suppose that is so," said Millard, still unable to form any notion of what was implied in Bradley's everything. To him all literature was divided into prose and poetry. General literature seemed to include both of these, and something more.

"Last week," Bradley continued, illustratively, "I finished an index, wrote some verses for a pictorial advertisement of Appleblossom's Toilet Soap, and ground out an encyclopedia article on Christian Missions, and a magazine paper on the history of the game of bumblepuppy. I am now just beginning a novel of society life. Versatility is the very foundation of success; if it had n't been for my knack of doing all sorts of things I never should have succeeded as I have."

Judging by Bradley's surroundings and his own account of the sordid drudgery of a worker in general literature, his success did not seem to Millard a very stunning one. But Bradley was evidently content with it, and what more can one ask of fortune?

"There is another element that goes a long way towards success in literature," proceeded the author, "and that is ability to work rapidly. When Garfield was shot, I was out of work and two weeks behind with my board. I went straight to the Astor Library and worked till the library closed, gathering material. When I went to bed that night, or rather the next morning, I had a paper on 'Famous Assassinations of History' ready for the best market. But what I hate the most about our business is the having to write, now and then, a thunder and lightning story for the weekly blood-curdlers. Now there is Milwain, the poet, a man of genius, but by shop girls and boys reading the Saturday-night papers he is adored as Guy St. Cyr, the author of a long list of ghastly horrors thrown off to get money."

"This sort of work of all kinds is what you call general literary work?" queried Millard.

"General literary work is the evening dress we put on it when it has to pass muster before strangers," said Bradley, laughing.

What Millard noted with a sort of admiration was Bradley's perfect complacency, his contentment in grinding Philistine grists, the zest even that he evinced for literary pot-hunting, the continual exhilaration that he got out of this hazardous gamble for a living, and the rank frankness with which he made his own affairs tributary to the interest of his conversation.

At length Bradley emptied his pipe and laid it across his manuscript, at the same time rising nervously from his chair and sitting down on the bed for a change.

"Millard," he said, with a Bohemian freedom of address, "you must know more about society than I do. Give me advice on a point of etiquette."

Charley Millard was flattered as he never had been flattered before. He had not hoped to be considered an oracle so soon.

"You see," Bradley went on, "the publisher of a new magazine called the 'United States Monthly' has asked me to dinner. It is away over in Brooklyn, and, besides, the real reason I can't go is that I have n't got a dress-coat. Now what is the thing to do about regrets, cards, and so on?"

Fresh from reading his new "Guide to Good Manners," Millard felt competent to decide any question of Bristol-board, however weighty or complicated. He delivered his opinion with great assurance in the very words of the book.

"I believe in my soul," said Bradley, laughing, "that you prigged that from the 'Guide to Good Manners as Recognized in the Very Best Society.'"

Millard looked foolish, but answered good-naturedly, "Well, what if I did? Have you read the book?"

Bradley rocked his long slender body backward and forward as though about to fall into a spasm with suppressed merriment.

"There is only one good thing I can say for that book," he said, recovering himself.

"What 's that?" asked Millard, a little vexed with the unaccountable mirth of his host.

"Why, that I got two hundred dollars for writing it."

"You wrote it?" exclaimed Millard, not concealing his opinion that Bradley was not a suitable person to give lessons in politeness.

"You see I was offered two hundred for a book on manners. I needed the money most consumedly. There was Sampson, who knew, or thought he knew, all about the ways of the

world, though, between you and me, Sampson always did do a large business on a plaguy small capital. So I put Sampson to press and got out of him whatever I could, and then I rehashed a good deal in a disguised way from the old 'Bazar Book of Decorum' and the still older Count D'Orsay, and some others. You have to know how to do such things if you're going to make a living as a literary man. The title is a sixpenny publisher's lie. In the day of judgment, authors, or at least those of us doing general literary work, will get off easy on the ground that poor devils scratching for their dinners cannot afford to be too high-toned, but publishers won't have that excuse."

Millard made his way home that night with some sense of disappointment. Being a fine gentleman was not so easy as it had seemed. The heights grew more and more inaccessible as he approached them. Yet he had really made a great advance by his talk with Bradley. He had cleared the ground of rubbish. And though during the next week he bought two or three of the books of decorum then in vogue, he had learned to depend mainly on his own observations and good sense. He had also acquired a beginning of that large stock of personal information which made him in after years so remarkable. Natural bent is shown in what a man assimilates. Not an item of all the personal traits and anecdotes of writers and publishers brought out in Bradley's unreserved talk had escaped him, and years afterward he could use Bradley's funny stories to give piquancy to conversation.

It was this memory of individual traits and his tactful use of it that helped to launch him on the sea of social success. The gentleman who sat next to him at dinner, the lady who chatted with him at a tea or a reception, felt certain that a man who knew all about every person in any way distinguished in society could not be quite without conspicuousness of some sort himself. This belief served to open doors to him. Moreover, his fund of personal gossip, judiciously and good-naturedly used, made him a valuable element in a small company; the interest never flagged when he talked. Then, too, Millard had a knack of repeating in a way that seemed almost accidental, or at least purely incidental, what this or that noted person had said to him. It was in appearance only an embellishment of his talk, but it served to keep up a belief in the breadth, and especially the height, of his acquaintance. If he had only been presented to Mrs. Manorhouse, and she had repeated her stock witticism in his presence, Millard knew how to quote it as a remark of Mrs. Manorhouse, but the repose of his manner left the

impression that he set no particular store by the Manorhouses. He had early learned the inestimable value of a chastened impudence to a man with social ambitions.

Some sacrifice of self-respect? Doubtless. But what getter-on in the world is there that does not have to pay down a little self-respect now and then? Your millionaire usually settles at a dear rate, and to be a great statesman implies that one has paid a war tariff in this specie.

One of the talents that contributed to Millard's success was a knack of taking accomplishments quickly. Whether it was fencing, or boxing, or polo that was the temporary vogue; whether it was dancing, or speaking society French, he held his own with the best. In riding he was easily superior to the riding-school cavaliers, having the advantage of familiarity with a horse's back from the time he had bestrode the plow-horses on their way to water. Though he found time in his first years in New York for only one little run in Europe, he always had the air of a traveled man, so quickly did he absorb information, imitate fashions, and get rid of provincial manners and prejudices. His friends never knew where he learned anything. When a Frenchman of title was basking in New York drawing-rooms it was found that Millard was equal to a tête-à-tête with the monolingual foreigner, though his accent was better than his vocabulary was copious. His various accomplishments of course represented many hours of toil, but it was toil of which his associates never heard. He treated himself as a work of art, of which the beholder must judge only by the charming result, with no knowledge of the foregoing effort, no thought of the periods of ugly incompleteness that have been passed on the way to perfection.

III.

A SPONTANEOUS PEDIGREE.

It was not until the battle was more than half won, and Millard had become a welcome guest in some of the most exclusive houses, that he was outfitted with a pedigree. He knew little of his ancestors except that his father's grandfather was a humble private soldier at the storming of Stony Point. This great-grandfather's name was Miller. His Dutch or German neighbors had called him Millerd by some confusion with other names having a similar termination, and as he was tolerably illiterate, and rarely wrote his name, the change came to be accepted. A new schoolmaster who spelled it Millerd in the copy-book of Charley's grandfather fixed the orthography and pronunciation in the new form. About the

time that Millard Fillmore became President by succession, the contemporary Millerds, who were Whigs, substituted *a* for the *e* in the name. After he came to New York, Charley shifted the accent to the last syllable to conform to a fashion by which a hundred old English names have been treated to a Gallic accent in America. After this acquisition of a new accent Charley was frequently asked whether he were not of Huguenot descent; to which he was wont to reply prudently that he had never taken much interest in genealogy. Just why it is thought more creditable for a resident of New York to have descended from a Huguenot peasant or artisan than from an English colonist, those may tell who fancy that social pretenses have a rational basis.

Charley's mother's father was named Vandam. The family had been a little ashamed of the old Dutch cognomen; it had such a wicked sound that they tried to shift the accent to the first syllable. Among the fads that Charley had taken up for a time after he came to New York was that of collecting old prints. In looking over a lot of these one day in a second-hand book-shop, he stumbled on a picture of the colonial period in which was represented one of the ancient Dutch churches of New York. There was a single stately carriage passing in front of the church, and the artist had taken the pains to show the footman running before the coach. The picture was dedicated to "Rip Van Dam, Esq.," president of the council of the colony of New York. As a Christian name "Rip" did not tend to take the curse off the Van Dam. But this picture made Charley aware that at least one of the Van Dams had been a great man in his day. He reflected that this must be the old Rip's own carriage delineated in the foreground of the picture of which he was the patron; and this must be his footman charging along at break-neck pace to warn all vulgar carts to get out of the great gentleman's road. Millard bought the print and hung it in his sitting-room; for since he had been promoted in the bank and had been admitted to a fashionable club, he had moved into bachelor apartments suitable to his improving fortunes and social position. He had also committed himself to the keeping of an English man-servant—he did not like to call him his valet, lest the appearance of ostentation and Anglomania should prejudice him with his business associates. But somehow the new dignity of his own surroundings seemed to lend something bordering on probability to the conjecture that this once acting-governor of New York, Rip Van Dam, might have been one of Charley's ancestors.

Millard hung this print on one side of the chimney in his apartment, a chimney that had

a pair of andirons and three logs of wood in it. But whether this or any other chimney in the Graydon Building was fitted to contain a fire nobody knew; for the building was heated by steam, and no one had been foolhardy enough to discover experimentally just what would happen if fire were actually lighted in fireplaces so unrealistic as these. On the other side of his chimney Charley hung a print of the storming of Stony Point. One evening Philip Gouverneur, one of Millard's new cronies, who was calling on him, asked, "Millard, what have you got that old meeting-house on your wall for?"

"Well, you see," said Millard, with the air of a man but languidly interested,—your real gentleman always affects to be bored by what he cares for,—"you see I put it there because it is dedicated to old Rip Van Dam."

"What do you care for that old cuss?" went on Gouverneur, who, being of the true blue blood himself, had a fad of making game of the whole race of ancient worthies.

"I don't really care," said Charley; "but as my mother was a Vandam, she may have descended from this Rip. I have no documents to prove it."

"Oh, I see. Excuse me for making fun of your forefathers. I say every mean thing I can think of about mine, but another man's grandfather is sacred. You see I could n't help smiling at the meeting-house on one side and that old-fashioned, bloody bayonet-charge on the other."

"Oh, that's only another case of ancestor," said Millard; "my great-grandfather was at Stony Point."

"The more fool he," said Gouverneur. "My forefathers, now, contrived to keep out of bayonet-charges, and shed for their country mostly ink and oratory, speeches and documents."

Though Philip Gouverneur did not care for ancestors, his mother did. The one thing that enabled Mrs. Gouverneur to look down on the whole brood of railway magnates, silvermine kings, and Standard Oil operators, who, as she phrased it, "had intruded into New York," was the fact that her own family had taken an historic part in the Revolutionary struggle. At this very moment she was concocting a ball in memory of the evacuation of New York, and she was firmly resolved that on this occasion no upstart of an Astor or a Vanderbilt, much less any later comer, should assist—nobody but those whose families were distinctly of Revolutionary or colonial dignity. In truth, Mrs. Gouverneur had some feeling of resentment that the capitalist families were of late disposed to take themselves for leaders in society, and to treat the merely old families

as dispensable if necessary. This assembly to be made up exclusively of antiques was her countermove.

It cost her something of a struggle. There were amiable people, otherwise conspicuously eligible, whom she must omit if she adhered to her plan, and there were some whom she despised that must be asked on account of the illustriousness of their pedigree. But Mrs. Gouverneur had set out to check the deterioration of society in New York, and she was not the woman to draw back when principle demanded the sacrifice of her feelings. She had taken the liveliest fancy to young Millard, who by a charming address, obliging manners, and an endless stock of useful information had made himself an intimate in the Gouverneur household. He had come to dine with them informally almost every other Sunday evening. To leave him out would be a dreadful cut; but what else could she do? What would be said of her set of old china if she inserted such a piece of new porcelain? What would Miss Lavinia Vandeleur, special oracle on the genealogy of the exclusive families, think, if Mrs. Gouverneur should be so recreant to right principles as to invite a young man without a single grandfather to his back, only because he had virtues of his own?

"I say, mother," said Philip, her son, when he came to look over the list, "you have n't got Charley Millard down."

"Well, how can I invite Mr. Millard? He has no family."

"No family! Why, he is a descendant of old Governor Van Dam, and one of his ancestors was an officer under Wayne at Stony Point."

"Are you sure, Philip?"

"Certainly; he has pictures of Stony Point and of Rip Van Dam hanging in his room. No Revolutionary party would be complete without him."

Mrs. Gouverneur looked at Philip suspiciously; he had a way of quizzing her; but his face did not flinch, and she was greatly relieved to think she had missed making the mistake of omitting a friend with so eligible a backing. Millard was invited, rather to his own surprise, and taken into preliminary councils as a matter of course. When the introductory minuet had been danced, and the ball was at its height, Philip Gouverneur, with a smile of innocence, led his friend straight to Miss Vandeleur, who proudly wore the very dress in which, according to a rather shaky tradition, her great-great-aunt had poured tea for General Washington.

"Miss Vandeleur," said Philip, "let me present Mr. Millard."

Miss Vandeleur gave Millard one of the

bows she kept ready for people of no particular consequence.

"Mr. Millard is real old crockery," said Philip in a half-confidential tone. "Some of us think it enough to be Revolutionary, but he is a descendant of Rip Van Dam, the old governor of New York in the seventeenth century."

Miss Vandeleur's face relaxed, and she remarked that judging from his name, as well as from something in his appearance, Mr. Millard must have come, like herself, from one of the old Huguenot families.

"Revolutionary too, Charley?" said Philip, looking at Millard. Then to Miss Vandeleur, "One of his ancestors was second in command in the charge on Stony Point."

"Ah, Philip, you put it too strongly, I—"

"There's Governor Cadwallader waiting to speak to you, Miss Vandeleur," interrupted Philip, bowing and drawing Millard away. "Don't say a word, Charley. The most of Miss Vandeleur's information is less sound than what I told her about you. Nine-tenths of all such a genealogy huckster takes for gospel is just rot. I knew that Rip Van Dam would impress her if I put it strongly and said seventeenth century. You see the further away your forefather is, the more the virtue. Ancestry is like homeopathic medicine, the oftener it is diluted the greater the potency."

"Yes," said Millard; "and a remote ancestor has the advantage that pretty much everything to his discredit has been forgotten."

Charley knew that this faking of a Millard pedigree by his friend would prove as valuable to him as a decoration in the eyes of certain exclusive people. His conscience did not escape without some qualms; he did not like to be labeled what he was not. But he had learned by this time that society of every grade is in great part a game of Mild Humbug, and that this game, like all others, must be played according to rule. Each player has a right to make the most of his hand, whatever it may be. He had begun without a single strong card. Neither great wealth, personal distinction, nor noted family had fallen to him. But in the game of Mild Humbug as in almost all other games, luck and good play go for much; with skill and fortune a weak card may take the trick, and Millard was in a fair way to win against odds.

IV.

THE BANK OF MANHADOES.

WHEN a farmer turns a strange cow into his herd she has to undergo a competitive examination. The fighter of the flock, sometimes a reckless-looking creature with one horn

turned down as a result of former battles, walks directly up to the stranger, as in duty bound. The duel is in good form and preceded by ceremonious bowing on both sides; one finds here the origin of that scrape with the foot which was an essential part of all obeisance before the frosty perpendicular English style came in. Politeness over, the two brutes lock horns, and there is a trial of strength, weight, and bovine persistency; let the one that first gives ground look out for a thrust in the ribs! But once the newcomer has settled her relative social standing and knows which of her fellows are to have the *pas* of her at the hayrick and the watering-place, and which she in turn may safely bully, all is peace in the pasture.

Something like this takes place in our social herds. In every government, cabinet, party, or deliberative body there is the preliminary set-to until it is discovered who, by one means or another, can push the hardest. Not only in governments and political bodies but in every corporation, club, Dorcas society, base-ball league, church, and grocery store, the superficial observer sees what appears to be harmony and even brotherly unity; it is only the result of preliminary pushing matches by which the equilibrium of offensive and defensive qualities has been ascertained. And much that passes for domestic harmony is nothing but a prudent acquiescence in an arrangement based on relative powers of annoyance.

This long preamble goeth to show that if the Bank of Manhadoes had its rivalries it was not singular. In the light of the general principles we have evoked, the elbowings among the officers of the bank are lifted into the dignity of instances, examples, phenomena illustrating human nature and human history. More far-reaching than human nature, they are offshoots of the great struggle for existence, which, as we moderns have had the felicity to discover, gives rise to the survival of the tough and the domination of the pugnacious—the annihilation of the tender and the subjugation of the sensitive.

When Millard entered the bank there existed a conflict in the board of directors, and a division of opinion extending to the stockholders, between those who sustained and those who opposed the policy of the Masters-Farnsworth administration. But the administration proved fortunate and successful to such a degree that the opposition and rivalry presently died away or lost hope. Once the opposition to the two managers had disappeared, the lack of adjustment between the president and cashier became more pronounced. Farnsworth was the victim of a chronic asthma, and he was as ambitious as he was restless. The wan little man was

untiring in his exertions because the trouble he had to get breath left him no temptation to repose. He contrived to find vent for his uneasiness by communicating a great deal of it to others. Masters, the president, was a man of sixty-five, with neither disease nor ambition preying on his vitals. For a long while he allowed Farnsworth to have his way in most things, knowing that if one entered into contention with Farnsworth there was no hope of ever making an end of it except by death or surrender. That which was decided yesterday against Farnsworth was sure to be reopened this morning; and though finally settled again to-day, it was all to be gone over to-morrow; nor would it be nearer to an adjustment next week. Compromise did no good: Farnsworth accepted your concession to-day, and then higgled you to split the difference on the remainder to-morrow, until you had so small a dividend left that it was not worth holding to.

But in dealing with a man like Masters it was possible to carry the policy of grand worry too far. When at length this rather phlegmatic man made up his mind that Farnsworth was systematically bullying him—a conclusion that Mrs. Masters helped him to reach—he became the very granite of obstinacy, offering a quiet but unyielding resistance to the cashier's aggressiveness. But an ease-loving man could not keep up this sort of fight forever. Masters knew this as well as any one, and he therefore felt the need of some buffer between him and his associate. There were two positions contemplated in the organization of the bank that had never yet been filled. One was that of vice-president, the other that of assistant cashier. By filling the assistant cashier's place with an active, aggressive man, Masters might secure an ally who could attack Farnsworth on the other flank. But in doing that he would have to disappoint Millard, who was steadily growing in value to the bank, but who, from habitual subordination to Farnsworth, and the natural courtesy of his disposition, could not be depended on to offer much resistance. To introduce a stranger would be to disturb the status quo, and the first maxim in the conduct of institutions is to avoid violent changes. Once the molecules of an organization are set into unusual vibration it is hard to foretell what new combinations they may form. And your practical man dislikes, of all things, to invite the unforeseen and the incalculable.

The election of a vice-president would bring a new man into the bank over the head of Farnsworth, but it would also produce a disturbance from which Masters felt a shrinking natural to an experienced and conservative administrator. Moreover, there was no one

connected with the direction, or even holding stock in the bank, suitable to be put over Farnsworth. Unless, indeed, it were thought best to bring Hilbrough from Brooklyn. To introduce so forceful a man as Hilbrough into the management would certainly be a great thing for the bank, and it would not fail to put an end to the domination of Farnsworth. But Masters reflected that it might equally reduce his own importance. And with all his irritation against Farnsworth the president disliked to deal him too severe a blow.

If the matter had been left to Mrs. Masters, there would have been no relentings. In her opinion Farnsworth ought to be put out. Are n't you president, Mr. Masters? Why don't you *be* president, then? Don't like to be too hard on him? That's just like you. I'd just put him out, and there'd be an end of his fussiness once for all. *Of course you could* if you set about it. You are always saying that you don't like to let feeling interfere with business. But I would n't stand Farnsworth—little shrimp!—setting up to run a bank. Ill? Well, he ought to be; makes himself ill meddling with other people. He'd be better if he did n't worry about what does n't belong to him. I'd give him rest. It's all well enough to sneer at a woman's notion of business, but the bank would be better off if you had entire control of it. The directors know that, they *must* know it; they are not blind.

There were no half-tones in Mrs. Masters's judgment; everything was painted in coal blacks or glittering whites. She saw no mediums in character; he who was not good in every particular was capable of most sorts of devilry, in her opinion.

This antagonism between the president and the cashier did not reach its acute stage until Millard had been in the bank for more than three years. Millard had made his way in the estimation of the directors in part by his ever-widening acquaintance with people of importance. His social connections enabled him to be of service to many men whose good-will was beneficial to the bank, and he was a ready directory to financial and family relationships, and to the business history and standing of those with whom the bank had dealings. Add to these advantages his considerable holdings of the bank's stock, and it is easy to comprehend how in spite of his youth he had come to stand next to Masters and Farnsworth. The dissensions between these two were disagreeable to one who had a decided preference for quietude and placidity of manners; but he kept aloof from their quarrel, though he must have had private grievances against a superior so pragmatical as Farnsworth.

A sort of magnanimity was mingled with

craft in Masters's constitution, and, besides, he much preferred the road that was likely to give him the fewest jolts. The natural tendency of his irritation was to die away. This would have been the result in spite of the spur that Mrs. Masters supplied — applied, rather — if Farnsworth could have been content to let things take their natural course; but he could not abide to let anything go its natural way: he would have attempted a readjustment of the relations between the moon and tides if he had thought himself favorably situated for puttering in such matters. The temporary obstruction which Masters offered to his fussy willfulness seemed to the cashier an outrage hard to be borne. After he had taken so many tedious years to establish his ascendancy in nine-tenths of the bank's affairs it was sheer impertinence in Masters to wish to have any considerable share in the management. The backset to his ambition made him more sleepless than ever, bringing on frequent attacks of asthma. He lost interest even in the dinner parties, with a business squint, that he had been so fond of giving. Mrs. Farnsworth was under the frequent necessity of holding a platter of burning stramonium under his nose to subdue the paroxysms of wheezing that threatened to cut short his existence. Along with the smoke of the stramonium she was wont to administer a soothing smudge of good advice, beseeching him not to worry about things, though she knew perfectly that he would never cease to worry about things so long as his attenuated breath was not wholly turned off. She urged him to make Masters do his share of the work, and to take a vacation himself, or to resign outright, so as to spend his winters in Jacksonville. But every new paroxysm brought to Farnsworth a fresh access of resentment against Masters, whom he regarded as the source of all his woes. In his wakeful nights he planned a march on the very lines that Masters had proposed. He would get Millard made assistant cashier, and then have himself advanced to vice-president, with Millard, or some one on whom he could count more surely, for cashier. He proposed nothing less than to force the president out of all active control, and, if possible, to compel him to resign. No qualms of magnanimity disturbed this deoxygenated man. It was high time for Masters to resign, if for no other reason than that Farnsworth might occupy the private office. This inner office was a badge of Masters's superiority not to be endured.

There was one director, Meadows, whom Farnsworth lighted on as a convenient agent in his intrigue. Meadows had belonged to the old opposition which had resisted both the president and cashier. He was suspected of

a desire to make a place for his brother, who had been cashier of a bank that had failed, and who had broken in nerve force when the bank broke. Farnsworth, who rode about in a coupé to save his breath for business and contention, drove up in front of Meadows's shop one morning at half-past nine, and made his way back among chandeliers of many patterns in incongruous juxtaposition, punctuated with wall burners and table argands. In the private office at the back he found Meadows opening his letters. He was a round-jawed man with blue eyes, an iron-oxide complexion, stiff, short, rusty hair, red-yellow side-whiskers, an upturned nose, and a shorn chin, habitually thrust forward. Once seated and his wind recovered, Farnsworth complained at some length that he found it hard to carry all the responsibility of the bank without adequate assistance.

"You ought to have an experienced assistant," said Meadows. This was the first occasion on which any officer of the bank had shown his good sense by consulting Meadows, and he was on that account the more disposed to encourage Farnsworth.

"If, now," said Farnsworth, "I could have as good a man as they say your brother is, I would be better fixed. But an experienced man like your brother would not take the place of assistant cashier."

Meadows was not so sure that his brother would refuse any place, but he thought it better not to say anything in reply. Farnsworth, who had no desire to take Meadows's brother unless he were driven to it, saw the dangerous opening he had left. He therefore proceeded, as soon as he could get breath:

"Besides, the assistant's place belongs naturally to young Millard, and he would have influence enough to defeat anybody else who might be proposed. He is a good fellow, but he can't take responsibility. If Masters were not the cold-blooded man he is, he would have made Millard assistant cashier long ago, and advanced me to be vice-president."

"And then you would want some good man for cashier," said Meadows.

"Precisely," said Farnsworth; "that is just it."

"I think we can do that with or without Masters," said Meadows, turning his head to one side with a quiet air of defiance. He was only too well pleased to renew his fight against Masters with Farnsworth for ally. The question of his brother's appointment was after all an auxiliary one; he loved faction and opposition pure and simple.

"I am sure we can," said Farnsworth. "Of course my hand must not appear. But if a motion were to be made to advance both Millard

and me one step, I don't think Masters would dare oppose it."

"I'll make the motion," said Meadows, with something like a sniff, as though, like Job's war-horse, he smelled the battle and liked the odor.

In taking leave Farnsworth told Meadows that he had not yet spoken to Millard about the matter, and he thought it not best to mention it to him before the meeting. But the one thing that rendered Meadows tolerably innocuous was that he never could coöperate with an ally, even in factious opposition, without getting up a new faction within the first, and so fomenting subdivisions as long as there were two to divide. The moment Farnsworth had left him he began to reflect suspiciously that the cashier intended to tell Millard himself, and so take the entire credit of the promotion. This would leave Farnsworth free to neglect Meadows's brother. Meadows, therefore, resolved to tell Millard in advance, and thus put the latter under obligation to further his brother's interest. He gave himself great credit for a device by which he would play Farnsworth against Masters and then head off Farnsworth with Millard. Farnsworth wished to use him to pull some rather hot chestnuts out of the fire, and he chuckled to think that he had arranged to secure his own share of the nuts first.

With this profound scheme in his head Meadows contrived to encounter Millard at luncheon, an encounter which the latter usually took some pains to avoid; for Millard was fastidious in eating as in everything else, and he disliked to see Meadows at the table. Not that the latter did not know the use of fork and napkin, but he assaulted his food with a ferocity that, as Millard once remarked, "lent too much support to the Darwinian hypothesis."

On the day of his conversation with Farnsworth, Meadows bore down on the table where Millard sat alone, disjoining a partridge.

"Goo' morning," he said, abruptly seating himself on the rail of the chair opposite to Millard, and beckoning impatiently to a waiter, who responded but languidly, knowing that Meadows was opposed to the tip system from both principle and interest.

When he had given his order and then, as usual, called back the waiter as he was going out the door, waving his hand at him and uttering a "H-i-s-t, waitah!" to tell him that he did not want his meat so fat as it had been the last time, he gave his attention to Millard, and introduced the subject of the approaching meeting of the directors.

"Why does n't old Rip Van Winkle wake up?" said Meadows. "Why does n't he make you assistant cashier? I'm sure you deserve it."

"Well, now, if you put it that way, Mr. Meadows, and leave it to me, I will say candidly that I suppose the real reason for not promoting me is that Mr. Masters, being a man of sound judgment, feels that he cannot do me justice under the circumstances. If I had my deserts, I'd be president of the bank; but it would be too much to ask a gentleman at Mr. Masters's time of life to move out of his little office just to make room for a deserving young man."

"You may joke, but you know that Masters is jealous. Why does n't he promote Farnsworth to be vice-president? You know that Farnsworth really runs the bank."

"It is n't his fault if he does n't," said Millard, in a half-whisper.

"I believe that if I made a move to advance both you and Farnsworth it could be carried." Meadows looked inquiringly at his companion.

"What would become of the cashiership?" asked Millard. "I suppose we could divide that between us. Won't you try a glass of Moselle?" And he passed the bottle to Meadows, who poured out a glass of it,—he never declined wine when some one else paid for it,—while Millard kept on talking to keep from saying anything. "I like to drink the health of any man who proposes to increase my salary, Mr. Meadows." Millard observed with disgust that the bank director drank off the wine at a gulp as he might have taken any vulgar claret, with an evident lack of appreciation. Millard himself was a light drinker; nothing but the delicate flavor of good wine could make drinking tolerable to him. The mind of Meadows, however, was intent on the subject under discussion.

"The cashiership," he said, "could either be filled by some experienced man, or it might be left vacant for a while."

Millard saw a vision of Meadows, the discouraged brother, stepping in over his head.

"If a cashier should be put in now," said Meadows, "it would end presently in old Rip Van Winkle's resigning, and then an advance along the whole line would move you up once more." Meadows thought that this sop would reconcile Millard to having his brother interpolated above him.

"That's a good plan," said Millard, using his finger bowl; "and then if Mr. Farnsworth would only be kind enough to die in one of his attacks, and the other man should get rich by speculation and retire, I'd come to be president at last. That is the only place suited to a modest and worthy young man like myself."

This fencing annoyed Meadows, who was by this time salting and peppering his roast

beef, glaring at it the while like a boa-constrictor contemplating a fresh victim in anticipation of the joys of deglutition. Millard saw the importance of letting Masters know about this new move, and feared that Meadows would attempt to put him under bonds of secrecy. So, as he rose to go, like a prairie traveler protecting himself by back-firing, he said:

"If you're really serious in this matter, Mr. Meadows, I suppose you'll take pains not to have it generally known. For one thing, if you won't tell anybody else, I'll promise you not to tell my wife."

"And if Farnsworth speaks to you about it," said Meadows, "don't tell him that I have said anything to you. He wanted to tell you himself."

"I'll not let him know that you said anything about it."

And with that Millard went out. The bait of the assistant cashiership was not tempting enough to draw him into this intrigue. The greater part of his capital was in the bank, and he knew that the withdrawal of Masters would be a misfortune to him. Finding that Farnsworth was out, Millard went to the president's room under color of showing him a letter of importance. A man of dignity does not like to seem to bear tales with malice prepense. When he was about to leave Millard said:

"I hear that a motion is to be made looking to changes in the personnel of the bank."

The president was a little startled; his first impression from this remark being that somehow Millard had got wind of the plans he had revolved and then discarded.

"What do you hear?" he said, in his usual non-committal way.

"Nothing very definite, but something that leads me to think that Mr. Farnsworth would like to be vice-president, and that Meadows would consent to have his brother take the cashiership."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Masters, smiling. It was his habit to smile when he felt the impulse to frown. He did not like to seem ignorant of anything going on in the bank, so he said no more to Millard, but let the conversation drop. He presently regretted this, and by the time Millard had reached his desk he was recalled.

"You understand that Mr. Farnsworth and Meadows are acting in concert?"

"I have reason to think so."

"Do you think it would be wise to make Mr. Farnsworth vice-president?"

Millard turned the palms of his hands upward, and shrugged his shoulders. He made no other reply than to add, "You know him as well as I do."

"Who would be a good man for the place?"

"Have you thought of Hilbrough?"

"Yes, he would bring real strength to the bank; and, Mr. Millard, there is one promotion I have long had in mind," said the president. "You ought to be made assistant cashier, with a considerably larger salary than you have been getting."

Millard made a slight bow. "I'm sure you don't expect me to offer serious opposition to that proposal." Then he could not refrain from adding, "I believe Mr. Farnsworth and Meadows have also reached that conclusion."

There was no opportunity to reply to this; Farnsworth was heard wheezing outside the door.

Masters thought rapidly that afternoon. He admitted to himself, as he had hardly done before, that he was growing old, and that a successful bank ought to have some more vigorous man than he in its management; some man of ideas more liberal than Farnsworth's, and of more age and experience than this young Millard. His mind turned to Hilbrough, the real-estate agent in Montague street, Brooklyn. First a poor clerk, then a small collector of tenement-house rents, then a prosperous real-estate agent and operator on his own account, he had come by shrewd investment to be a rich man. He was accustomed to make call loans to a large amount on collateral security, and his business was, even now, almost that of a private banker. A director in the Bank of Manhadoes from its beginning, and one of its largest stockholders, he was the most eligible man to succeed Masters in the active management of its affairs, and the only man whose election once proposed would certainly command the support of the directors against the scheme of Farnsworth. He was the one possible man who would prove quite too large for Farnsworth's domineering. It was with a pang that Masters reflected that he too would be effaced in a measure by the advent of a man so vital as Warren Hilbrough; but there was for him only the choice between being effaced by Hilbrough's superior personality and being officially put out of the way by Farnsworth's process of slow torture. He saw, too, that a bank with four high-grade officers would have a more stable official equilibrium than one where the power is shared between two. The head of such an institution is sheltered from adverse intrigues by the counterpoise of the several officers to one another.

If Masters had needed any stimulus to his resolution to contravene the ambitious plans of the cashier, Mrs. Masters would have supplied it. When she heard of Farnsworth's scheme, she raised again her old cry of *Carthago delenda est*, Farnsworth must be put out.

In her opinion nothing else would meet the requirement of poetic justice, but she despaired of persuading Masters to a measure so extreme. It was always the way. Mr. Masters was too meek for anything. He would let people run over him.

But Masters had no notion of being run over. He went to the office every day, and from the office he went to his country-place in New Jersey every afternoon. There was nothing in his actions to excite the suspicion of the cashier, who could not know that negotiations with Hilbrough, and the private submission of the proposition to certain directors, had all been intrusted to the tact of Charley Millard. It was rather hard on Millard, too; for though he enjoyed his success in an undertaking so delicate, he regretted two dinner parties and one desirable reception that he was compelled to forego in order to carry on his negotiations out of bank hours.

The day before the directors met, Farnsworth confided to Millard his intention to have him made assistant cashier. Millard said that if Mr. Masters and the directors should agree to that he would be very well pleased. Considering his evident loyalty to Masters, Farnsworth did not think it wise to tell Millard anything further.

In the board of directors Meadows sat with a more than usually defiant face—with a face which showed premonitions of exultation. Farnsworth felt sure of his game, but he found breathing so laborious that he did not show any emotion. Masters thought it best to soften the humiliation of his associate as much as possible by forestalling his proposition. So at the first moment he suggested to the directors that the bank needed new force, on account both of his own advancing years and of Mr. Farnsworth's ill-health, much aggravated by his excessive industry. He therefore proposed to have Mr. Hilbrough made vice-president with the same salary as that paid to the president, to add a thousand to the cashier's salary, and to promote Mr. Millard to assistant cashier on a salary of five thousand a year. He said that the prosperity of the bank justified the increased expense, and that the money would be well invested.

Meadows opposed this plan as extravagant. He favored the promotion of Mr. Millard, and the promotion of Mr. Farnsworth to be vice-president, leaving the cashiership vacant for a while. But the directors, accustomed to follow the lead of Masters and Hilbrough, and suspicious of Meadows as habitually factious, voted the president's proposition.

Farnsworth went home and to bed. Then he asked for a vacation and went South. The bank officers sent him a handsome bouquet

when he sailed away on the Savannah steamer, for commerce by the very rudeness of its encounters makes men forgiving. In business it is unprofitable to cherish animosities, and contact with a great variety of character makes business men usually more tolerant than men of secluded lives. Farnsworth, for his part, was as pleased as a child might have been with the attention paid him on his departure, and Mrs. Farnsworth was delighted that her husband had consented to take rest, and "make the others do their share of the work."

V.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE HILBROUGHS.

Of course there is a small set who affect not to mingle freely with newly prosperous people like the Hilbroughs. These are they in whose estimation wealth and distinction only gain their proper flavor—their bouquet, so to speak—by resting stagnant for three generations, for gentility, like game, acquires an admirable highness by the lapse of time. Descendants of the Lord knows whom, with fortunes made the devil knows how, fondly imagine that a village storekeeper who has risen to affluence is somehow inferior to the grandson of a Dutch sailor who amassed a fortune by illicit trade with the Madagascar pirates, or a worse trade in rum and blackamoors on the Guinea coast, and that a quondam bookkeeper who has fairly won position and money by his own shrewdness is lower down than the lineal descendant of an Indian trader who waxed great by first treating and then cheating shivering Mohawks. Which only shows that we are prone to plant ourselves on the sound traditions of ancestors; for where is the aristocracy which does not regard wealth won by ancient thievery as better than money modernly earned in a commonplace way? But among a gentry so numerous and so democratic, in spite of itself, as that of our American Babel, exclusiveness works discomfort mainly to the exclusive. The Hilbroughs are agreeable Americans, their suppers are provided by the best caterers, their house has been rendered attractive by boughten taste, and the company one sees there is not more stupid than that in other miscellaneous assemblies.

People who are Livingstons of the manor on their great-grandmother's side, and Van Something-or-others on the side of a great-great-uncle by his second marriage, and who perhaps have never chanced to be asked to the Hilbroughs' receptions, shrug their shoulders, and tell you that they do not know them. But Mrs. Hilbrough does not slight such families because of the colonialness of their ancestry. Her own progenitors came to America in some capacity

long before the disagreement about the Stamp Act, though they were not brilliant enough to buy small kingdoms from the Hudson River Indians with jews'-harps and cast-iron hatchets, nor supple enough to get manor lordships by bribes to royal governors.

I suppose the advent of the Hilbroughs in society might be dated from the first reception they gave in New York, though, for that matter, the Hilbroughs do not take pains to date it at all. For it is a rule of good society that as soon as you arrive you affect to have always been there. Of other ascents men boast; of social success, rarely. Your millionaire, for example,—and millionairism is getting so common as to be almost vulgar,—your millionaire never tires of telling you how he worked the multiplication table until cents became dimes, and dimes well sown blossomed presently into dollars, till hundreds swelled to hundreds of thousands, and the man who had been a blithe youth but twenty years before became the possessor of an uneasy tumor he calls a fortune. Once this narrative is begun no matter that you beat your breast with reluctance to hear out the tedious tale, while loud bassoons perchance are calling you to wedding feasts. Pray hear the modern Whittington with patience, good reader! The recital of this story is his main consolation for the boredom of complicated possession in which his life is inextricably involved—his recompense for the irksome vigilance with which he must defend his hoard against the incessant attacks of cheats and beggars, subscription papers and poor relations. But the man who has won his way in that illusive sphere we call society sends to swift oblivion all his processes. In society no man asks another, "How did you get here?" or congratulates him on moving among better people than he did ten years ago. Theoretically society is stationary. Even while breathless from climbing, the newcomer affects to have always been atop.

Warren Hilbrough's family had risen with his bettered circumstances from a two-story brick in Degraw street, Brooklyn, by the usual stages to a brownstone "mansion" above the reservoir in New York. When he came to be vice-president of the Bank of Manhadoes, Hilbrough had in a measure reached the goal of his ambition. He felt that he could slacken the strenuousness of his exertions and let his fortune expand naturally under prudent management. But Mrs. Hilbrough was ten years younger than her husband, and her ambition was far from spent. She found herself only on the threshold of her career. In Brooklyn increasing prosperity had made her a leader in church fairs and entertainments. The "Church Social" had often assembled at her house, and

she had given a reception in honor of the minister when he came back from the Holy Land—a party which the society reporter of the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" had pronounced "a brilliant affair." This last stroke had put her at the head of her little world. But now that Hilbrough was vice-president of the Bank of Manhadoes, the new business relations brought her invitations from beyond the little planetary system that revolved around the Reverend Dr. North. It became a question of making her way in the general society of Brooklyn, which had long drawn its members from the genteel quarters of the Heights, the Hill, and the remoter South Brooklyn, and, in later days, also from Prospect Park Slope. But at the houses of the officers of the bank she had caught somewhat bewildering vistas of those involved and undefined circles of people that make up in one way and another metropolitan society on the New York side of East River. Three years before Hilbrough entered the bank his family had removed into a new house in South Oxford street, and lately they had contemplated building a finer dwelling on the Slope. But Mrs. Hilbrough in a moment of inspiration decided to omit Brooklyn and to persuade her husband to remove to New York. There would be many advantages in this course. In New York her smaller social campaigns were unknown, and by removal she would be able to readjust with less difficulty her relations with old friends in Dr. North's congregation. When one goes up one must always leave somebody behind; but crossing the river would give her a clean slate, and make it easy to be rid of old scores when she pleased. So it came about that on the first of May following Hilbrough's accession to the bank the family in a carriage, and all their belongings on trucks, were trundled over Fulton Ferry to begin life anew, with painted walls, more expensive carpets, and twice as many servants. A carriage with a coachman in livery took the place of the top-buggy in which, by twos, and sometimes by threes, the Hilbroughs had been wont to enjoy Prospect Park. The Hilbrough children did not relish this part of the change. The boys could not see the fun of sitting with folded hands on a carriage seat while they rumbled slowly through Fifth Avenue and Central Park, even when the Riverside Park was thrown in. An augmentation of family dignity was small compensation for the loss of the long drive between the quadruple lines of maples that shade the Ocean Parkway in full view of the fast trotting horses which made a whirling maze as they flew past them in either direction.

"There was some fun in a long Saturday's drive to Coney Island, and round by Fort

Hamilton and the Narrows," muttered Jack, as the horses toiled up a steep in Central Park; "this here is about as amusing as riding in a black maria would be."

Ah, Jack! You are too young to comprehend the necessity that rests upon us of swelling our dignity into some proportion to a growing stock balance. It is irksome this living on stilts, but an unfortunate inability to match our fortune by increasing our bulk leaves us no alternative but to augment our belongings so as to preserve the fitness of things at any cost. There is as yet no Society for the Emancipation of Princes, and the Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Children of the Rich has no place in the list of New York philanthropies.

Mrs. Hilbrough prudently spent her first winter on Manhattan Island in looking about her. She ventured a dinner company two or three times, but went no further. She received calls from the wives of those who had, and those who wished to have, business relations with her husband, and she returned them, making such observations as she could on the domestic economy, or rather the domestic extravagance, of those she visited. The first result of this was that she changed her door-boy. The fine-looking mulatto she had installed in imitation of some of her richer Brooklyn acquaintances had to be discharged. The Anglomaniac of the early eighties cruelly abolished the handsome dandy hall-boy, that most artistic living bronze, with all his suggestion of barbaric magnificence, and all his Oriental obsequiousness. His one fault was that he was not English. Fashion forbade the rich to avail themselves of one of the finest products of the country. The lackey who took his place had the English superciliousness, and marked the advance of American civilization by adding a new discomfort and deformity to the life of people of fashion.

The minister of the church in which the Hilbroughs had taken pews sent his wife to call on Mrs. Hilbrough, and two of the church officers, knowing the value of such an acquisition to the church, showed their Christian feeling in the same way. Many of her old Degraw street and South Oxford street friends called at the new house, their affection being quickened by a desire "to see what sort of style the Hilbroughs are putting on now." Some of her Brooklyn calls she returned out of a positive liking for good old friends, some because the callers were those who could introduce her to people she desired to know in New York. She excused herself from calling on the most of her trans-East-River acquaintances by urging that it is so much farther from New York to Brooklyn than it is from Brooklyn to New

York, you know. She attended several large evening receptions in New York, and drank five o'clock tea at six in the evening at a good many places. She thus made acquaintances, while with a clever woman's tact she kept her wits about her and began to "get the hang of the thing," as she expressed it to one of her confidential friends. Meantime she was as constant in her attendance at the opera as she had been at the prayer-meeting in former days.

It was at the beginning of her second winter in New York that she served notice on Hilbrough that she meant to give a reception; or, as she put it, "We must give a reception." The children had gone to school, the butler was otherwise engaged, and there was nobody but a waitress present.

Hilbrough's face was of that sunny, sanguine sort which always seems to indicate that things are booming, to borrow a phrase from our modern argot. His plump, cheery countenance, and the buoyant spontaneity of his laugh, inspired a confidence which had floated his craft over more than one financial shoal. But when Mrs. Hilbrough proposed a reception, just as he finished his coffee, he became meditative, leaned his two large arms on the table, and made a careful inspection of the china cup: his wife — Brooklyn woman that she was — had lately made a journey across the new bridge to buy the set at Ovington's.

"You don't mean one of those stupid crushes," he began, "where all the people outside are trying to butt their way in, and all those inside are wishing to heaven that they were well out again — like so many June bugs and millers on a summer night bumping against both sides of a window with a candle in it?" Hilbrough finished with a humorous little chuckle at his own comparison.

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Hilbrough, firmly, "a reception is the thing to give. We owe it to our social position."

"Social position be hanged!" said Hilbrough, half in vexation, but still laughing, while his wife tried by frowning to remind him that the use of such words in the presence of a servant was very improper.

"It seems as though I never could get square with that thing you call social position. I pay all my other debts and take receipts in full, but the more money we have the more we owe to social position. I have a great mind to suspend payment for a while and let social position go to smash. I detest a reception. I don't mind a nice little gathering of good friendly folks such as we used to have in Degraw street at the church socials —"

"Church socials!"

His wife's interruption took Hilbrough's

breath. She muttered rather than spoke these few words, but with a contemptuousness of inflection that was most expressive. Hilbrough was left in some doubt as to whether all the contempt was intended for the church socials in Degraw street, or whether a part of it might not be meant for a husband whose mind had not kept pace with his fortune.

"I am sure there was real enjoyment in a church social," he said, with a deprecating laugh, "to say nothing of the money raised to recarpet the church aisles. And I confess I rather enjoyed the party you gave in Oxford street when Dr. North got back from the Holy Land."

While Hilbrough was making this speech his wife had, by dumb show, ordered the waitress to take something down-stairs, in order that there might be no listener to Hilbrough's autobiographical reminiscences but herself.

"Well, my dear," she said, taking a conciliatory tone, "our walk in life has changed, and we must adapt ourselves to our surroundings. You know you always said that we ought to do our share towards promoting sociability."

"Sociability!" It was Hilbrough's turn now. His laugh had a note of derision in it. "W'y, my dear, there is rather more sociability in a cue of depositors at the teller's window of an afternoon than there was at Mrs. Masters's reception last winter."

"Well, don't let 's argue. I hate arguments of all things."

"Most people do, when they get the worst of them," rejoined Hilbrough, merrily.

"You are positively rude," pouted Mrs. Hilbrough, rising from the table. If she hated arguments, her husband hated tiffs, and her look of reproach accomplished what her arguments could not. Hilbrough knew that at the game of injured innocence he was no match for his wife. The question in his mind now was to find a line of retreat.

"You ought to have more consideration for my feelings, Warren," she went on. "Besides, you know you said that whatever widened our acquaintance was likely to do the bank good. You know you did."

"So I did, my dear; so I did," he answered, soothingly, as he rose from the table and looked at his watch. "There's one comfort, anyhow. You don't know a great many people on this side of the river yet, and so I guess I sha'n't have to put hoops on the house this time, unless you fetch all Brooklyn across the new bridge."

Mrs. Hilbrough did not care to contradict her husband now that he had relented. But as for crowding the house she felt sure there was a way to do it, if she could only find it, and she was resolved not to have fewer people

than Mrs. Masters, and that without depleting Brooklyn.

What she needed was an adviser. She went over the bead-roll of her acquaintance and found nobody eligible. Those who could have pointed out to her what were the proper steps to take in such a case were just the people to whom she was not willing to expose herself in her unfledged condition. At last she felt obliged to ask Mr. Hilbrough about it.

"Don't you know somebody, my dear, who knows New York better than I do, who could give me advice about our reception?" This was her opening of the matter as she sat crocheting by the glowing grate of anthracite in the large front room on the second floor, while her husband smoked, and read his evening paper.

"I? How should I know?" he said, laying down the paper. "I don't know many New York ladies."

"Not a woman! I mean some man. You can't speak to a woman about such things so well as you can to a man"; and she spread her fancy-work out over her knee and turned her head on one side to get a good view of its general effect.

"I should think you would rather confide in a woman," Hilbrough looked puzzled and curious as he said this.

"You don't understand," she said. "A woman does n't like to give herself away to another woman. Women always think you ridiculous if you don't understand everything, and they remember and talk about it. But a man likes to give information to a woman. I suppose men like to have a woman look up to them." Mrs. Hilbrough laughed at the explanation, which was not quite satisfactory to herself.

"Well," said Hilbrough, after a minute's amused meditation, "the men I know are all like me. They are business men, and are rather dragged into society, I suppose, by their wives, and by"—he chuckled merrily at this point—"by the debts they owe to social position, you know. I don't believe there's a man in the bank that would n't be as likely to ask me about what coat he ought to wear on any occasion as to give me any information on the subject. Yes, there is one man. That's young Millard, or Millard, as he calls it. He's a sort of a dude, and I never could stand dudes. I asked Mr. Masters the other day whether the assistant cashier was worth so large a salary as five thousand dollars, and he said that that man had the entry—the *ontray*, as he called it—to the best houses in New York. He's cheek by jowl with a dozen of the richest men, he's invited everywhere, and is considered great authority on all matters of that kind. He brings some business to the bank, and he's one of the best judges in

New York of a man's character and responsibility. He knows all about pretty nearly every man whose note is presented for discount, and if he does not know at once, he can generally find out in an hour. I believe he could tell us the name of the grandmother of almost every prominent depositor if we wished to know, and how every man got his money."

"Is he rich?"

"Well, nobody seems to know for certain. He has a large slice of the bank's stock, and he's known to have good investments outside. He's well enough off to live without his salary if he wanted to. But I am pretty sure he is n't rich. Belongs to some old family, I suppose."

"I should be afraid of him," said Mrs. Hilbrough, ruefully.

"You need n't be. He's a good enough sort of fellow if he only would n't part his hair in the middle. I can't abide that in a man. But it's no use being afraid of him. He probably knows all about you and me already. He first came to see me about coming into the bank, and I don't know but it was his move to get me."

"Would he come up to dinner some evening?"

"He'd rather like to oblige me. I'll have

(To be continued.)

to get him when he's disengaged. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him that Mrs. Hilbrough wishes his advice, and would be glad if he would come to dinner with us some evening."

"Why do I need to say anything about your wanting advice? I don't just like to ask a favor of such a dude. I'll ask him to dinner, and you can ask his advice as though by accident."

"No; that won't do. That kind of man would see through it all. Tell him that I wish his advice. That will show him that I recognize his position as an authority. He'll like that better."

Warren Hilbrough suddenly discovered that his wife was cleverer—or, as he would have said, "smarter"—than he had thought her.

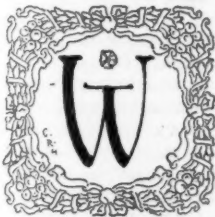
"You are a good hand, Jenny," he said. "You'll win your game." And after he had resumed the reading of his paper he looked over the top of it once or twice in furtive admiration of her as she sat between him and the dark portière, which set her form in relief against the rich background and made her seem a picture to the fond eyes of her husband. He reflected that perhaps after all managing church fairs and running sewing societies was no bad training for a larger social activity.

Edward Eggleston.

BALAAM AND HIS MASTER.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," etc.



HAT fantastic tricks are played by fate or circumstance! Here is a horrible war that shall redeem a nation, that shall restore civilization, that shall establish Christianity. Here is a university of slavery that

shall lead the savage to citizenship. Here is a conflagration that shall rebuild a city. Here is the stroke of a pen that shall change the destinies of many peoples. Here is the bundle of fagots that shall light the fires of liberty. As in great things, so in small. Tragically drags comedy across the stage, and hard upon the heels of the hero tread the heavy villain and the painted clown.

What a preface to write before the name of Billville!

Years ago, when one of the ex-Virginian pioneers who had settled in Wilkes County in the State of Georgia concluded to try his fortune farther west he found himself, after a tedious journey of a dozen days, in the midst of a little settlement in middle Georgia. His wagons and his negroes were at once surrounded by a crowd of curious but good-humored men and a swarm of tow-headed children.

"What is your name?" he asked one of the group.

"Bill Jones."

"And yours?" turning to another.

"Bill Satterlee."

The group was not a large one, but in addition to Jones and Satterlee, as the newcomer was informed, Bill Ware, Bill Cosby, Bill Pinkerton, Bill Pearson, Bill Johnson, Bill Thurman, Bill Jessup, and Bill Prior were there present, and ready to answer to their names.

In short, fate or circumstance had played one of its fantastic pranks in this isolated community, and every male member of the settlement, with the exception of Laban Davis, who was small and puny-looking, bore the name of Bill.

"Well," said the pioneer, who was not without humor, "I'll pitch my tent in Billville. My name is Bill Cozart."

This is how Billville got its name—a name that has clung to it through thick and thin. A justifiable but futile attempt was made during the war to change the name of the town to Panola, but it is still called Billville, much to the disappointment of those citizens who have drawn both pride and prosperity in the lottery of life.

It was a fortunate day for Billville when Mr. William Cozart, almost by accident, planted his family tree in the soil of the settlement. He was a man of affairs, and at once became the leading citizen of the place. His energy and public spirit, which had room for development here, appeared to be contagious. He bought hundreds of acres of land, in the old Virginia fashion, and made for himself a home as comfortable as it was costly. His busy and unselfish life was an example for his neighbors to follow, and when he died the memory of it was a precious heritage to his children.

Meanwhile Billville, stirred into action by his influence, grew into a thrifty village, and then into a flourishing town; but through all the changes the Cozarts remained the leading family, socially, politically, and financially. But one day in the thirties Berrien Cozart was born, and the wind that blew aside the rich lace of his cradle must have been an ill one, for the child grew up to be a thorn in the side of those who loved him best. His one redeeming quality was his extraordinary beauty. This has, no doubt, been exaggerated; but there are still living in Billville many men and women who knew him, and they will tell you to-day that Berrien Cozart was the handsomest man they have ever seen—and some of them have visited every court in Europe. So far as they are concerned, the old saying "Handsome is that handsome does" has lost its force. They will tell you that Berrien Cozart was the handsomest man in the world and—probably the worst.

He was willful and wrongheaded from the first. He never, even as a child, acknowledged any authority but his own sweet will. He could simulate obedience whenever it suited his purpose, but only one person in the world had any real influence over him—a negro named Balaam. The day Berrien Cozart was born his proud and happy father called to a likely

negro lad who was playing about in the yard—the day was Sunday—and said:

"How old are you?"

"I dunno 'zackly, marster, but ole Aunt Emmeline she know."

"Do you do any work?"

"Yes, sah; I totes water, an' I drive de cows ter de pastur', an' I keeps off de calfs, an' I runs de chickens out 'n de gyardin."

The sprightly and intelligent appearance of the lad evidently made a favorable impression on the master, for he beckoned to him and said:

"Come in here; I want to show you something."

The negro dropped his hat on the ground and followed Mr. Cozart, who led the way to the darkened room where Berrien, the baby, was having his first experience with existence. He lay on the nurse's lap, with blinking eyes and red and wrinkled face, trying to find his mouth with his fists. The nurse, black as she was, was officious, and when she saw the negro boy she exclaimed:

"Balaam, w'at you doin' in yere? Take yo'se'f right out! Dis ain't no place fer you."

"Marsters says so," said Balaam, sententiously.

"Balaam," said Mr. Cozart, "this baby will be your master. I want you to look after him and take care of him."

"Yes, sah," said Balaam, regarding his new master with both interest and curiosity. "He look like he older dan w'at he is." With that Balaam retreated to the negro quarters, where he had a strange tale to tell the other children about the new white baby.

Berrien grew and thrived, and when he was a year old Balaam took charge of him, and the two soon became devoted to each other. The negro would take the child on his back and carry him from one end of the plantation to the other, and Berrien was never happy unless Balaam was somewhere in sight. Once, when it was found necessary to correct Balaam with a switch for some boyish offense, his young master fell on the floor in a convulsion of rage and grief. This manifestation made such an impression on the family that no further attempt was ever made to punish Balaam; and so the two grew up together—the young master with a temper of extreme violence and an obstinacy that had no bounds, and the negro with an independence and a fearlessness extremely rare among slaves.

It was observed by all, and was a cause of special wonder among the negroes, that, in spite of Berrien Cozart's violent temper, he never turned his hand against Balaam—not even when he was too young to reason about the matter. Sometimes, when he was seen throwing stones at a tree, or at the chickens,

or at some of the other children in a peculiarly vicious way, the older negroes would laughingly shake their heads at one another and say that the child was mad with Balaam.

These queer relations between master and slave grew stronger as the two grew older. When Berrien was ten and Balaam twenty they were even more inseparable than they had been when the negro was trudging about the plantation with his young master on his back. At that time Balaam was not allowed to sleep in the big house; but when Berrien was ten he had a room to himself, and the negro slept on a pallet by the side of the bed.

About this time it was thought necessary to get a private tutor for Berrien. He had a great knack for books in a fitful sort of way, but somehow the tutor, who was an estimable young gentleman from Philadelphia, was not very much to Berrien's taste. For a day or two matters went along smoothly enough, but it was not long before Balaam, lying on the floor outside the door, heard a tremendous racket and clatter in the room. Looking in, he saw his young master pelting the tutor with books and using language that was far from polite. Balaam went in, closing the door carefully behind him, and almost immediately the tumult ceased. Then the negro appeared leading his young master by the arm. They went downstairs and out on the lawn. The tutor, perplexed and astonished by the fierce temper of his pupil, saw the two from the window and watched them curiously. Berrien finally stopped and leaned against a tree. The negro, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, was saying something unpleasant, for the tutor observed one or two fierce gestures of protest. But these soon ceased, and presently Berrien walked rapidly back to the house, followed by Balaam. The tutor heard them coming up the stairway, then the door opened, and his pupil entered and apologized for his rudeness.

For some time there was such marked improvement in Berrien's behavior that his tutor often wondered what influence the negro had brought to bear on his young master; but he never found out. In fact, he soon forgot all about the matter, for the improvement was only temporary. The youngster became so disagreeable and so unmanageable that the tutor was glad to give up his position at the end of the year. After that Berrien was sent to the academy, and there he made considerable progress, for he was spurred on in his studies by the example of the other boys. But he was a wild youth, and there was no mischief, no matter how malicious it might be, in which he was not the leader. As his character unfolded itself the fact became more and more manifest that he had an unsavory career before

him. Some of the older heads predicted that he would come to the gallows, and there was certainly some ground for these gloomy suggestions, for never before had the quiet community of Billville given development to such reckless wickedness as that which marked the daily life of Berrien Cozart as he grew older. Sensual, cruel, impetuous, and implacable, he was the wonder of the mild-mannered people of the county, and a terror to the God-fearing. Nevertheless he was attractive even to those who regarded him as the imp of the Evil One, and many a love-lorn maiden was haunted by his beautiful face in her dreams.

When Berrien was eighteen he was sent to Franklin College at Athens, which was supposed to divide the responsibility of guardianship with a student's parents. The atmosphere the young man found there in those days suited him admirably. He became the leader of the wildest set at that venerable institution, and proceeded to make a name for himself as the promoter and organizer of the most disreputable escapades the college had ever known. He was an aggressor in innumerable broils, he fought a duel in the suburbs of Athens, and he ended his college career by insulting the chancellor in the lecture-room. He was expelled, and the students and the people of Athens breathed freer when it was known that he had gone home never to return.

There was a curious scene with his father when the wayward youth returned to Billville in disgrace. The people of that town had received some inkling of the sort of education the young man was getting at college, though Mr. Cozart was inclined to look somewhat leniently on the pranks of his son, ascribing them to the hot blood of youth. But when Berrien's creditors began to send in their accounts, amounting to several thousands of dollars, he realized for the first time that the hope and pride of his later years had been vain delusions. Upon the heels of the accounts came Berrien himself, handsomer and more attractive than ever. Dissipation was not one of his vices, and he returned with the bloom of youth on his cheek and the glowing fires of health in his sparkling eyes. He told the story of his expulsion with an air as gay as any cavalier ever assumed. The story was told at the table, and there was company present. But this fact was ignored by Berrien's father. His hand shook as he laid down his knife and fork.

"You have damaged my credit," he said to his son across the table; "you have disgraced your mother's name and mine; and now you have the impudence to make a joke of it at my table, sir. Let me not see your face in this house again until you have returned to college

and wiped out the blot you have placed on your name."

"As you please, sir," said Berrien. His eyes were still full of laughter, but some of those who were at the table said his nether lip trembled a little. He rose, bowed, and passed out.

Balaam was in his young master's room when the latter went in. He had unpacked the trunk and the valise and was placing the things in a clothes-press, meanwhile talking with himself, as most negroes will when left to themselves. Berrien entered, humming the tune of a college glee.

"I 'lowed you was at dinner, Marse Berry," said Balaam.

"I have finished," said young Cozart. "Have you had yours?"

"Lord! no, sah. Hit 'll be 'way yonder todes night 'fo' I kin git dese clo'es straightened out."

"Well," said the young man, "you go and get your dinner as soon as you can. This valise must be repacked. Before the sun goes down we must be away from here."

"Good Lord, Marse Berry! I ain't said howdy wid none er de folks yit. How come we got ter go right off?"

"You can stay, if you choose," said Berrien. "I reckon you 'd be a better negro if you had staid at home all the time. Right now you ought to be picking your five hundred pounds of cotton every day."

"Now, you know, Marse Berry, dat ef you er gwine, I 'm gwine too—you know dat p'intedly; but you come in on me so sudden-like dat you sorter git me frustrated."

"Well," said Berrien, seating himself on the side of the bed and running his fingers through his curling hair, "if you go with me this time you will be taking a big jump in the dark. There 's no telling where you 'll land. Pap has taken the studs, and I have made up my mind to leave here for good and all. You belong to me, but I 'll give you your choice; you can go with me, or you can stay. If you go, I 'll probably get into a tight place and sell you; if you stay, Pap will make a pet of you for my sake."

Regarding this as a very good offhand joke, the young man laughed so loud that the sound of it penetrated to the dining-room, and, mellow and hearty as it was, it struck strangely on the ears of those still sitting at the table.

"I knowed in reason dat dey was gwine to be a rippit," said Balaam; "'ca'se you know how you been gwine on up yander, Marse Berry. I tole an' tole you 'bout it, an' I dunno whar in de name er goodness you 'd er been ef I had n't been right dar fer ter look after you."

"Yes," remarked Berrien, sarcastically, "you were just about drunk enough half the time to look after me like a Dutch uncle."

Balaam held his head down and chuckled. "Yes, sah," he said, "I tuck my dram, dey ain't no 'sputin' er dat; yit I never has tuck so much dat I ain't keep my eye on you. But 't ain't do no good: you des went right 'long; an' dar was ole Mistiss, which she done sick in bed, an' Miss Sally Carter, which she 's yo' born cousin—dar dey all was a-specktin' you ter head de whole school gang. An' you did head 'em, mon, but not in de books."

"My fair Cousin Sarah!" exclaimed Berrien in a reminiscent way.

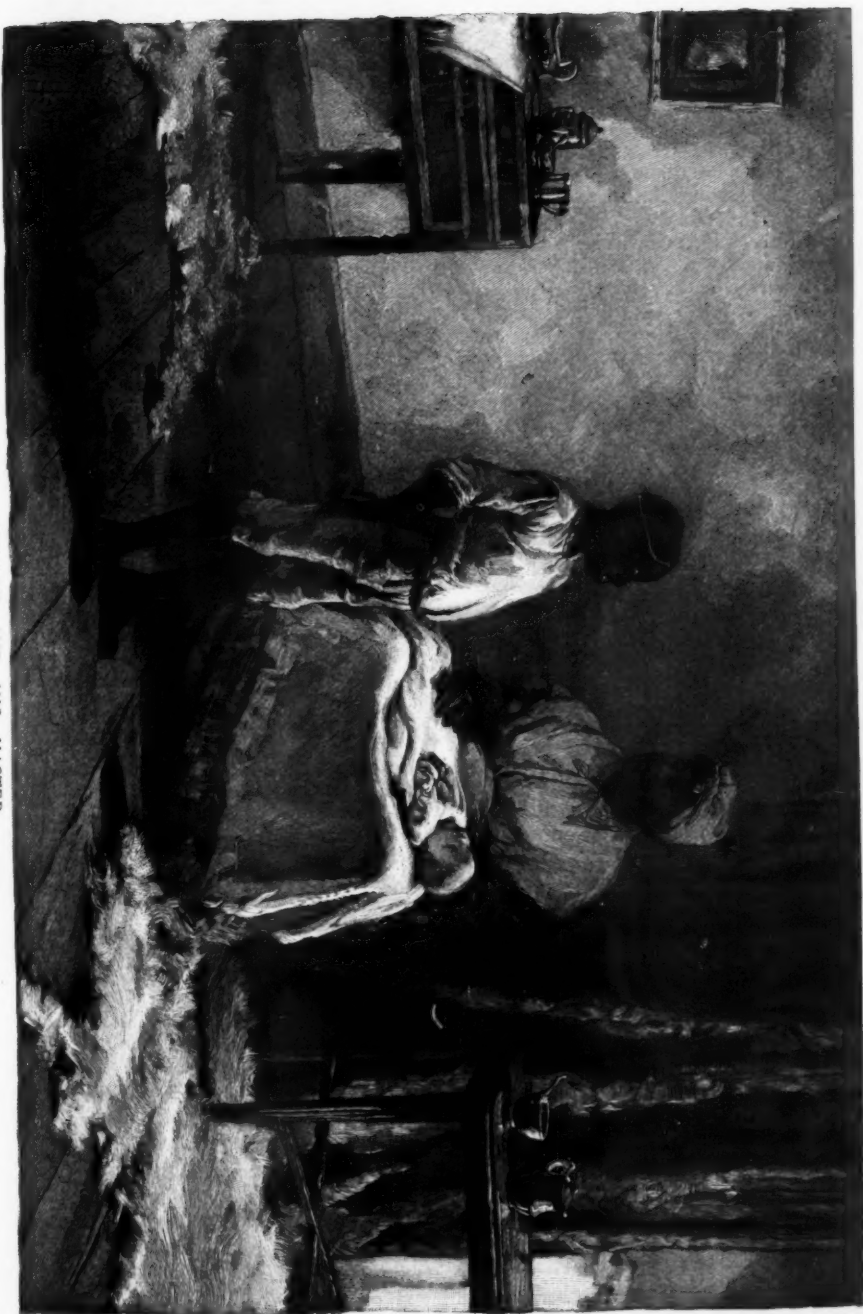
"Yes, sah," said Balaam; "an' dey tells me down in de kitchen dat she comin' yere dis ve'y day."

"Then," said the young man, "it is time for me to be going. Get your dinner. If I am to have your company, you must be ready in an hour; if you want to stay, go to the overseer and tell him to put you to work."

Laughing good-naturedly, Balaam slipped out. After a little while Berrien Cozart went down the stairway and into the room of his mother, who was an invalid. He sat at her bedside and talked a few moments. Then he straightened and smoothed her pillows, stroked her gray hair, gazed into her gentle eyes, and kissed her twice. These things the poor lady remembered long afterwards. Straying into the spacious parlor, the young man looked around on the familiar furniture and the walls covered with portraits. Prominent among these was the beautiful face of Sally Carter. The red curtains in the windows, swaying to and fro in the wind, so swiftly changed the light and shadow that the fair face in the heavy gilt frame seemed to be charged with life. The lustrous eyes seemed to dance and the saucy lips to smile. Berrien remembered his fair cousin with pleasure. She had been his playmate when he was younger, and the impression she made on him had been a lasting one. Beautiful as she was, there was no nonsense about her. She was high-spirited and jolly, and the young man smiled as he recalled some of their escapades together. He raised his hand to salute the portrait, and at that moment a peal of merry laughter greeted his ears. Turning, he saw framed in the doorway the rosy original of the portrait. Before he could recover from his astonishment the young lady had seized and kissed him. Then she held him off at arm's length and looked at him.

"Why, how handsome you have grown!" she cried. "Just think of it! I expected to meet a regular border ruffian. My dear boy, you have no idea what a tremendous reputation your friends have given you. Ann Burney—you remember that funny little creature, don't you? as fat as a butter-ball—Ann told

BALAM AND HIS MASTER.



me the other day that you were positively the terror of everybody around Athens. And now I find you here kissing your fingers at my portrait on the wall. I declare, it is too romantic for anything! After this I know you will never call me Sarah Jane."

"You have taken me by surprise," said Berrien, as soon as he could get in a word. "I was admiring the skill of the artist. The lace there, falling against the velvet bodice, is neatly done."

"Ah, but you are blushing; you are confused!" exclaimed Miss Carter. "You haven't even told me you are glad to see me."

"There is no need to tell you that," said Berrien. "I was just thinking, when you rushed in on me, how good and kind you always were. You are maturer than the portrait there, but you are more beautiful."

Miss Carter bent low with a mock courtesy, but the color in her face was warmer as she exclaimed:

"Oh, how nice you are! The portrait there is only sixteen, and I am twenty-five. Just think of that! And just think of me at that age—what a tomboy I was! But I must run and tell the rest of the folks howdy."

Berrien Cozart walked out on the veranda, and presently he was joined by his father. "My son," said the old gentleman, "you will need money for your traveling expenses. Here is a check on our Augusta factor; you can have it cashed in Madison. I want you to return to college, make all proper apologies, and redeem yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said Berrien, taking the check and stuffing it into his pocket. His father turned to go indoors, hesitated a moment, and looked at Berrien, who was drumming idly on one of the pillars. Then the old gentleman sighed and went in.

Shortly thereafter Berrien Cozart and Balaam were journeying away from Billville in the conveyance that had brought them there.

On the high hill beyond the "town branch" Balaam leaned out of the hack and looked back at Billville. The town appeared insignificant enough; but the setting sun imparted a rosy glow to the roof of the yellow court-house and to the spire of the old church. Observing the purpose of the negro, Mr. Cozart smiled cynically and flipped the hot ashes of his cigar into Balaam's ear.

"As you are telling the town good-by," said the young man, "I'll help you to bow."

"Yessah," said Balaam, shaking the ashes from his ear; "I was des a-lookin' back at de place. Dat sun shine red, mon, an' de jail look like she de bigges' house dar. She stan' out mo' bigger dan w'at de chu'ch do."

It may be that this statement made no im-

pression on Berrien, but he leaned back in his seat and for miles chewed the end of his cigar in silence.

It is not the purpose of this chronicle to follow him through all his adventures and escapades. As he rode away from Billville on that memorable day he seemed to realize that his career had just begun. It was a career to which he had served a long and faithful apprenticeship, and he pursued it to the end. From Madison he went to Atlanta, where for months he was a familiar, albeit a striking, figure. There were few games of chance in which he was not an adept. No conjurer was so adroit with the cards or the dice; he handled these emblems of fate and disaster as an artist handles his tools. And luck chose him as her favorite; he prospered to such a degree that he grew reckless and careless. Whereupon one fine day luck turned her back on him, and he paraded on fine afternoons in front of Lloyd's Hotel a penniless man. He had borrowed and lost until he could borrow no longer.

Balaam, who was familiar with the situation, was not surprised to learn that his master had made up his mind to sell him.

"Well, sah," said Balaam, brushing his master's coat carefully, "you kin sell me, but de man dat buys Balaam will git a mighty bad bargain."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Berrien.

"You kin sell me, sah, but I ain't gwine stay wid um."

"You can't help yourself," said the master.

"I got legs, Marse Berry. You know dat yo'se'f."

"Your legs will do you no good. You'll be caught if you go back home."

"I ain't gwine dar, sah. I'm gwine wid you. I hear you say yistiddy night p'intedly dat you gwine 'way f'om dis place, an' I'm gwine wid you. I been 'long wid you all de time, an' ole marster done tole me w'en you was baby dat I got ter stay wid you."

Something in this view seemed to strike Mr. Cozart. He walked up and down the floor a few minutes, and then fell to laughing.

"By George, Balaam, you are a trump—a royal flush in spades. It will be a famous joke."

Thereupon Berrien Cozart arranged his cards, so to speak, for a more hazardous game than any he had ever yet played. He went with Balaam to a trader who was an expert in the slave market, and who knew its ups and downs, its weak points and its strong points. At first Berrien was disposed to put Balaam on the block and have him auctioned off to the highest bidder; but the trader knew the negro, and had already made a study of

his strong points. To be perfectly sure, however, he thumped Balaam on the chest, listened to the beating of his heart, and felt of his muscles in quite a professional way.

"I reckon he ain't no ways vicious," said the trader, looking at Balaam's smiling face.

"I have never seen him angry or sullen," said Mr. Cozart. Other questions were asked, and finally the trader jotted down this memorandum in his note-book:

"Buck nigger, Balaam; age 32; 6 feet 1 inch; sound as a dollar; see Colonel Strother."

Then the trader made an appointment with Berrien for the next day, and said he thought the negro could be disposed of at private sale. Such was the fact, for when Berrien went back the next day the trader met him with an offer of fifteen hundred dollars in cash for Balaam.

"Make it eighteen," said Mr. Cozart.

"Well, I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said the trader, closing his eyes and pursing his mouth in a business-like way. "I 'll give you sixteen fifty — no more, no less. Come, now, that 's fair. Split the difference."

Thereupon Mr. Cozart said it was a bargain, and the trader paid him the money down after the necessary papers were drawn up. Balaam seemed to be perfectly satisfied. All he wanted, he said, was to have a master who would treat him well. He went with Berrien to the hotel to fetch his little belongings, and if the trader had searched him when he returned he would have found strapped around his body a belt containing fifty dollars in specie.

Having thus, in a manner, replenished his empty purse, Mr. Berrien Cozart made haste to change his field of operations. To his competitors in his own special department of industry he let drop the hint that he was going to Columbus, and thence to Mobile and New Orleans, where he would hang on the outskirts of the racing season, picking up such crumbs and contributions as might naturally fall in the way of a professional gentleman who kept his eyes open and his fingers nimble enough to deal himself a winning hand.

As a matter of fact Mr. Cozart went to Nashville, and he had not been gone many days before Balaam disappeared. He had been missing two days before Colonel Strother, his new master, took any decided action, but on the morning of the fourth day the following advertisement appeared among others of a like character in the columns of the Atlanta "Intelligencer":

\$100 reward will be paid for the apprehension of my negro boy *Balaam*. Thirty-odd years old, but appeared younger; tall, pleasant-looking, quick-spoken, and polite. Was formerly the property of

the Hon. William Cozart. He is supposed to be making his way to his old home. Was well dressed when last seen. Milledgeville "Recorder" and "Federal Union" please copy.

BOZEMAN STROTHER,
Atlanta, Georgia.

(d. & w. 1 mo.)

This advertisement duly appeared in the Milledgeville papers, which were published not far from Billville, but no response was ever made; the reward was never claimed. Considering the strength and completeness of the patrol system of that day, Balaam's adventure was a risky one; but, fortunately for him, a wiser head than his had planned his flight and instructed him thoroughly in the part he was to play. The shrewdness of Berrien Cozart had provided against all difficulties. Balaam left Atlanta at night, but he did not go as a fugitive. He was armed with a "pass" which formally set forth to all whom it might concern that the boy David had express permission to join his master in Nashville, and this "pass" bore the signature of Elmore Avery, a gentleman who existed only in the imagination of Mr. Berrien Cozart. Attached thereto, also, was the signature and seal of the judge of ordinary. With this little document Balaam would have found no difficulty whatever in traveling. The people he met would have reasoned that the negro whose master trusted him to make so long a journey alone must be an uncommonly faithful one, but Balaam met with an adventure that helped him along much more comfortably than the pass could have helped him. It is best, perhaps, to tell the story in his own language, as he told it long afterwards.

"I won't say I were n't skeered," said Balaam, "'ca'se I was; yit I were n't skeered 'nough fer ter go slippin' 'longside er de fences an' 'mongst de pine thickets. I des kep' right in de big road. Atter I got out er town a little piece, I tuck off my shoes an' tied de strings tergedder an' slung 'em 'cross my shoulder, on top my satchel, an' den I sorter mended my gait. I struck up a kind er dog-trot, an' by de time day come a many a mile lay 'twix' me an' Atlanta. Little atter sun-up I hear some horses trottin' on de road de way I come, an' bimeby a man driv up in a double buggy. He say, 'Hello, boy! Whar you gwine?' I pulled off my hat, an' say, 'I gwine whar my marster is, sah.' Den de white man 'low, 'What he name?' Well, sah, when de man ax me dat, hit come over me like a big streak er de chill an' fever dat I done clean fergit de name what Marse Berry choosen ter be call by. So I des runned my han' und' de linden' er my hat an' pulled out de pass, an' say, 'Boss, dis piece er paper kin talk lots better dan I kin.'

"De man look at me right hard, an' den he



"I DES KEP' RIGHT IN DE BIG ROAD."

tuck de pass an' read it out loud. Well, sah, w'en he come ter de name I des grabbed holt un it wid my min', an' I ain't never turned it loose tell yit. De man was drivin' 'long slow, an' I was walkin' by de buggy. He helt de pass in his han's some little time, den he look at me an' scratch his head. Atter a while he 'low: 'You got a mighty long journey befo' you. Kin you drive? Ef you kin, put on yo' shoes an' mount up here an' take dese lines.'

"Well, sah, I was sorter glad, an' yit I was sorter skittish, but I tol' de white man thank-yo, an' I le'pt up in dat buggy like I was de gladdes' nigger in de worl'. De man he keep on lookin' at me, an' bimeby he say, 'I tuck a notion when I fust see you dat you was de boy w'at Cozart had in Atlanta.' Mon! you could er knocked me over wid a feather, I was

dat weak; but I bu'st out laughin' an' 'low, 'Lord, boss! ef I wa'n't no better lookin' dan dat ar Cozart nigger I 'd quit bein' a nigger an' take up wid de monkey tribe.' De man say, 'I had de idee dat de Cozart nigger was a mighty likely boy. What was his name? Balaam?' I was so skeered it fair make me sick at de stomach, yit I talk right out. I 'low, 'Dey call 'im Balaam, an' dey have ter whale 'im.' De man he laugh. 'He got a great big scyar on de side er his neck now whar somebody hit 'im a diff, an' he lay roun' dem hotels an' drink dram all night long.' De man look sideways at my neck. 'Dat nigger got so bad dat his marster had ter sell 'im, an' dey tells me, sah, dat de man w'at buy 'im ain' no mo' dan paid de money fer 'im dan he have ter take 'im down an' strop 'im.'

"Well, sah, de man look at me an' laugh so funny dat it make my ve'y limbs ache. Yes, sah. My heart hit up 'g'inst my ribs des like a flutter-mill; an' I was so skeered it make my tongue run slicker dan sin. He ax me mo' questions dan I could answer now, but I made answer den des like snappin' my fingers. W'at make me de mo' skeered was de way dat ar white man done. He 'd look at me an' laugh, an' de plumper I gin 'im de answer de mo' he 'd laugh. I say ter myse'f, I did: 'Balaam, you 'r a goner, dat w'at you is. De man know you, an' de fust calaboose he come ter he gwine slap you in dar.' I had a mighty good notion ter jump out er dat buggy an' make a break fer de woods, but stidder dat I sot right whar I was, 'ca'se I knowed in reason dat ef de man want me right bad an' I was ter break an' run he 'd fetch me down wid a pistol.

"Well, sah, dat man joke an' laugh de whole blessed mornin', an' den bimeby we drove in a town not much bigger dan Bivvle" (which was Balaam's pet name for Billville), "an' dar de white man say we 'd stop fer dinner. He ain't say de word too soon fer me, mon, 'ca'se I was so hungry an' tired it make my head swim. We driv up ter tavern, we did, an' de folks dar dey holler, 'Howdy, Judge,' an' de white man he holler 'Howdy' back, an' den he tol' me ter take de horse an' buggy down ter de liberty stable an' have 'em fed, an' den come back an' git my dinner. Dat was mighty good news; but whilst I was eatin' my dinner I hear dat white man laughin', an' it come over me dat he know who I was an' dat he was gwine ter gi' me up; yit dat ain't hender my appetite, an' I des sot dar an' stuff myse'f tell I des make de yuther niggers open der eyes. An' den, when I git my belly full, I sot in de sun an' went right fast ter sleep. I 'spec' I tuck a right smart nap, 'ca'se when some un hollered at me an' woke me up de sun was gwine down de hill right smartly. I jumped up on my feet, I did, an' I say, 'Who dat callin' me?' Somebody 'low, 'Yo' marster want you.' Den I bawl out, 'Is Marse Berry come?' De niggers all laugh, an' one un 'em say, 'Dat nigger man dreamin', mon. He ain't woke good yit.'

"By dat time I done come ter my senses, an' I ax dem whereabouts marster is. Bimeby, when I done foun' de white man w'at bring me in his buggy, he look at me sorter funny an' say, 'You know whar you lef' my buggy: well, you go down an' raise up de seat an' fetch me de little box you 'll fin' in dar. Wrop it up in de buggy rug an' fetch it an' put it on de table dar.' Well, sah, I went an' got dat box, an' time I put my han' on it I knowed des 'zackly w'at was on de inside er it. I done seed too many er 'em. It was under

lock an' key, but I knowed it was a farrar box like dem w'at Marse Berry done his gamblin' wid. By de time I got back ter de room in de tavern de white man done had de table kivered wid a piece er cloff w'at he got out'n his satchel. He tuck de box, onlocked it, rattled de chips in his han', an' shuffled de kyards. Den he look at me an' laugh. He was de quarest white man dat ever I laid eyes on.

"Atter while I ax 'im ef I had n't better be gittin' 'long todes de eend er my journey. He 'low: 'Lord, no! I want you ter set round yere atter supper an' gi' me luck. You ain't losin' no time, 'ca'se I 'm a-gwine plumb ter Chattanooga, an' ef you 'll be ez spry ez you kin be I 'll take you 'long wid me.' De ups an' odds er it was dat I staid wid de man. De folks named 'im Judge, an' he was a judge, mon. 'Long 'bout nine dat night he come ter his room, whar I was waitin' fer 'im, an' soon atter dat de young gentlemens 'bout town 'gun ter drap in, an' 't wa'n't long 'fo' de game got started. Look like de man ain't wanten play, but de yuthers dey kep' on coaxin', an' presently he fotch out de box an' opened up. Well, sah, I done seed lots er gamblin' fust an' last, but dat white man beat my time. Dey played poker, stidder farrar, an' it look like ter me dat de man done got de kyards trained. He dealt 'em 'boveboard, an' dey des come in his han' 'zackly like he want 'em ter come. Ef he had any tricks like w'at Marse Berry played on folks, dey was too slick fer my eye, yit he des beated dem yuther mens scand'lous. It was des like one er dese yere great big river cats ketchin' minners.

"Atter dey been playin' some little time, de white man what brung me dar 'low: 'Boy, you better go git some sleep. We 'll start soon in de mornin'.' But I say, 'No, sah; I 'll des set in de cornder here an' nod, an' I 'll be close by ef so be you want me.' I sot dar, I did, an' I had a good chance ter sleep, 'ca'se, bless yo' heart! dem mens ain't make much fuss. Dey des grip der kyards an' sorter hol' der bref. Sometimes one un 'em would break out an' cuss a word er two, but in giner'ly dey 'd plank up der scads an' lose 'em des like dey was usen ter it. De white man w'at dey call Judge he des wiped 'em up, an' at de een' he was des ez fresh ez he was at de start. It was so nigh day when de game broke up dat Marse Judge 'lowed dat it was too late fer supper an' not quite soon 'nough fer breakfas', an' den he say he was gwine ter take a walk an' git some air.

"Well, sah, it was dat away all de time I was wid dat white man—laughin' an' jokin' all day, an' gamblin' all night long. How an' when he got sleep I 'll never tell you, 'ca'se he was wide awake eve'y time I seed 'im. It went on dis away plumb till we got ter de Tennessey

River, dar whar Chattanooga is. Atter we sorter rested, de white man tuck me 'cross de river, an' we druv on ter whar de stage change hosses. Dar we stopped, an' whilst I was waitin' fer de stage de white man 'low, 'Balaam!' He kotch me so quick, dat I jumped des like I 'd been shot, an' I hollered out, 'Sah!' Den he laugh sorter funny, an' say: 'Don't look skeered, Balaam; I knowed you f'om de offstart. You 'r' a mighty good boy, but yo' marster is a borned rascal. I 'm gwine send you whar you say he is, an' I want you ter tell 'im dis f'om me—dat dough he tried ter rob me, yit fer de sake er his Cousin Sally, I he'ped you ter go whar he is.'

"Den de man got in his buggy an' drove back, an' dat de las' time I ever laid eyes on 'im. When de stage come 'long I got up wid de driver, an' 't wa'n't long 'fo' I was wid Marse Berry, an' I ain't no sooner seed 'im dan I knowed he was gwine wrong wuss and wuss: not but what he was glad 'ca'se I come, but it look like his face done got mo' harder. Well, sah, it was des dat away. I ain't gwine ter tell you all w'at he done an' how he done it, 'ca'se he was my own marster, an' he never hit me a lick amiss, 'ceppin' it was when he was a little boy. I ain't gwine tell you whar we went an' how we got dar, 'ca'se dey 's done been too much talk now. But we drapped down inter Alamab', an' den inter Massasip', an' den inter Arkansaw, an' back ag'in inter Massasip'; an' one night whilst we was on one er dem big river boats, Marse Berry he got inter a mighty big row. Dey was playin' kyards fer de bigges' kind er stakes, an' fust news I know de lie was passed, an' den de whole gang made fer Marse Berry. Dey whipped out der knives an' der pistols, an' it look like it was gwine ter be all night wid Marse Berry. Well, sah, I got so skeered dat I picked up a cheer an' smashed de nighest man, an' by dat time Marse Berry had shot one; an' sah, we des cleaned 'em out. Den Marse Berry made a dash fer de low'-mos' deck, an' I dashed atter 'im. Den I hear sumpin' go ker-slosh in de water, an' I 'lowed it was Marse Berry, an' in I splunged head-foremos'. An' den—but, Lord, sah, you know de balance des good ez I does, 'ca'se I hear tell dat dey was sumpin' n'er 'bout it in de papers."

This was as far as Balaam ever would go with the story of his adventure. He had made a hero of Berrien Cozart from his youth, and he refused to dwell on any episode in the young man's career that, to his mind, was not worthy of a Cozart. When Berrien leaped to the lower deck of the steamboat his foot touched a stick of wood. This he flung into the river, and then hid himself among the cotton bales that were piled on the forward part of the boat. It will

never be known whether he threw the piece of wood into the water knowing that Balaam would follow, or whether his sole intention was to elude pursuit. A shot or two was fired, but the bullets fell wide of their mark, and the boat swept on, leaving the negro swimming around, searching for his master.

At the next landing-place Berrien slipped ashore unseen. But fortune no longer favored him; for the next day a gentleman who had been a passenger on the boat recognized him, and an attempt was made to arrest him. He shot the high sheriff of the county through the head, and became a fugitive indeed. He was pursued through Alabama into Georgia, and being finally captured not a mile away from Billville, was thrown into jail in the town where he was born. His arrest, owing to the standing of his family, created a tremendous sensation in the quiet village. Before he was carried to jail he asked that his father be sent for. The messenger tarried some little time, but he returned alone.

"What did my father say?" Berrien asked with some eagerness.

"He said," replied the messenger, "that he did n't want to see you."

"Did he write that message?" the young man inquired.

"Oh, no!" the messenger declared. "He just waved his arm—so—and said he did n't want to see you."

At once the troubled expression on Berrien Cozart's face disappeared. He looked around on the crowd and smiled.

"You see what it is," he said with a light laugh, "to be the pride of a family! Gentlemen, I am ready. Don't let me keep you waiting." And so, followed by half the population of his native village, he was escorted to jail.

This building was a two-story brick structure, as solid as good material and good work could make it, and there was no fear that any prisoner could escape, especially from the dungeon where Berrien's captors insisted on confining him. Nevertheless the jailer was warned to take unusual precautions. This official, however, who occupied with his family the first story of the jail, merely smiled. He had grown old in the business of keeping this jail, and certainly he knew a great deal more about it than those Mississippi officials who were strutting around and putting on such airs.

To his other duties the jailer added those of tyler of the little lodge of freemasons that had its headquarters in a hall on the public square, and it so happened that the lodge was to meet on the very night that Berrien was put into jail. After supper the jailer, as had been his habit for years, smoked his pipe, and then went down to the village and lighted the lamps

in the masonic hall. His wife and daughter, full of the subject of Berrien Cozart's imprisonment, went to a neighbor's not far away for the purpose of discussing the matter. As they passed out of the gate they heard the jailer blowing the tin trumpet which was the signal for the masons to assemble.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the jailer returned, but he found his wife and daughter waiting for him. Both had a troubled air, and they lost no time in declaring that they had heard weeping and sobbing upstairs in the dungeon. The jailer himself was very sympathetic, having known Berrien for many years, and he took another turn at his pipe by way of

as his rheumatic legs could carry him, and screamed to his wife and daughter:

"Raise the alarm! Cozart has escaped! We are ruined!"

Then he ran to the dungeon door, flung it open, and then fell back with a cry of terror. What did he see, and what did the others who joined him there see? On the floor lay Berrien Cozart dead, and crouching beside him was Balaam. How the negro had managed to make his way through the masonry of the dungeon without discovery is still one of the mysteries of Billville. But, prompt as he was, he was too late. His master had escaped through a wider door. He had made his way to a



"ON THE FLOOR LAY BERRIEN COZART."

consolation. Then, as was his custom, he took his lantern and went around the jail on a tour of inspection to see that everything was safe.

He did not go far. First he stumbled over a pile of bricks, and then his shoulder struck a ladder. He uttered a little cry and looked upward, and there, dim as his lantern was, he could see a black and gaping hole in the wall of the dungeon. He ran into the house as fast

higher court. Death, coming to him in that dark dungeon, must have visited him in the similitude of a happy dream, for there under the light of the lanterns he lay smiling sweetly as a little child that nestles on its mother's breast; and on the floor near him, where it had dropped from his nerveless hand, was a golden locket, from which smiled the lovely face of Sally Carter.

Joel Chandler Harris.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU AND THE FRENCH LANDSCAPE SCHOOL.

I.



HO would suppose that the bearded man of firm and gentle face whose portrait one sees carved on a boulder in the Forest of Fontainebleau had ever been called the Antichrist of Art? The head beside his represents Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," and their portraits are thus associated because till death intervened theirs was a friendship which neither hardships nor successes on one side or the other sufficed to shake. Moreover, Théodore Rousseau, who was the first to die, was never an extremist, never an active revolutionist, never the noisy freethinker to whom such terms as antichrist are commonly applied.

What a change in the last half-century! When Rousseau was middle-aged the battle against the cold classicists was by no means won, while now to us the landscapes of that painter seem to contain the repose, the grandeur, the sobriety and inner beauty, which go to form a classic. The proscribed of one generation is already the idol of conservatives in the next.

As we stand before a great landscape by Rousseau like the "Ravines of Apremont" lately in the collection of M. Marmontel, or of the "Hoar-frost" in that of Mr. Walters at Baltimore, one must call up a powerfully built man of middle size with a full brown beard; a wide, high forehead, which his friends declared Olympian; a shapely, straight nose; hair worn rather long, after the fashion of forty years ago; direct limpid gaze from eyes of unusual largeness and grayish-blue in color; and a mouth whose lines indicate the absorbed man and the reticent. He was an extremely thoughtful man, not by any means smileless and the farthest remove from stupid; he was one of those who are hard to win for a friend, but, once a friend, eminently the person with whom to pass weeks in the pursuit of a worthy study. There is the sympathetic man who talks, and the sympathetic man who is silent. Rousseau was the latter. Yet he could talk, and talk well, on nature, art, and music; and he wrote a charming letter.

II.

THE year 1836 was a landmark in Rousseau's life, because the jury of the Salon re-

fused his "Descent of the Cattle, Mountains of the Jura." He then came into collision with the certainty that to succeed in his profession the canons in art laid down by the majority of a jury appointed from the fourth class of the French Institute must be accepted — a class which contained musicians, engravers, sculptors, and painters. Even now it is wise for a young artist in France to train with a party, for if he dares to stand alone he gets little mercy. Be it said to the honor of Ary Scheffer, who was in favor with the authorities, that he dared to publish his indignation at the rejection of the Jura landscape by showing it at his own studio in the Rue Chaptal. But at any rate Rousseau was in good company — with Delacroix and many others. No picture by him appeared at the Salon till 1849, when the Republic had been again declared; then he received a gold medal. Not that he ceased at once to ask justice of men blinded by the hatred of politics and their profession. In 1837 he offered, only to be rebuffed, the famous "Avenue of Chestnut Trees," concerning the boldness and originality of which there is but one opinion nowadays.

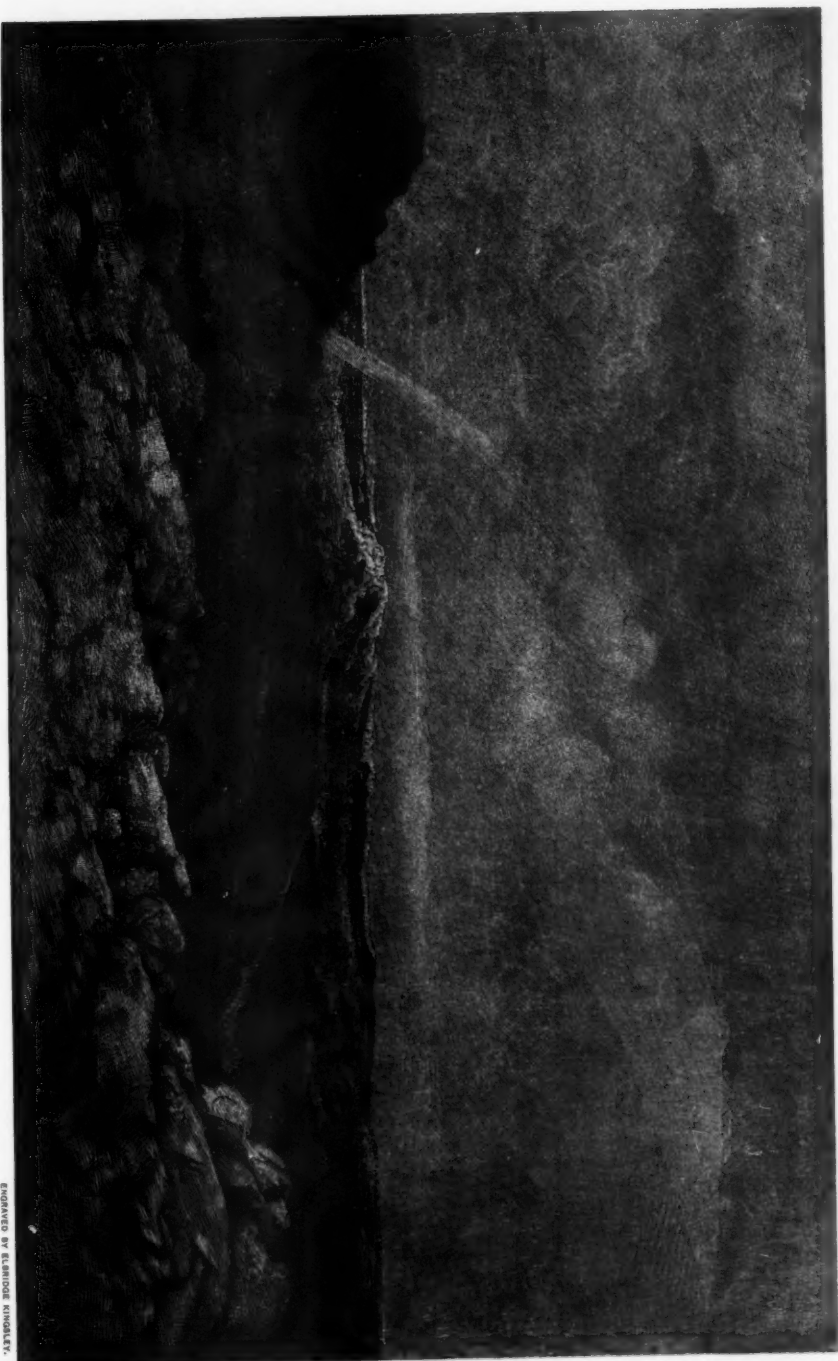
The original minds were with him — Delacroix, George Sand, the art critic Thoré, who fought so well his cause that in 1840 the Government offered 2000 francs for the "Avenue of Chestnut Trees." Some years later it was bought by Khalil Bey for 15,000 francs, and its present owner, Mme. de Cassin, paid certainly more than the 27,000 for which it went at the Bey's sale. In 1838 he had the courage of despair and tried a final assault on the Salon. He sent a "View of the Park and Château of Broglie," ordered by the Duke of that name as a present to Guizot. The Salon refused it. At last Rousseau had reached the point whence no return was possible, and he left Paris to take up his abode for months at a time among the oaks and silver birches of the Fontainebleau woods. A monologue reported by his friend and executor Sensier explains the attitude he assumed to nature and the comfort his genius was able to extract from defeat.

Ah, yes — silence is golden indeed! When I was in my observatory at Belle Croix (the hut of a wood-cutter) I did not dare to budge, for the silence opened up the channel of discoveries. Then the whole family of the forest began to move; as I sat

THE "RAVINES OF APEMONT," BY ROUSSEAU.

IN THE COLLECTION OF M. MARIOTTI, PROFESSOR AT THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

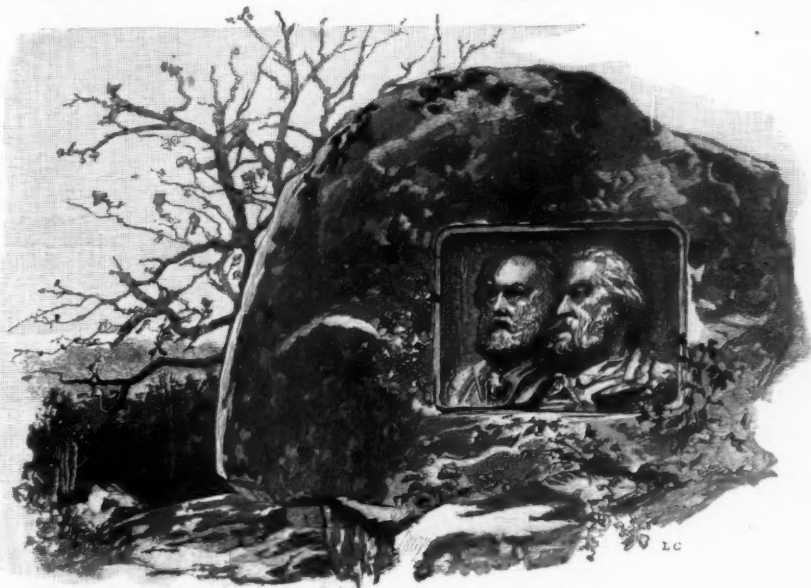
ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KIMBLE.





motionless on the trunk of a tree it was the silence that permitted me to see the deer in its covert and at its toilet, observe the habits of the water-rat, the otter, and the salamander—fantastic amphibian! He who lives within silence becomes the center-point of a world. It needed little—and I might have thought myself the sun of a little cosmos, had it not been that the study before me recalled the fact that it took so much trouble to ape a poor tree or one tuft of heather.

tlest kind. He has not realism enough to fetter the attention of skimmers over the field of painting; but even they, should they live with paintings by Rousseau, would gradually succumb to the unobtrusive ideality that distils from all but his latest works. He strikes with marvelous precision that point between the real and the ideal where we accept the picture as a transcript of nature, but do not feel drawn



MONUMENT TO ROUSSEAU AND MILLET, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BODMER.)

The last sentence suggests what a vast amount of labor Rousseau bestowed on his pictures. Before all things they are virile, robust. And yet at first glance there is a deceptive smoothness about many of them which leaves an ardent amateur cold. They are so carefully touched, so broken up, so lacking in *bravura* masses and big, sweeping strokes! Then their subjects are nearly always those which a thousand other artists paint. For the wider circle there is the further drawback that Rousseau seems to grudge the introduction of a human being, and makes no great effort to include cattle. It is only after an apprenticeship to Rousseau that his surprising originality and vigor steal into your mind. It is merely begging the question to say that this comes from Rousseau's extraordinary realism. There are plenty of painters who are more photographic of nature than he. In one sense it is realism; but the truth is that this famous apostle of realism, this so-called founder of realism, whose reputation as a realist was first his ruin and then his glory, is an idealist of the sub-

down from the skies by thoughts of the handling and by calculations of the artist's dexterity. He is like Wordsworth in English poetry, a painter for mature minds rather than for the young, a transcriber at length of things common enough if considered with a heart set towards other matters, but full of the most glorious vistas into the infinite when treated in that leisure and with that silence which Rousseau celebrated in the speech above.

The robustness of Rousseau's work is more seen of the world in his sketches in pencil and ink. There we see the skeletons of landscapes—if he has been content to let the sketch remain and not touched and retouched it into a little picture, as sometimes is the case. It is related of him somewhere that he would show one of his pictures covered with white tissue papers, through which only the great dark masses and heaviest outlines peered. Then he would drop the outer sheet and reveal the parts next in power, then the third, and finally leave the canvas unhid. This amusement was at once a lesson not unworthy of a professional



"ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT," OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY. (IN POSSESSION OF C. VANDERBILT.)

teacher of drawing and an evidence of the logical way in which he built up his pictures. He was an obstinate man, and in some degree a methodical — method, logic, and obstinacy being three things much commoner among the French than we suppose. Sometimes, it is more than probable, these traits were carried to an extreme and ended by making a painting less beautiful at last than it was at a slightly earlier stage. He became so absorbed in his work that he no longer realized that allowance should be made for eyes less skilled than his own, and that the effort to follow him so far might fatigue, rather than delight, his admirers. Yet Sensier has pointed out that this very tendency was vigorously combated by Rousseau as a very young man when he was sketching near Compiègne and in Normandy with that French prototype of the English Preraphaelites, Charles Delaberge. An example of too great attention to details on the part of Rousseau is the "Valley of Tiffauges," an otherwise noble work, now owned by Mr. Ames of Boston.

Wordsworth has been taken as a comparison — which brings us to the old statement of Rousseau's obligations to Constable and the English school. Some critics add Turner to Constable as another prime influence on the art of Rousseau. Sensier is, however, quite right

when he makes little or nothing of the influence of Constable, and does not consider Turner at all.

No, after sitting at the feet of Claude Lorraine Rousseau got his impulse from the old landscapists of Holland, just as Georges Michel did before him — the same sources whence Constable drew. Like Constable, but quite independently, he perfected his genius by laying siege to nature in silence, with infinite leisure and infinite labor.

III.

PIERRE ÉTIENNE THÉODORE ROUSSEAU was born in Paris at No. 4 Rue Neuve, St. Eustache, on the 15th of April, 1812. His father was a merchant tailor from the Jura, who bore among several baptismal names that of Catherine, to our ears an odd name for a male. His grandfather Rousseau was a carriage-gilder for royalty; grandfather Colombet was a marble-cutter; while his maternal uncle, Gabriel Colombet, was a portrait painter and a pupil of David, against whose school Théodore Rousseau was to protest after his own fashion. Another relative was the painter of landscapes, T. P. de Saint-Martin, whose studio he loved to visit. So Théodore came rightfully by his turn for art; he was born into an artis-

tic atmosphere and sprang from the ranks of artisans, which we will widen sufficiently to include that brave wielder of the shears, his father.

We all know what a vivid impression the town boy receives when he is first allowed to see nature in a somewhat wilder state than exists in a suburb. When Théodore was twelve he was sent with a contractor for firewood to the forests of Franche Comté as a helper, his duties being to write letters and keep the accounts. For a year he lived among the woodsmen. This was the year when Constable received his second gold medal at Lille from foreigners, more appreciative of his genius than the English. Apparently Rousseau was an advanced boy, for, after these clerical duties were over, and he had returned to Paris, he took it into his own head to paint a view of the Montmartre hill. Then his uncle, Pau de Saint-Martin, was called in and advised that he should be placed with the landscapist Rémond. With such a dry stick of a classicist as Rémond there was no sympathy possible, and so the boy played truant when he could, and then had to copy big classical pictures to pay for his expeditions into the country about Paris. Finally he

abandoned Rémond and took to copying the Claude Lorraines in the Louvre and going to the studio of Guillon Lethière to learn to draw the figure.

As he refused to try for the Prix de Rome while with Rémond, so he hardly was known in after life to cross the French frontier. La belle France was enough for him—more, he knew, than he could ever do justice to. But in the limits of France he was no mean traveler. Thus in 1830 he made a tour in search of the picturesque, choosing by preference the gloomiest ravines and most desolate tracts of wilderness in Auvergne, that spot where the ethnologists are now locating one of the oldest races of Europe, the Auvergnats, who furnish Paris with laborers and standards of penury. It was there that Rousseau took his first full outing, made his first flight from the parent nest, and thence he returned as the new handler of landscape who scandalized alike his teachers and the noble army of jurors—Ingres excepted.

IV.

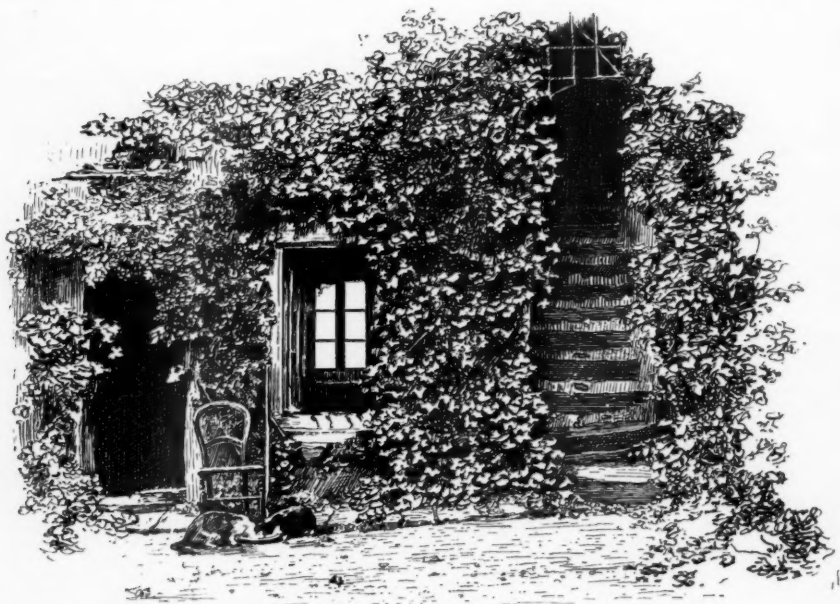
ROUSSEAU contributed to that famous Salon of 1831 in which many of the best artistic youth figured. He sent a "View in Auvergne"



"THE FARM." (IN POSSESSION OF J. A. GARLAND.)

to keep company with works by Delacroix, Scheffer, Decamps, Diaz, Dupré, and the sculptor Barye. From the accounts given of it, this picture did not possess the charm or the originality of the later landscapes. It was a composed landscape that must have betrayed his reluctance to sever connection altogether with the old painters in tobacco-juice who wrought, according to the slang of the studios, with *chique*. It was painted in the garret of one of his aunts, and is said to have shown great similarity to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Thus Constable in 1794 and Rousseau in 1830 were both subject to the powerful fascination

of Rousseau as well as of Barye. In 1833 he bought the "Border of Felled Woods, Forest of Compiègne." Barye survived Rousseau eight years, as did Millet, with whom he had even a closer friendship; and, as each was easily the leader in that specialty to which he had devoted his life, each found that neglect and recognition came at about the same time in the train of political events. For the deep interest taken by the Government and its officials in affairs of art in France has its fine side, which one is apt to see first: but it has a reverse also; and that reverse is the tendency of politics to class an artist with a party and



LYELL CARR

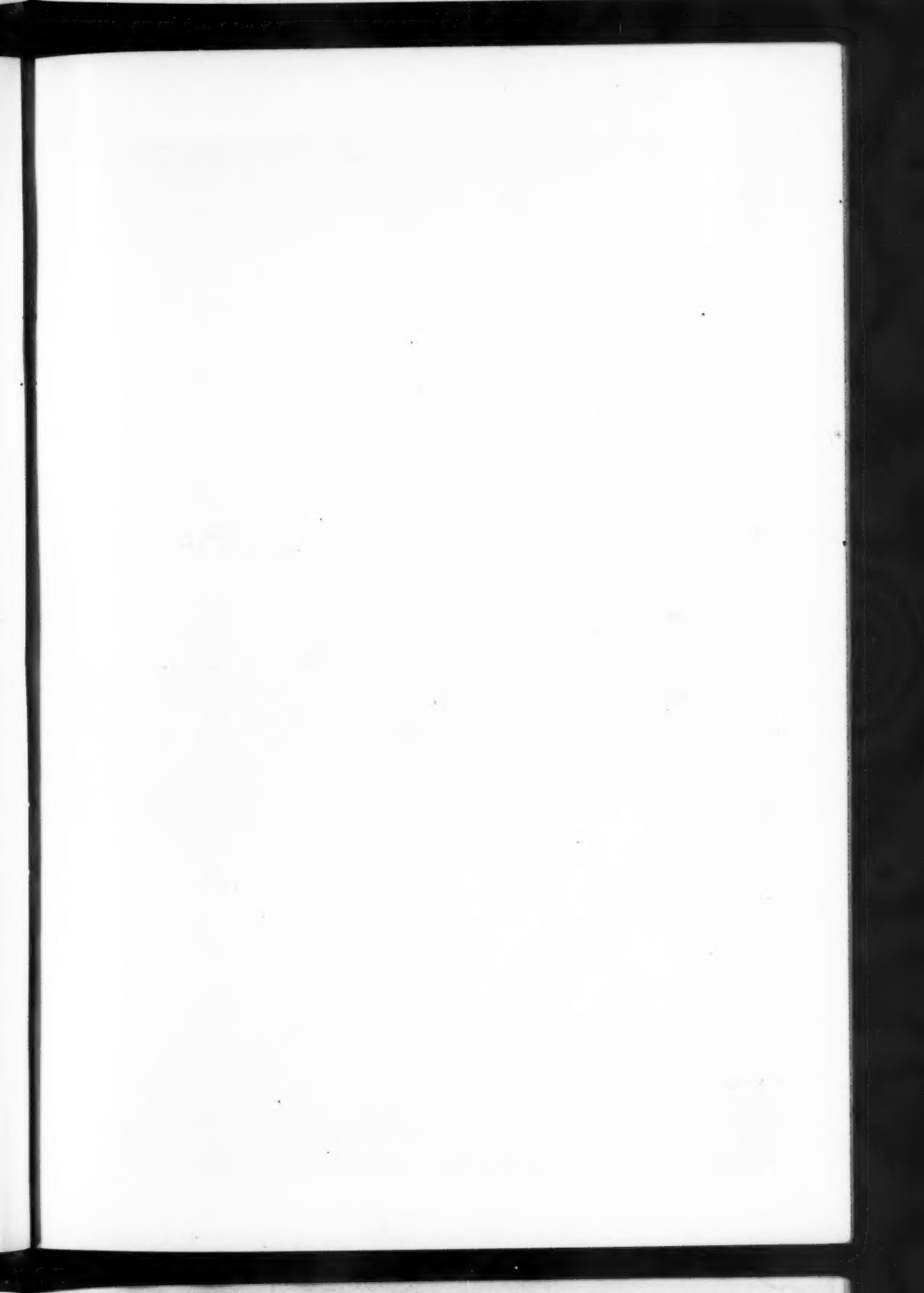
ROUSSEAU'S HOME AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, IN 1867. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BODMER.)

of Claude — a suggestion if not a proof that the appearance of Constable's picture in Paris in 1824 had nothing directly to do with Rousseau's art.

There are points of similarity between Rousseau and the sculptor Barye which show as early as this period. Both were silent men who thought much. Both were favorable to the Romantic movement, but disliked the tumult of discussion and withdrew from the crowd. Both were at first spared by the common adversary, but as the quarrel ripened between Classic and Romantic both were deliberately excluded from the Salon, the victims of the hot-headedness of their talking and intriguing friends. The Duke of Orleans was a patron

treat him accordingly. It is evident that such a tendency increases the number of cases in which mediocrity is encouraged and genius starved.

Between 1831 and 1836 must have been Rousseau's happiest years. He was in the electric atmosphere of the revolt against formalism, yet kept apart, so that no responsibility fell upon him. He was considered one of the promises made by the new school to introduce a modern spirit into the dry bones of classicism. He had youth and fine health, a loving mother and a father honored for his probity, hosts of friends—including those who love to talk and dearly cherish a good listener. In 1832 fell a tour in Normandy, and in 1834 a





ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KIRKLEY.

"TWILIGHT," BY ROUSSEAU.

IN POSSESSION OF CALVIN S. BRICE.

longer journey to the Jura and Switzerland.

At the end of the last century the poems of the Scottish bard Ossian had taken Europe by storm, and from the reflex action of that movement in literature back on England rose the verse of Byron and of Walter Scott. When by that singular kind of reverberation which plays between different countries these influences crossed the Channel again and reached France, they had a profound effect on the fine arts as well as on literature. They influenced Victor Hugo, to be sure; but they also startled Delacroix. In the earlier pictures of Rousseau, in the sketches he made in Switzerland, the French Jura, Normandy, Auvergne, and La Vendée, we may detect a certain amount of yielding to the literary movement of the day. His methods were fiery, his subjects were grand and gloomy, his touch was slightly Byronic compared with the work that appeared subsequent to 1836. It may have been this Byronic something about his work which put a special edge on the resentment of the jury of that year when they characterized the "Descent of the Cattle, Mountains of the Jura" as the product of a poisoned age, a demoniacal and obscene creation!

V.

THE result of the artistic cabal against Rousseau was to throw him entirely back on himself and send him into the wilds, where he learned to conquer his enemies by conquering nature. It was at Barbizon, then scarcely known to artists, that Diaz learned by example and direct instruction from Rousseau how to make his profound feeling for color tell. His best works are richer than Rousseau's but not so powerful; yet there is a great bond of likeness between them.

In Diaz the colorist is slightly in preponderance, while in Rousseau drawing and color seem to balance each other exactly. This balance of qualities makes Rousseau the landscapist of all landscapists in the eyes of the French, who are not romantic by nature, as a general thing, and prefer drawing to color, logic to music, formalism to individuality, sculpture to painting. They enjoy intensely — those who accept the Barbizon painters at all — the structural power of Rousseau's landscapes, which is neither thrust forward so that one sees nothing else, and begins to reflect on perspectives and the balance of masses, nor so much dissembled as quite to escape impressing itself. We see the same tendency in the modern architecture of France down to 1870. His influence has extended to America and is still in action, many of the older and some of the younger landscapists of New York showing traces of the quiet but steady advance of Rousseau's style into their work. It may be ques-

tioned whether one can find in Jules Dupré any influence of Rousseau, yet he had no closer comrade for many years. Delacroix was his ideal, Dupré his special friend during the years of exile from the Academy; he saw much of Barye, Diaz, Chenavard, and Ary Scheffer. Paul Casimir Périer, H. Didier, Dr. Véron, and M. Collet were buyers who kept a little money in his pocket; but he was generally in financial straits, for his father's affairs went from bad to worse.

The truth is that Rousseau's paintings are not gay as a rule; they do not make one smile. When they are not pervaded by a spirit of sadness they lead to pensiveness. This is not attractive to the public, and sometimes rebuffs connoisseurs; yet, although Rousseau understood perfectly what was needed, he was far too dignified to attempt to please by anything that his own intelligence did not approve. Through the efforts of Jules Dupré about 1846 he was established in a good studio at Paris where he could be seen and see people; but the move was not particularly happy in financial results.

Yet here we come to one of the turning-points of his life, where his obstinacy and his poverty combined made him recoil from a step which might have been his making. He fell in love and his love was returned. In an unworldly way the match was excellent so far as sentiment is concerned; but there was hardship in prospect. From loyalty to his profession, from fear of making the girl he loved a sharer in his apparently hopeless poverty, he broke off the affair and returned to his solitary studies in the country. But a few years later, instead of a loving wife he had a woman on his hands who was neither his wife nor exactly a mistress; rather an unfortunate to whom he gave an asylum and who soon conquered a place in his heart. It was this poor creature who separated him from his friends, even from Jules Dupré, and whose attacks of the nerves troubled and frightened him. All his life he had been a solitary man. Now the solitude was invaded by a foolish girl who ended by becoming a lunatic. In 1847 or thereabouts Rousseau had determined to give up the woman he deeply loved; in 1849, after the Republic was proclaimed and the exiles from the Salon were the pets of the Government, it was found that a new departure had been taken by Rousseau, the celibate and hermit. He had made his choice in life, and in so doing took the false step which led gradually to inferior, stiffer, drier work, to failing health, to paralysis and the grave.

VI.

ROUSSEAU withdrew entirely to Barbizon, where he dwelt in the little house the door of which is shown in the sketch. He was a neighbor of Millet, whom he had learned to know

in 1847. At the Salon of 1849 he obtained the gold medal, but, much to his chagrin, not the Legion of Honor. In 1852 came that decoration, in 1854 a gold medal, and at the Universal Exposition in 1855 he reached his highest mark. Writing on the Salon of 1857, Edmond About speaks of him as for the past twenty-five years the first apostle of truth in landscape, and says that he broke down the barriers set by the Salon against the landscapists of the new school, although neither the public nor the Institute would confess his power. He continued to exhibit at the Salon nearly every year, including 1867, when he showed a "View of Mont Blanc" and an "Interior of the Forest." During his life the price of his work rose to extraordinary figures, but since his death it has gone to thousands where hundreds were asked before. The "Hoar-frost" was sold in 1873 at the Laurent-Richard sale for \$12,020. It is worth at least \$30,000 now. A magnificent Fontainebleau piece called "Mont Girard," owned by Mr. William Schaus, is held at \$45,000. It is dated 1854. One of the beauties of the Spencer collection was a little Rousseau called "A Hamlet," which shone and sparkled as if the painter had melted precious stones and used them to imitate the quivering of sunlight on rocks and trees.

In Mr. Schaus's hands is a beautiful autumn scene with rocks and brown heath in front, a shadow on the foreground, sunlight in the second plane, one silver birch to the right of the center, and a fringe of trees on the horizon. The sky near the trees has the most delicate, unobtrusive clouds, which reveal themselves unexpectedly. A landscape with the coloring of spring is also in this collection; it

represents the upper Seine where it forms various holms by separating its streams. On one is a grove of willows, on another sits a fisherman. A late "Sunset" recalls the "Twilight" given in the illustration; there is the same pool with reflections of trees in the middle distance. The dramatic intensity of many of Rousseau's landscapes will not easily escape observers. Their moods are various, but usually somber. An exception is the exquisite "Valley of the Oise," owned by Mr. Graves of Orange, N. J. It is a morning effect, the air full of diffused light, the atmospheric perspective most admirable. This peaceful, blond picture was shown at the Barye Monument Exhibition in New York, where it extorted admiration without stint. Its atmosphere is somewhat like that of the "St. Michael's Mount" figured here. There is a small Rousseau at the Metropolitan Museum; but it would not be possible to give any exact account of the Rousseaus owned in the United States, or even in New York. They are many, and among them are some of the finest of his works.

Few have carried the landscape to such a pitch of art as Théodore Rousseau. He was a masterly draftsman, and his sketches are much sought. He became a marvelously dexterous painter, knowing especially how to render sunlight on stone or tree-trunk with a brilliancy never surpassed. Then he became a master of atmosphere where he had been merely great before; he added the poetry of color to the perfection of drawing. Finally he carried his art to the highest point by expressing through landscape those obscure but powerful emotions we mean when, for want of a better term, we speak of the dramatic in art.

Charles de Kay.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I.

ONE by one they go
 Into the unknown dark—
 Starlit brows of the brave,
 Voices that drew men's souls.
 Rich is the land, O Death,
 Can give you dead like our dead!—
 Such as he from whose hand
 The magic web of romance
 Slipt, and the art was lost!
 Such as he who erewhile—
 The last of the Titan brood—
 With his thunder the Senate shook;
 Or he who, beside the Charles,
 Untoucht of envy or-hate,
 Tranced the world with his song;
 Or that other, that gray-eyed seer
 Who in pastoral Concord ways
 With Plato and Hafiz walked.

II.

Not of them was the man
Whose wraith, through the mists of night,
Through the shuddering wintry stars,
Has passed to eternal morn.
Fit were the moan of the sea
And the clashing of cloud on cloud
For the passing of that soul !

Ever he faced the storm !
No weaver of rare romance,
No patient framer of laws,
No maker of wondrous rhyme,
No bookman wrapt in his dream.
His was the voice that rang
In the fight like a bugle-call,
And yet could be tender and low
As when, on a night in June,
The hushed wind sobs in the pines.
His was the eye that flashed
With a saber's azure gleam,
Pointing to heights unwon !

III.

Not for him were these days
Of clerkly and sluggish calm —
To the petrel the swooping gale !
Austere he seemed, but the hearts
Of all men beat in his breast ;
No fetter but galled his wrist,
No wrong that was not his own.
What if those eloquent lips
Curled with the old-time scorn ?
What if in needless hours
His quick hand closed on the hilt ?
'T was the smoke from the well-won fields
That clouded the veteran's eyes.
A fighter this to the end !

Ah, if in coming times
Some giant evil arise,
And Honor falter and pale,
His were a name to conjure with !
God send his like again !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



SISTER DOLOROSA.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "The White Cowl," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," etc.

VI.



TENDER night it was.

The great sun at setting had looked with steadfast eye at the convent, standing lonely in the wide landscape, and had then thrown a final glance across the world towards the east; and the moon had quickly risen, and hung about it the long silvery twilight of the heavenly watchfulness. The summer, too, which had been moving farther and farther southward, now came slowly back, borne on warm airs that fanned the convent walls and sighed to its chaste lattices with the poetry of dead flowers and vanished songsters. But it sighed in vain. With many a prayer, with many a cross on pure brow and shoulder and breast, with many a pious kiss of crucifix, the convent slept. Only some little novice, lying like a flushed figure of Sleep on a couch of snow, may have stirred to draw one sigh as those zephyrs, toying with her warm hair, broke some earthly dream of too much tenderness. Or they may merely have soothed the feverish feet of a withered nun, who clasped her dry hands in ecstasy as on her mortal, cavernous eyes there dawned a vision of the glories and rewards of Paradise. But no, not all slept. At an open window on the eastern side of the convent stood the sleepless one, looking out into the largeness of the night like one who is lost in the largeness of her sorrow.

Across the lawn, a little distance off, stood the church of the convent. The moonlight rested on it like a smile of peace, the elms blessed it with tireless arms, and from the zenith of the sky down towards the horizon there rested, on outstretched wings, rank after rank, and pinion brushing pinion, a host of white, angelic cloud-shapes, guarding the sacred portal.

But she looked at it with timid yearning. Greater and greater had become the need of the woman's nature within her to pour into some ear a confession and a prayer for pardon. All her peace was gone. She had been concealing her heart from the Mother Superior. She had sinned against her vows. She had impiously offended the Divine Mother. And to-day, after answering Gordon Helm's letter in order

that she might defend her religion, she had acknowledged at last to her own heart that she loved him. But they would never meet again. To-morrow she would make full confession of all that had taken place. Beyond that miserable ordeal she dared not look into her own future.

Lost in the fears and sorrows of such thoughts, long she stood looking out into the night, stricken with a sense of alienation from all human sympathy. For from the moment that she had made to herself the confession of her love for him, and resolved to make this confession to her injured Superior, she felt that she stood estranged from the entire convent,—Mother Superior, novice, and nun,—as an object of reproach and suffering into which no one of them could enter.

Sorer yet grew her woman's need, and a little way across the lawn stood the church, peaceful in the moonlight. Ah, the Divine pity! If only first she might steal alone to the shrine of her whom most she had offended, and to an ear gracious to sorrow make confession of her frailty. At length, overcome with this desire, and gliding noiselessly out of the room, she passed down the moonlit hall, on each side of which the nuns were sleeping. She descended the stairway, took from the wall the key of the church, and then, softly opening the door, stepped out into the night. For a moment she paused, icy and faint with physical fear; then, passing like a swift shadow across the silvered lawn, she went round to the side entrance of the church, unlocked the door, and, entering quickly, locked herself inside. There she stood for some time with hands pressed tightly to her fluttering heart, until all bodily agitation died away before the recollection of her mission, and there came upon her that intense calmness with which the soul always enacts its great tragedies. Then slowly, very slowly, hidden now, and now visible where the moonlight entered the long Gothic windows, she passed across the chancel towards the shrine of her whom ancestral faith had taught her to believe divine; and before the image of a Jewish woman—who herself, in all humanity, loved and married a carpenter nearly two thousand years ago, living beside him as blameless wife and becoming blameless mother to his children—this poor child, whose nature was as unstained as snow on the mountain

peaks, poured out her prayer to be forgiven the sin of her love.

To the woman of the world, all the approaches of whose nature are defended by the intricacies of willfulness and the barriers of deliberate reserve; to the woman of the world, who, in accordance with a standard of artificial society, within herself and to herself disavows and curbs and conceals the beginning and the growth of that supreme feeling to which she intends to yield herself completely in the end—it may seem incredible that there should have rooted itself so easily in the breast of one of her sex this flower of a fatal passion. But it should be remembered how unbefriended that bosom had been by any outpost of feminine self-consciousness; how exposed it was through very belief in its unearthly consecration; how, like some unwatched vase that had long been collecting the sweet dews and rains of heaven, it had been silently filling with those unbidden tendernesses that are shed from above as the best gifts of womanhood. Moreover, her life was unspeakably isolate. In the monotony of its routine a trifling event becomes an epoch; a fresh impression stirs within the mind material for a chapter of inner history. Lifted far above all commonplace psychology of the passions, therefore, was the planting and the growth of an emotion in a heart like hers.

Her prayer began. It began with the scene of her first meeting with Gordon in the fields, for from that moment she fixed the origin of her unfaithfulness. Of the entire hidden life of poetic reverie and unsatisfied desires which she had been living before her innocent soul took no account. It had been unconscious; it had never issued in any act that even her conscience had condemned. Therefore, beginning with that afternoon, she passed in review the history of her thoughts and feelings since then. The moon outside, flooding all the heavens with its beams, was not so intense a lamp as memory, now turned upon the inmost recesses of her mind. Nothing escaped detection. His words; the scenes with him in the garden, in the field; his voice, looks, gestures; his anxiety and sympathy; his passionate letter—all were now vividly recalled that they might henceforth be forgotten, and their influence was confessed that it might forever be renounced. Her conscience stood beside her love as though it was some great fast-growing deadly plant in her heart, with deep-twisted roots and strangling tendrils, each of which to the smallest fiber must be uprooted so that not a germ should be left.

But who can describe the prayer of such a soul? It is easy to ask to be rid of ignoble passions. They come upon us as momentary temptations and are abhorrent to our better

selves; but of all tragedies that are ever enacted within the theater of the human mind what one is so pitiable as that in which a pure being prays to be forgiven that one feeling of nature which is the revelation of all beauty, the secret of all perfection, the solace of the world, and the condition of immortality?

The passing of such a tragedy scars the nature of the penitent like the passing of an age across a mountain rock. If there had lingered thus long in Sister Dolorosa's nature any upland of childhood snows, these vanished in that hour; if any vernal belt of maidenhood, it felt the hot breath of that experience of the world and of the human destiny in it which quickly ages whatever it does not destroy. So that while she prayed there seemed to rise from within her and to take flight forever that spotless image of herself as she once had been, and in its place to stand the form of a woman older, altered, and inexorably set apart from all humankind by a clinging sorrow.

At length her prayer ended and she rose. It had not brought her the peace that prayer always brings to women; for the confession of her love before the very altar—the mere coming into audience with the Eternal to renounce it—had for the first time given to it a vast reality, and set upon it the seal of irrevocable truth. It is when the victim is led to the altar of sacrifice that it turns its piteous eyes upon the sacrificing hand and utters its poor dumb cry for life; and it was when Sister Dolorosa bared the breast of her humanity that it might be stabbed by the hand of her religion that she, too, though attempting to bless the stroke, felt the last pangs of that deep thrust.

With such a wound in the heart of her love she turned from the altar, walked once more across the church, unlocked the door, stepped forth, and locked it behind her. The night had grown more tender. The host of seraphic cloud-forms had fled across the sky; and as she turned her eyes upward to the heavens there looked down upon her from their serene, untroubled heights only the stars, which never falter or digress from their forewritten courses. The thought came to her that never henceforth should she look up to them without being reminded of how her own will had wandered from its orbit. The moon rained its steady beams upon the symbol of the sacred heart on her bosom until it seemed to throb again with the agony of the crucifixion. Never again would she see it without the remembrance that her sin also had pierced it afresh. With what loneliness that sin had surrounded her! As she had issued from the damp, chill atmosphere of the church the warm airs of the south, heavy with the spirit of the earth, quickened within her some long-sleeping

memory; and with the yearning of stricken childhood she thought of her mother, to whom she had always turned of yore for sympathy; but that mother's bosom was now a mound of dust. She looked across the lawn towards the convent where the Mother Superior and all the nuns were sleeping. To-morrow she would stand among them a greater alien than any stranger. No, she was alone; among all the millions of human beings on the earth of God there was not one on whose heart she could have rested her own. Not one save him—him whose love had broken down all barriers that it might reach and infold her. And him she had repelled. A joy, new and indescribable, leaped within her that for him and not for another she suffered all this; that with him she was at least bound forever in this tragedy of her fall.

Slowly she took her way along the side of the church towards the front entrance, from which a paved walk led to the convent building. She reached the corner, she turned, and then she paused as one might pause who had come upon the beloved dead returned to life.

Gordon was sitting on the steps of the church, leaning against one of the pillars, his face lifted upward so that the moonlight fell upon it. She had no time to turn back before he saw her. With a low cry of surprise and joy he sprang up and followed along the side of the church; for instinctively she had begun to retrace her steps to the door, as though to lock herself inside. When he came up beside her, she paused. Both were trembling; but when he saw the look of suffering on her face he forgot all else, and acting upon the impulse which had always impelled him to stand between her and unhappiness he now took both of her hands.

"Pauline!"

He spoke with all the pleading love, all the depth of nature, that was in him.

She had attempted to withdraw her hands, but at the sound of that once familiar name she suddenly bowed her head as the wave of memories and emotions passed over her; then he quickly put his arms around her, drew her close to him, and bent down and kissed her.

VII.

In recollections so overwhelming did the long interview which followed leave Gordon plunged on the next morning that he was unmindful of everything else; and among the consequences of absent-mindedness was the wound that he gave himself by the careless handling of his gun.

When Ezra had set out for the convent that morning Gordon had walked with him, saying

that he would go to the station for a daily paper, but chiefly wishing to escape the house and be alone. They had reached in the fields a rotting fence, on each side of which grew briars and underwood. He had expected to climb this fence; and as he stood beside it, speaking a few parting words to Ezra, he absently thrust the butt of his gun between two of the lower rails, not noticing that the lock was sprung. Caught in the brush on the other side, it was discharged, making a wound in his left leg a little below the thigh. He turned to a deadly paleness, looked at Ezra with that stunned, bewildered expression seen in the faces of those who receive a wound, and fell.

By main strength the old man lifted and bore him to the house and hurried off to the station, near which the neighborhood physician and surgeon lived. But he was away from home, and several hours passed before he came; the means taken to stop the hemorrhage was ineffectual, the loss of blood had been very great, certain foreign matter had been carried into the wound, the professional treatment was unskillful, and septic fever followed, so that for many days Gordon's life hung upon a little chance. But convalescence came at last, and with it days of clear, calm thinking. For he had not allowed news of his accident to be sent home or to his friends; and except the old couple, the doctor, and the nurse whom the latter had secured, he had no company but his thoughts.

No tidings had come to him of Sister Dolorosa since his accident; and nothing had intervened to remove or even to brighten that sad image of her which had haunted him through fever and fantasy and dream since the night of their final interview. For it was then that he had first realized in how pitiless a tragedy her life had become entangled, and how conscience may fail to govern a woman's heart in denying her the right to love but may still govern her actions in forbidding her to marry. To plead with her had been to wound only the more deeply a nature that accepted even this pleading as a further proof of its own disloyalty and was forced by it into a state of more poignant humiliation. What wonder, therefore, if there had been opened in his mind from that hour a certain wound which grew deeper and deeper, until by comparison his real wound seemed painless and insignificant.

Nevertheless it is true that during this interview he had not been able to accept her decision as irreversible. The spell of her presence over him was too complete; even his wish to rescue her from a lot henceforth unhappier still was too urgent. Nor was it possible to a nature such as his calmly to face the

thought of losing her, in the very hour of their first real meeting; so that even in the despair of parting he had clung to the secret hope that little by little he might change her conscience, which now interposed the only obstacle between them.

Even the next day, also, during the first few hours after he had been wounded, when life was rapidly flowing from him and all earthly ties seemed soon to be snapped, he had thought only of this tie, new and sacred, and had written to her. Poor boy!—he had written, as with his heart's blood, his brief, pathetic appeal that she would come and be united to him before he died. In all ages of the world there have been persons, simple in nature and simple in their faith in another life, who have forgotten everything else in the last hour but the supreme wish to grapple to them for all eternity, and at whatever cost, those they love. Such simplicity of nature and faith belonged to him; for although in Kentucky the unrest of the century touching belief in the supernatural, and the many phases by which this belief expresses itself, are not unknown, they had never affected him. He believed, as his fathers had believed, that to be united in this world in any relation is to be united in that relation, mysteriously changed yet mysteriously the same, in another.

But this letter had never been sent. There had been no one to take it at the time; and when Ezra returned with the physician he had fainted away from loss of blood. Then had followed the dressing of the wound, days of fever and unconsciousness, and then the assurance that he would get well. Thus nearly a month had passed, and for him a great change had come over the face of nature and the light of the world. With that all but preternatural calm of mind which only an invalid or a passionless philosopher ever obtains, he now looked back upon an episode which acquired a fictitious remoteness. So weak that he could scarcely lift his head from his pillow, there left his heart all that keen and joyous sense of human ties and pursuits with which it throbbed in a state of health. He lost the key to the motives and forces of his own character. But it often becomes the most momentous of all the psychological results of such a change in physiological condition that while the springs of feeling seem to dry up, the conscience remains sensitive, or even appears to burn more brightly, as a star through a rarer atmosphere. So that, lying thus in the poor farmhouse during dreary days, with his life half gone out of him and with only the sad image of her always before his eyes, he could think of nothing but his own cruel folly in having broken in upon her peace; for perfect

peace of some sort she must have had in comparison with what was now left her.

Beneath his pillow he kept her letter, and as he often read it over he asked himself how he could ever have hoped to change the conscience which had inspired such a letter as that. If her heart belonged to him, did not her soul belong to her religion? and if one or the other must give way, could it be doubtful with such a nature as hers which would come out victorious? Thus he said to himself that any further attempt to see her could result only in greater suffering to them both, and that nothing was left him but what she herself had urged—to go away and resign her to a life from which he had too late found out that she could never be divorced.

As soon as he had come to this decision he began to think of her as belonging only to his past. The entire episode became a thing of memory and irreparable incompleteness; and with the conviction that she was lost to him her image passed into that serene, reverential sanctuary of our common nature where all the highest that we have grasped at and missed, and all the beauty that we have loved and lost, take the forms of statues around dim walls and look down upon us in mournful, never-changing perfection.

As he lay one morning revolving his altered purpose, Ezra came quietly into the room and took from a small table near the foot of the bed a waiter on which were a jelly-glass and a napkin.

"She said I'd better take these back this morning," he remarked, looking at Gordon for his approval and motioning with his head towards that quarter of the house where Martha was supposed to be.

"Wait awhile, will you, Ezra?" he replied, looking at the old man with the dark, quiet eye of an invalid. "I think I ought to write a few lines this morning to thank them for all their kindness. Come back in an hour, will you?"

The things had been sent from the convent the day before; for, from the time that news of the accident to the young stranger who had visited the convent some days before had reached the Mother Superior, there had regularly come to him delicate attentions which could not have been supplied at the farmhouse. He often asked himself whether they were not inspired by *her*; and he thought that when the time came for him to write his thanks he would put into the expression of them something that would be understood by her alone—something that would stand for gratitude and a farewell.

When Ezra left the room, with the thought of now doing this another thought came unexpectedly to Gordon. By the side of the bed there stood a small table on which were writ-

ing materials and a few books that had been taken from his valise. He stretched out his hand and opening one of the books took from it a letter which bore the address, "Sister Dolorosa." It contained those appealing lines which he had written her on the day of his accident; and with a calm, curious sadness he read them over and over, as though they had come from the impulse of some other heart. From the mere monotony of this exercise sleep overcame him, and he had scarcely restored the letter to the envelop and laid it back on the table before his eyelids closed.

While he still lay asleep Ezra came quietly into the room again and took up the waiter with the jelly-glass and the napkin. Then he looked around for the letter that he was to take. He was accustomed to carry Gordon's letters to the mail, and his eye now rested on the table where they were always to be found. Seeing one on it, he walked across, took it up and read the address, "Sister Dolorosa," hesitated, glanced at Gordon's closed eyes, and then, with an intelligent nod to signify that he could understand without further instruction, left the room and set out briskly for the convent.

Sister Dolorosa was at the cistern filling a bucket with water when he came up and, handing her the letter, passed on to the convent kitchen. She looked at the envelop with indifference; then she opened it and read the letter; and then in an instant everything whirled before her eyes, and in her ears the water sounded loud as it dropped from the chain back into the cistern. And then she was gone—gone with a light, rapid step down the avenue of elms, through the gate, across the meadows, out into the fields; bucket and cistern, Mother Superior and sisterhood, vows and martyrs, zeal of Carmelite, passion of Christ, all forgotten.

When, nearly a month before, news of the young stranger's accident had reached the Mother Superior, in accordance with the rule which excludes from the convent all distraction of worldly affairs she had not made it known except to those who were to aid in carrying out her kindly plans for him. To Sister Dolorosa therefore the accident had just occurred, and now—now as she hastened to him—he was dying.

During the intervening weeks she had undergone by insensible degrees a deterioration of nature. Prayer had not passed her lips. She believed that she had no right to pray. Nor had she confessed. From such a confession as she had now to make certain new-born instincts of womanhood bade her shrink more deeply into the privacy of her own being. And therefore she had become more scrupulous, if

possible, of all outward duties, that no one might be led to discover the paralysis of her secret spiritual life. But there was that change in her which soon drew attention; and thenceforth, in order to hide her heart, she began to practise with the Mother Superior little acts of self-concealment and evasion, and by and by other little acts of pretense and feigning until,—God pity her!—being most sorely pressed by questions, when sometimes she would be found in tears or sitting listless with her hands in her lap like one who is under the spell of mournful fantasies, these became other little acts of positive deception. But for each of them remorse preyed upon her the more ruthlessly, so that she grew thin and faded, with a shadow of fear darkening always her evasive eyes. But this blight that had strangely fallen upon her only served to arouse deeper solicitude regarding her health, and all that care could do was done. This in turn brought her many a burning tear, but still she lived on from day to day, aimless and mute, and feeling herself apart from them all.

What most held her apart, what most she deemed to put upon her the angry ban of Heaven, was the consciousness that she still loved him, and that she was even bound to him the more inseparably since the night of their last meeting. For it was then that other emotions had been awakened which drew her to him in ways that love alone could not have done. These emotions had their source in the belief that she owed him reparation for the disappointment which she had brought upon his life. The recollection of his face when she had denied him all hope rose in constant reproach before her; and since she held herself blamable that he had loved her at all, she took the whole responsibility for the unhappiness to him in which this had resulted.

It was this added sense of having wronged him that cleft even conscience in her, and left her powerless even to struggle. But how to undo the wrong—this she vainly pondered; for he was gone, bearing away into his life she knew not what burden of enticed and baffled hope. For there had been that in him, as there was that in her, which did not allow her to doubt that he really loved her; she even thought him far nobler than he was, she so easily lifted him to the height of her own heroic ideals.

On the morning when she was at the cistern,—for the Sisters of the order have among them such interchange of manual offices,—if, as she read the letter that Ezra gave her, any one motive stood out clear in the stress of that terrible moment, it was, that having been false in her life to all other duties, she might at least be true to this. And that a duty it was she

never paused to doubt; for she said to herself that the accident would not have occurred had he not remained in the neighborhood of the convent with the hope of seeing her again. Having thus been the means of bringing about his death she felt but the one desire—to atone to him by any sacrifice of herself that would make it more peaceful. Beyond this all was void and dark within her as she hurried on, except the consciousness that by this act she separated herself from her order and terminated her religious life in utter failure and disgrace.

The light, rapid step with which she had started soon brought her across the fields. As she drew near the house Martha, who had caught sight of her figure through the window, hastened to the door and stood awaiting her with eager satisfaction. But Sister Dolorosa merely approached and said:

"Where is he?"

For a moment the old woman, taken by surprise, did not answer although understanding; for the two lay Sisters who had been wont to come always inquired for the invalid in this way. Then she pointed to a door at the opposite end of the porch, and with a sparkle of peculiar pleasure in her eyes she saw Sister Dolorosa cross and enter it. A little while longer she stood, watching the keyhole furtively, but then went back to the fireside where she sat upright and motionless with the red flannel pushed back from her listening ears.

The room was dimly lighted through half-closed shutters. Gordon lay asleep near the edge of the bed with his face turned towards the door. It might well have been thought the face of one dying. Her eyes rested on it a moment, and then with a stifled sob and moan she glided across the room and sank on her knees at the bedside. In the utter self-forgetfulness of her remorse, pity, and love she put one arm around his neck, she buried her head close beside his.

He had awaked, bewildered, as he saw her coming towards him. He now took her arm from around his neck, pressed her hand again and again to his lips, and then laying it on his heart crossed his arms over it, letting one of his hands rest on her head. For a little while he could not trust himself to speak; his love suddenly threatened to overmaster his power of self-renunciation. But then, not knowing why she had come unless from some great sympathy for his sufferings, or perhaps to see him once more since he was now soon to go away, and not understanding any cause for her distress except the tragedy in which he had entangled her life, feeling only sorrow for her sorrow and wishing only by means of his last words to help her back to such peace as she

still might win, he said to her with immeasurable gentleness:

"I thought you would never come. I thought I should have to go away without seeing you again. They tell me it is not yet a month since the accident, but it seems to me so long—a lifetime! I have lain here day after day thinking it all over, and I see things differently now—so differently! That is why I wanted to see you once more. I wanted you to understand that I felt you had done right in refusing—in refusing to marry me. I wanted to ask you never to blame yourself for what has happened—never to let any thought of having made me unhappy add to the sorrow of your life. It is my fault, not yours. But I meant it,—God knows I meant it,—for the happiness of us both. I believed that your life was not suited to you. I meant to make you happy. But since you cannot give your life up, I have only been unkind. And since you think it wrong to give it up, I am glad that you are so true to it. If you must live it, Heaven only knows how glad I am that you will not fail. And Heaven keep me so true to the duty in mine that I also shall not fail in it! If we never meet again, we can always think of each other as living true to ourselves and to each other. Don't deny me this. Even your vows will not deny me this. It will always keep us near each other, and it will bring us together where they cannot separate us."

He had spoken with entire repression of himself, in the slow voice of an invalid, and on the stillness of the room each word had fallen with hard distinctness. But now, with the thought of the loss of her, by a painful effort he moved closer to the edge of the bed, put his arms around her neck, drew her face against his own, and continued:

"But do not think it is easy to tell you this. Do not think it is easy to give you up. Do not think that I do not love you. O Pauline, not in another life, but in this—in this!" He could say no more; and out of the fountain of his physical weakness tears rose to his eyes and fell drop by drop upon her veil.

VIII.

SISTER DOLOROSA had been missed from the convent. There had been inquiry growing ever more anxious, and then search growing ever more hurried. They found her bucket overturned at the cistern and near it the print of her feet in the moist earth. But she was gone. They sought her in every hidden closet, they climbed to the observatory and scanned the surrounding fields. All work was left unfinished, all prayer unended, as the news

spread throughout the vast building; and as time went by and nothing was heard of her uneasiness became alarm, and alarm became a vague, immeasurable foreboding of ill. Each now remembered how strange of late had been Sister Dolorosa's life and actions, and no one had the heart to name her own particular fears to any other or to read them in any other's eyes. Time passed on, and all discipline in the convent was forgotten. The nuns began to pour out into the long corridors, and in tumultuous groups passed this way and that, seeking the Mother Superior. But the Mother Superior had gone to the church with the same impulse that in all ages has brought the human heart to the altar of God when stricken by peril or disaster; and into the church they also gathered. Into the church likewise came the white flock of the novices, who had burst from their isolated quarter of the convent with a sudden contagion of fear. When, therefore, the Mother Superior rose from where she had been kneeling, turned, and in the dark church saw them all assembled close around her, pallid, anxious, disordered, and looking with helpless dependence to her for that assurance for which she had herself in helpless dependence looked to God, so unnerved was she by the spectacle that her strength failed her and she sank upon the steps of the altar, stretching out her arms once more in voiceless supplication towards the altar of the infinite helpfulness.

But at that moment a little novice whom Sister Dolorosa loved and whom she had taught the music of the harp came running into the church, wringing her hands and crying. When she was half way down the aisle, in a voice that rang through the building she called out:

"O Mother, she is coming! Something has happened to her! Her veil is gone!" And, turning again, she ran out of the church.

They were hurrying after her when a note of command, inarticulate but imperious, from the Mother Superior arrested every foot and drew every eye in that direction. Voice had failed her, but with a gesture full of dignity and reproach she waved them back, and supporting her great form between two of the nuns she advanced slowly down the aisle of the church and passed out by the front entrance. But they forgot to obey her and followed; and when she descended the steps to the bottom and made a sign that she would wait there, on all the steps behind they stood grouped and crowded back to the sacred doors.

Yes, she was coming; coming up the avenue of elms; coming slowly, as though her strength was almost gone. As she passed un-

der the trees on one side of the avenue she touched their trunks one by one for support. She walked with her eyes turned towards the ground and with the abstraction of one who has lost all purpose in walking. When she was perhaps half way up the avenue, as she paused by one of the trees and supported herself against it, she raised her eyes and saw them all waiting to receive her on the steps of the church. For a little while she stood and surveyed the scene—the Mother Superior standing in front, her sinking form supported between two Sisters, her hands clasping the crucifix to her bosom; behind her all the others, step above step, back to the doors, some looking at her with frightened faces, others with their heads buried on each other's shoulders, and hiding somewhere in the throng the little novice, only the sound of whose sobbing revealed her presence. Then Sister Dolorosa took her hand from the tree, walked on quite steadily until she was several yards distant, and paused again.

She had torn off her veil, and her head was bare and shining. She had torn the sacred symbol from her bosom, and through the black rent they could see the glistening whiteness of her breast. Comprehending them all in one glance, as though she wished them all to listen, she looked into the face of the Mother Superior and began to speak in a voice utterly forlorn, as of one who has passed the limits of suffering:

"Mother!"

"Mother!"

She passed one hand slowly across her forehead, as if to brush away some cloud from her brain, and for the third time she began to speak:

"Mother!"

Then she paused, pressed both palms quickly to her temples, and turned her eyes in bewildered appeal towards the Mother Superior. But she did not fall. With a cry that might have come from the heart of the boundless pity the Mother Superior broke away from the restraining arms of the nuns and rushed forward and caught her to her bosom.

IX.

THE day had come when Gordon was well enough to go home. As he sat giving directions to Ezra, who was awkwardly packing his valise, he looked over the books, papers, and letters that lay on the table near the bed.

"There is one letter missing," he said, with a troubled expression, as he finished his search. Then he added quietly, in a tone of helpless entreaty: "You could n't have taken it to the

station and mailed it with the others, could you, Ezra? It was not to go to the station. It was to have gone to the convent."

The last sentence he uttered rather to his own thought than for the ear of his listener.

"I took it to the convent," said Ezra, stoutly, raising himself from over the valise in the middle of the floor. "I did n't take it to the station."

Gordon wheeled on him, giving a wrench to his wound which may have caused the groan that burst from him and left him white and trembling.

"You took it to the convent! Great God, Ezra! When?"

"The day you told me to take it," replied Ezra, simply. "The day the Sister came to see you."

"O Ezra!" he cried, looking into the rugged, faithful countenance of the old man, and feeling that he had not so much as the right to censure him.

Now for the first time he comprehended the whole significance of what had happened. He had never certainly known what motive had brought her to him that day. He had never been able to understand why, having come in a state of evident emotion, she had gone away with such abruptness. Scarcely had he begun to speak to her when she had withdrawn her arm from around his neck and strangely shrunk from him; and scarcely had he ceased speaking when she had left the room without a word, and without his having so much as seen her face.

Slowly now the sad truth forced itself upon his mind that she had come in answer to his entreaty. She must have thought his letter just written, himself just wounded and dying. It was as if he had betrayed her into the utmost expression of her love for him and in that moment had coldly admonished her of her duty. For him she had broken what was to her the most sacred obligation of her life, and in return he had given her an exhortation to be faithful to her vows.

He went home to one of the older secluded country-places of the blue-grass region not far from Lexington. His all but fatal illness served to account for a strange gravity and sadness in him. When the winter had passed and spring had come, bringing him perfect health again, this sadness only deepened. For health had brought back the ardor of life. All the glowing colors of the world returned; and with these there flowed back into his heart, as waters flow back into a well that has gone dry, the perfect love of youth and strength with which he had loved her and tried to win her at first. And with this love of her came back the first complete realization of all that he

had lost; and with this pain, that keenest pain of having been most unkind to her when he had meant and striven to be kindest.

He now looked back upon his illness, as one who has gained some clear headland looks down upon a valley so dark and overhung with mist that he cannot trace his own course across it. He was no longer in sympathy with that mood of self-renunciation which had influenced him in their last interview. He charged himself with having given up too easily; for might he not, after all, have won her? Might he not, little by little, have changed her conscience, as little by little he had gained her love? Would it have been possible, he asked himself again and again, for her ever to come to him as she had come that day had not her conscience approved? Of all his torturing thoughts none cost him greater suffering than his living over in imagination what must have happened to her since then — the humiliation, perhaps public exposure, followed by penalties and sorrows of which he durst not think, and certainly a life more infinitely unrelieved in its gloom of vision and desolation of heart.

In the summer his father's health began to fail and in the autumn he died. The winter was passed in settling the business of the estate, and before the spring passed again Gordon found himself at the head of affairs, and stretching out before him, calm and clear, the complete independence of his new-found manhood. His life was his own to make it what he would. As fortunes go in Kentucky he was wealthy, his farm being among the most beautiful of all the beautiful ones which make up that land, and his homestead being dear through family ties and those intimations of fireside peace which lay closest the heart of his ideal life. But, amid all his happiness, that one lack which made all the rest appear lacking, that vacancy which nothing would fill! The beauty of the rich land henceforth brought him always the dreamlike recollection of a rough poor country a hundred miles away. Its quiet homesteads with the impression they create of sweet and simple lives reminded him only of a convent standing lonely and forbidding in the wide landscape. The calm liberty of woods and fields, the bounding liberty of life, the enlightened liberty of conscience and religion, which were to him the best gifts of his State, his country, and his time, forced on him perpetual contrast to the ancient confinement in which she languished.

Still he threw himself resolutely into his duties. In all that he did or planned he felt a certain sacred and uplifting force added to his life by that high bond through which he had sought to unite their sundered pathways.

But, on the other hand, the haunting pain of the thought of what might have befallen her since became a corrosive care, and began to eat out the heart of all his resolute purposes.

So that when the long, calm summer had passed again and autumn had come, bringing to him lonelier days in the brown fields, lonelier rides on horseback through the gorgeous woods, and lonelier evenings beside his rekindled hearthstone, he could bear the suspense no longer and made up his mind to go back, if but to hear tidings whether she yet was living in the convent. He realized, of course, that under no circumstances could he ever again speak to her of his love. He had put himself on the side of her conscience against his own cause; but he felt that he owed it to himself to dissipate all uncertainty regarding her fate. This done, he could then return, however sadly, and take up the duties of his life with better heart.

X.

ONE Sunday afternoon he got off again at the little station. From one of the few rustic loungers on the platform he learned that old Ezra and Martha had gone the year before to live with a son in a distant State, and that their scant acres had been absorbed in the convent domain.

Slowly he took his way across the somber fields. Once more he reached the brown footpath and the edge of the pale, thin corn. Once more the summoning whistle of the quail came sweet and clear from the depths of a neighboring thicket. Silently in the reddening west were rising the white cathedrals of the sky. It was on yonder hilltop that he had first seen her, standing as though transfigured in the evening light. Overwhelmed by the memories which the place evoked, he passed on towards the convent. The first sight of it in the distance smote him with a pain so sharp that a groan escaped his lips, as from a reopened wound.

It was the hour of the vesper service. Entering the church, he sat where he had sat before. How still it was, how faint the autumnal sunlight stealing in through the sainted windows, how motionless the dark company of nuns seated on one side of the nave, how rigid the white rows of novices on the other!

With sad fascination of search his eyes roved among the black-shrouded devotees. She was not there. In the organ-loft above, a voice, poor and thin, began to pour out its wavering little tide of song. She was not there, then. Had her soul already gone home to Heaven?

Noiselessly from behind the altar the sacristine had come forth to light the candles. With eyes strained and all the heart gone out of him he hung upon the movements of her figure. A slight, youthful figure it was—slighter, as though worn and wasted; and the hands which so firmly bore the long taper looked too white and fragile to have upheld aught heavier than the stalk of a lily.

With infinite meekness and reverence she moved hither and thither about the shrine, as though each footfall were a step nearer the glorious Presence, each breath a prayer. One by one there sprang into being beneath her touch of love the silvery spires of sacred flame. No angel of the night ever more softly lighted the stars of heaven. And it was thus that he saw her for the last time—folded back to the bosom of that faith from which it was left him to believe that he had all but rescued her to love and happiness, and set as a chastening admonition to tend the mortal fires on the altar of eternal service.

Looking at her across the vast estranging gulf of destiny, heartbroken he asked himself in his poor yearning way whether she longer had any thought of him or longer loved him. For answer he had only the assurance given in her words, which now rose as a benediction in his memory:

"If He will deign to hear the ceaseless, fervent petition of one so erring, he will not leave you unhappy on account of that love for me which in this world it will never be allowed me to return."

One highest star of adoration she kindled last, and then turned and advanced down the aisle. He was sitting close to it, and as she came towards him, with irresistible impulse he bent forward to meet her, his lips parted as though to speak, his eyes implored her for recognition, his hands were instinctively moved to attract her notice. But she passed him with unuplifted eyes. The hem of her dress all but swept across his foot. In that intense moment, which compressed within itself the joy of another meeting and the despair of an eternal farewell—in that moment he may have tried to read through her face and beyond it in her very soul the story of what she must have suffered. To any one else on her face rested only that beauty, transcending description, which is born of the sorrow of earth and the peace of God.

Mournful as was this final vision of her and touched with remorse, he could yet bear it away in his heart for long remembrance not untempered by consolation. He saw her well; he saw her faithful; he saw her bearing the sorrows of her lot with angelic sweetness. Through years to come the beauty of this

scene might abide with him, lifted above the realm of all mortal changes by the serenity of her immovable devotion.

XI.

THERE was thus spared Gordon all knowledge of the great change that had taken place regarding Sister Dolorosa within the councils of the order; nor perhaps was he ever to learn of the other changes, more eventful still, that were now fast closing in upon her destiny.

When the Creator wishes to create a woman the beauty of whose nature is to prefigure the types of an immortal world, he endows her more plenteously with the faculty of innocent love. The contravention of this faculty has time after time resulted in the most memorable tragedies that have ever saddened the history of the race. He had given to the nature of Pauline Cambron two strong, unwearying wings—the pinion of faith and the pinion of love. It was his will that she should soar by the use of both. But the use of one had been denied her; and the vain and bewildered struggles which marked her life thenceforth were as those of a bird that should try to rise into the air with one of its wings bound tightly against its breast.

When she arose from the illness which followed upon the events of that terrible day she took towards her own conduct the penitential attitude enjoined by her religion. There is little need to lay bare all that followed. She had passed out of her soft world of heroic dreams into the hard world of unheroic reality. She had chosen a name to express her sympathy with the sorrows of the world, and the sorrows of the world had broken in upon her. Out of the white dawn of the imagination she had stepped into the heat and burden of the day.

Long after all penances and prayers were over, long after she might have felt herself forgiven by all others, she was as far as ever from that forgiveness which comes from within. It is not characteristic of a nature such as hers to win pardon so easily for such an offense as she considered hers. Indeed, as time passed on, all the powers of her being seemed concentrated more and more in one impassioned desire to expiate her sin; for, as time passed on, more and more, despite all penances and prayers, she realized that she still loved him.

As she pondered this, she said to herself that peace would never come unless she should go elsewhere and begin life over in some place that was free from the memories of her fall. There was so much to remind her of him. She could not go into the garden without recalling the day when they had walked through it side by side. She could not cross the threshold

of the church without being reminded that it was the scene of her unfaithfulness and of her exposure. The graveyard, the footpath across the fields, the observatory—all were full of disturbing images. And therefore she besought the Mother Superior to send her away to some one of the missions of the order, thinking that thus she would win forgetfulness of him and singleness of heart.

But while the plan of doing this was yet being considered by the Mother Superior there happened one of those events which seem to fit into the crises of our lives as though determined by the very laws of fate. The attention of the civilized world had not yet been fixed upon the heroic labors of the Belgian priest Father Damien among the lepers of the island of Molokai. But it has been stated that near the convent are the monks of La Trappe. Among these monks were friends of the American priest Brother Joseph, who for years was one of Father Damien's assistants; and to these friends this priest from time to time wrote letters, in which he described at great length the life of the leper settlement and the work of the small band of men and women who had gone to labor in that remote and awful vineyard. The contents of these letters were made known to the ecclesiastical superior of the convent, and one evening he made them the subject of a lecture to the assembled nuns and novices, dwelling with peculiar eloquence upon the devotion of the three Franciscan Sisters who had become outcasts from all human society that they might nurse and teach leprosy girls, until inevitable death should overtake them also.

Among that breathless audience of women there was one soul on whom his words fell with the force of a message from the Eternal. Here then, at last, was offered her a pathway by following meekly to the end of which she might perhaps find blessedness. The real Man of Sorrows appeared to stand in it and to beckon her on to the abodes of those abandoned creatures whose sufferings he had with peculiar pity so often stretched forth his hand to heal. When she laid before the Mother Superior her petition to be allowed to go it was at first refused, being regarded as a momentary impulse; but months passed, and at intervals, always more earnestly, she renewed her request. It was pointed out to her that when one has gone among the lepers there is no return: the consequence is either lifelong banishment or death from leprosy, usually at the end of a few years. But always her reply was:

"In the name of Christ, Mother, let me go!"

Meantime it had become clear to the Mother Superior that some change of scene must be made. The days of Sister Dolorosa's

usefulness in the convent were too plainly over.

It had not been possible in that large household of women to conceal the fact of her unfaithfulness to her vows. As one black veil whispered to another, as one white veil communed with its attentive neighbor, little by little events were gathered and pieced together until, in different forms of error and rumor, the story became known to all. Some from behind window lattices had watched her in the garden with the young stranger on the day of his visiting the convent. Others had heard of his lying wounded at the farmhouse. Still others were sure that under pretext of visiting old Martha she had often met him in the fields. And then the scene on the steps of the church, when she had returned soiled, and torn, and fainting.

So that from the day on which she arose from her illness and began to go about the convent she was singled out as a target for those small arrows which the feminine eye directs with such faultless skill at one of its own sex. With scarcely perceptible movements they would draw aside when passing her, as though to escape corrupting contact. Certain ones of the younger Sisters, who were jealous of her beauty, did not fail to drop innuendoes for her to overhear. And upon some of the novices, whose minds were still wavering between the Church and the world, it was thought that her example might have a dangerous influence.

It is always wrong to judge motives, but it is possible that the head of the order may have thought it best that this ruined life should take on the halo of martyrdom, from which fresh luster would be reflected upon the annals of the Church. However this may be, after about eighteen months of waiting, during which correspondence was held with the Sandwich Islands, it was determined that Sister Dolorosa should be allowed to go thither and join in the labors of the Franciscan Sisters.

From the day when consent was given she passed into that peace with which one ascends the scaffold or awaits the stake. It was this look of peace that Gordon had seen on her face as she moved hither and thither about the shrine.

Only a few weeks after he had thus seen her the day came for her to go. Of all who took part in the scene of farewell she was the most unmoved. A month later she sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu, and in due time there came from Honolulu to the Mother Superior the following letter. It contains all that remains of the earthly history of Pauline Cambron.

XII.

KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,
January 1, 188-.

DEAR MOTHER: I entreat you not to let the sight of this strange handwriting, instead of one that must be so familiar, fill you with too much alarm. I hasten to assure you that before my letter closes you will understand why Sister Dolorosa has not written herself.

Since the hour when the vessel sailed from the American port bearing to us that young life as a consecrated helper in our work among these suffering outcasts of the human race I know that your thoughts and prayers have followed her with unceasing anxiety; so that first of all things I should give you tidings that the vessel reached Honolulu in safety. I should tell you also that she had a prosperous voyage, and that she is now happy—far happier than when she left you. I know likewise that your imagination has constantly hovered about this island, and that you have pictured it to yourself as the gloomiest of all spots in the universe of God; so that in the next place I should try to remove this impression by giving you some description of the island itself, which has now become her unchanging home.

The island of Molokai, then, on which the leper settlement has been located by the Government, is long, and shaped much like the leaf of the willow tree. All the Sandwich Islands, as you well know, are a group of volcanoes out of which the fires have for the most part long since died. Molokai, therefore, is really but a mountain of cooled lava, half of which perhaps is beneath the level of the sea. The two leper villages are actually situated in the very cup of an ancient crater. The island is very low along the southern coast, and slopes gradually to its greatest altitude on the northern ridge, from which the descent to the sea is in places all but perpendicular. It is between the bases of these northern cliffs and the sea that the villages are built. In the rear of them is a long succession of towering precipices and wild ravines that are solemn and terrible to behold, and in front of them there is a coast line so rough with pointed rocks that as the waves rush in upon them spray is often thrown to the height of fifty or a hundred feet. It is this that makes the landing at times so dangerous, and at other times, when a storm has burst, so fatal. So that shipwrecks are not unknown, dear Mother, and sometimes add to the sadness of life in this place.

But from this description you would get only a mistaken idea of the aspect of the island. It is sunny and full of tropical loveliness. The lapse of centuries has in places covered the lava with exquisite verdure. Soft breezes blow here, about the dark cliffs hang purple atmospheres, and above them drift pink and white clouds. Sometimes the whole island is veiled in golden mist. Beautiful streams fall down its green precipices into the sea, and the sea itself is of the most brilliant blue. In its depths are growths of pure white corals that are the homes of fishes of the most gorgeous colors.

If I should speak no longer of the island, but of the people instead, I could perhaps do something still further to dissipate the dread with which you and all other strangers must regard us. The inhabitants are a simple, generous, happy race, and

there are many spots in this world—many in Europe and Asia, perhaps some in your own land—where the scenes of suffering and death are more poignant and appalling. The lepers live for the most part in decent white cottages. Many are the happy faces that are seen among them; so that, strange as it may seem, healthy people would sometimes come here to live if the laws did not forbid. So much has Christianity done that one may now be buried in consecrated ground.

If all this appears worldly and frivolous, dear Mother, forgive me. If I have chosen to withhold from you news of her of whom alone I know you are thinking, it is because I have wished to give you as bright a picture as possible. Perhaps you will thus become the better prepared for what is to follow.

So that, before I go further, I shall pause again to describe to you one spot which is the loveliest of all on the island. About a mile and a half from the village of Kalawao there is a rocky point which is used as an irregular landing-place when the sea is wild. Just beyond this point there is an inward curve of the coast, making an inlet of the sea, and from the water's edge there slopes backward into the bosom of the island a deep ravine. Down this ravine there falls and winds a gleaming white cataract, and here the tropical vegetation grows most beautiful. The trees are wreathed with moist creepers, the edges and crevices of the lava blocks are fringed with ferns and moss. Here bloom the wild ginger and the crimson lehua. Here grow trees of orange and palm and punhala groves. Here one sees the rare honey-bird with its plumage of scarlet velvet, the golden plover, and the beautiful white boatswain-bird wheeling about the black cliffs. The spot is as beautiful as a scene in some fairy tale. When storms roll in from the sea the surf flows far back into this ravine, and sometimes, after the waters have subsided, a piece of wreckage from the ocean is left behind.

Forgive me once more, O dear Mother, if again I seem to you so idle and unmeaning in my words. But I have found it almost impossible to go on; and besides I think you will thank me, after you have read my letter through, for telling you first of this place.

From the day of our first learning that there was a young spirit among you who had elected for Christ's sake to come here and labor with us we had counted the days till she should arrive. The news had spread throughout the leper settlement. Father Damien had made it known to the lepers in Kalawao, Father Wendolin had likewise told it among the lepers in Kaulapapa, and the Protestant ministers spoke of it to their flocks. Thus her name had already become familiar to hundreds of them, and many a prayer had been offered up for her safety.

Once a week there comes to Molokai from Honolulu a little steamer called *Mokolii*. When it reached here last Saturday morning it brought the news that just before it sailed from Honolulu the vessel bearing Sister Dolorosa had come into port. She had been taken in charge by the Sisters until the *Mokolii* should return and make the next trip. I should add that the steamer leaves at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and that in ordinary weather it usually reaches here at about dawn of the following morning.

And now, dear Mother, I beseech you to lay my letter aside. Do not read farther now. Lay it aside, and do not take it up again until you have sought in prayer the consolation of our divine religion for all the sorrows of our lives.

I shall believe that you have done this, and that as you now go on with the reading of my letter you have gained the fortitude to hear what I have scarcely the power to write. Heaven knows that in my poor way I have sought to prepare you!

As it was expected that the steamer would reach the island about dawn on Saturday morning, as usual, it had been arranged that many of us should be at the landing-place to give her welcome. But about midnight one of the terrific storms which visit this region suddenly descended, enveloping the heavens, which had been full of the light of the stars, in impenetrable darkness. We were all sleepless with apprehension that the vessel would be driven upon the rocks—such was the direction of the storm—long before it could come opposite the villages; and a few hours before day Father Damien, accompanied by Father Conrardi, Brother James, and Brother Joseph, went down to the coast. Through the remaining hours of the night they watched and waited, now at one point and now at another, knowing that the vessel could never land in such a storm. As the dawn broke, they followed up the coast until they came opposite that rocky point of which I have already spoken as being an irregular landing-place.

Here they were met by two or three men who were drenched with the sea and just starting towards the villages, and from them they learned that an hour or two before the steamer had been driven upon the hidden rocks of the point. It had been feared that it would soon be sunk or dashed to pieces, and as quickly as possible a boat had been put off in which were the leper girls that were being brought from Honolulu. There was little hope that it would ever reach the shore, but it was the last chance of life. In this boat, dear Mother, Sister Dolorosa also was placed. Immediately afterwards a second boat was put off containing all the others that were on board.

Of the fate of the first boat they had learned nothing. Their own had been almost immediately capsized, and so far as they knew they were the sole survivors. The Hawaiians are the most expert of swimmers, being almost native to the sea; and since the distance was short and only these survived you will realize how little chance there was for any other.

During the early hours of the morning, which broke dark and inexpressibly sad for us, a few bodies were found washed ashore, among them those of two leper girls of Honolulu. But our search for her long proved unavailing. At length Father Damien suggested that we follow up the ravine which I have described, and it was thither that he and brother Joseph and I accordingly went. Father Damien thought it well that I should go with them.

It was far inland, dear Mother, that at last we found her. She lay outstretched on a bare, black rock of lava which sloped upward from the sea. Her naked white feet rested on the green moss that fringed its lower edge, and her head was sheltered from the burning sun, which had now come forth, by branches of ferns. Almost over her eyes, the

lids of which were stiff with the salt of the ocean, there hung a spray of white poppies. It was as though nature would be kind to her in death.

At the sight of her face, so young and having in it the purity and the peace of Heaven, we all knelt down around her without a word, and for a while we could do nothing but weep. Surely nothing so spotless was ever washed ashore on this polluted island. If I sinned, I pray to be forgiven, but I found a strange joy in thinking that the corruption of this terrible disease had never been laid upon her. Heaven had accepted in advance her faithful spirit, and had spared her the long years of bodily suffering.

At Father Damien's direction Brother Joseph returned to the village for a bier and for four lepers who should still be strong enough to bear it. When they came we laid her on it and bore her back to the village, where Mother Marianne took the body in charge and prepared it for burial.

How shall I describe her funeral? The lepers were her pall-bearers. The news of the shipwreck had quickly spread throughout the settlement, and these simple, generous people yield themselves so readily to the emotion of the hour. When the time arrived, it seemed that all who could walk had come to follow her to the churchyard. It was a moving sight—the long, wavering train of that death-

stricken throng, whose sufferings had so touched the pity of our Lord when he was on earth, and the desolation of whose fate she had come to lessen. There were the young and the old alike, Protestants and Catholics without distinction, children with their faces so strangely aged with ravages of the leprosy, those advanced in years with theirs so mutilated and marred. Others, upon whom the leprosy had made such advance that they were too weak to walk, sat in their cottage doors and lifted their husky voices in singing that wailing native hymn in which they bemoan their hopeless fate. Some of the women after a fashion of their own wore large wreaths of blue blossoms and green leaves about their withered faces.

And it was thus that we lepers—I say we lepers because I am one of them, since I cannot expect long to escape the disease—it was thus that we lepers followed her to the graveyard in the rock by the sea, where Father Damien with his own hands had helped to dig her grave. And there, dear Mother, all that is mortal of her now rests. But we know that long ere this she has heard the words, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Mother Marianne would herself have written, but she was called away to the leprosy.

May the hope of meeting her in Paradise sustain you!

SISTER AGATHA.

THE END.

James Lane Allen.

IN LONDON TOWN.

IT is not here I best enjoy
The pleasure, that can never cloy,
Of idly roaming London town,
Where such familiar names look down
Upon the wanderer in the street,
From Cheapside, Cornhill, and the Fleet.
The noisy, pushing, bustling crowd,
The din of trade and traffic loud,
Confuse the too bewildered sense
And drive a thousand memories hence.
When in the quiet town once more,
Where not a murmur of the roar
Of busy trade or loud displays
Disturb the quiet of her ways,
Backward my soul will turn and then
Will walk these London streets again;
While wits and poets of years gone by,
Who now in dim cathedrals lie,
Will meet me where their memories make
The places dearer for their sake—
And with their shades perchance a few
Of living forms shall mingle too.
So, often when the daylight dies,
Shall I at evening close my eyes
To walk again the Strand, the Fleet,
And every dear familiar street,
And, undisturbed by din or roar,
Find every house and nook once more.
My London, which I carry west,
Is peopled only by her best.

Walter Learned.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—IV.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

THE OUTCOME OF A COUNCIL OF WAR.



WHEN Fitz and I, early the next morning, arrived at the colonel's office he was already on hand and in a state of high nervous excitement. His

coat, which in its various combinations always expressed, so far as a coat could express, the condition of his mind, was buttoned close under his chin, giving to his slender figure quite a military air. He was pacing the floor with measured tread; one hand was thrust into his bosom, senator fashion, the other was held behind his back.

"Not a line, suh; not the scrape of a pen. If his purpose, suh, is to ignore me altogether, I shall horsewhip him on sight."

"Have you looked through the firm's mail?" said Fitz, glad of the respite.

"Eve'ywhere, suh—not a scrap."

"I will hunt him up"; and Fitz hurried down to Klutchem's office in the hope of either intercepting the challenge or pacifying the object of the colonel's wrath, if by any good chance the letter should not have reached him until the morning.

In ten minutes he returned with the mystifying news that Mr. Klutchem's letters had been sent to his apartment the night before, and that a telegram had just been received notifying his clerks that he would not be down that day.

"Escaped, suh, has he? Run like a dog! Like a yaller dog as he is! Where has he gone?"

"After a policeman, I guess," said Fitz.

The colonel stopped, and an expression of profound contempt overspread his face.

"If the gentleman has fallen so low, suh, that he proposes to go about with a constable taggin' after his heels, you can tell him, suh, that he is safe even from my boot."

Then he shut the door of the private office in disgust, leaving Fitz and me on the outside.

"What are we going to do, Major?" said Fitz, now really anxious. "I am positive that old Klutchem either has left town or is at this moment at police headquarters. If so, the dear old fellow will be locked up before sundown. Klutchem got that letter last night."

It was at once decided to head off Klutchem,

Fitz keeping an eye on his office every half-hour in the hope that he might turn up, and I completing the arrangements for the colonel's bail so as to forestall the possibility of his remaining in custody overnight.

The whole of the day was consumed by Fitz in his efforts to lay hands on Klutchem in order to prevent the law from performing the same service for the colonel. My own arrangements were more easily completed, a friend properly possessed of sufficient real estate to make good his bond being in readiness for any emergency. One o'clock came, then three, then five; the colonel all the time keeping to the seclusion of his private office, Fitz watching for Klutchem, and I waiting in the larger office for the arrival of one of those clean-shaven, thick-set young men, in a Derby hat and sack-coat, the unexpected pair of handcuffs in his outside pocket.

The morning of the second day the situation remained still unchanged: Fitz had been unable to find Klutchem either at his office or at his lodgings, the colonel was still without any reply from his antagonist, and no young man answering to my fears had put in any appearance whatever.

The only new feature was a telegram from Tom Yancey to the effect that he and Judge Kerfoot would arrive about noon, and another from the judge himself begging a postponement until he could reach the field.

Fitz read both despatches in a corner by himself, with a face expressive of the effect these combined troubles were making upon his otherwise happy countenance. He then crumpled them up in his hand and slid them into his pocket.

Up to this time not a soul in the office except the colonel, Fitz, and I had the faintest hint of the impending tragedy, it being one of the colonel's maxims that all affairs of honor demanded absolute silence.

"If yo' enemy falls," he would say, "it is mo' courteous to say nothin' but good of the dead; and when you cannot say that, better keep still. If he is alive, let him do the talkin'—he will soon kill himself."

Fitz kept still because he felt sure if he could get hold of Klutchem the whole affair, either outcome, powder, or law, could be prevented.

"Just as I had got the syndicate to look into the coal land," said Fitz, "which is the only thing the colonel's got worth talking about,

here he goes and gets into a first-class cast iron scrape like this. What a lovely old idiot he is! But I tell you, Major, something has got to be done about this shooting business right away! Here I have arranged for a meeting at the colonel's house on Saturday to discuss this new coal development, and the syndicate's agent is coming, and we can't for the life of us tell whether the colonel will be on his way home in a pine box or locked up here for trying to murder that old windbag. It's horrible!

"And to cap the climax,"—and he pulled out the crumpled telegrams,—“here comes a gang of fire-eaters who will make it twice as difficult for me to settle anything. I wish I could find Klutchem!”

While he spoke the office door opened, ushering in a stout man with a red face, accompanied by an elderly white-haired gentleman, in a butternut suit. The red-faced man was carrying a carpet bag—not the Northern variety of wagon-curtain canvas, but the regular old-fashioned carpet kind with leather handles and a mouth like a catfish. The snuff-colored gentleman's only charge was a heavy hickory cane and an umbrella with a waist like a market-woman's.

The red-faced man took off a wide straw hat and uncovered a head slightly bald and reeking with perspiration.

"I 'm lookin' fur Colonel Caarter, suh. Is he in?"

Fitz pointed to the door of the private office, and the elderly man drew his cane and rapped twice. The colonel must have recognized the signal as a familiar one, for the door opened with a spring, and the next moment he had them both by the hands.

"Why, Jedge, this is indeed an honor—and Tom! Of co'se I knew you would come, Tom; but the Jedge I did not expect until I got yo' telegram. Give me yo' bag, and put yo' umbrella in the corner.

"Here Fitz, Major; both of you come in here at once.

"Jedge Kerfoot, gentlemen, of the district cote of Fairfax County. Major Tom Yancey, of the army."

The civilities over, extra chairs were brought in, the door again closed, and a council of war was held.

Major Yancey's first word—but I must describe Yancey. Imagine a short, oily skinned, perpetually perspiring sort of man of forty, with a décolleté collar, a double-breasted velvet vest with glass buttons, and skin-tight light trousers held down to a pair of high-heeled boots by leather straps. The space between his waistband and vest was made good by certain puckerings of his shirt anxious to escape the thralldom of his suspenders. His paunch be-

gan and ended so suddenly that he constantly reminded you of a man who had swallowed a toy balloon.

Major Yancey's first word was an anxious inquiry as to whether he was late, adding, "I came ez soon ez I could settle some business mattahs." He had borrowed his traveling expenses from Kerfoot, who in turn had borrowed them from Miss Naney, keeping the impending duel, however, carefully concealed from that dear lady, and reading only that part of the colonel's letter which referred to the drawing up of some important papers in which he was to figure as chief executor.

"Late? No, Tom," said the colonel; "but the scoundrel has run to cover. We are watchin' his hole."

"You sholy don't tell me he's got away, Colonel?" replied Major Yancey.

"What could I do, Yancey? He has n't had the decency to answer my letter."

Yancey, however, on hearing more fully the facts, clung to the hope that the Yankee would yet be smoked out.

"I of co'se am not familiar with the code as practised Nawth—perhaps these delays are permis'ble; but in my county, gemmen, a challenge is a ball, and a man is killed or wounded ez soon ez the ink is dry on the papah. The time he has to live is only a mattah of muddy roads or convenience of seconds. Is there no way in which this can be fixed? I doan't like to return home without an effort bein' made."

The colonel, anxious to place the exact situation before Major Yancey so that he might go back fully assured that everything that a Carter could do had been done, read the copy of the challenge, gave the details of Fitz's efforts to find Klutchem, the repeated visits to his office, and finally the call at his apartments.

The major listened attentively, consulted aside with the judge, and then in an authoritative tone, made the more impressive by the decided way with which he hitched up his trousers, said:

"You have done all that a high-toned Southern gemman could do, Colonel. Yo' honor, suh, is without a stain."

In which opinion he was sustained by Kerfoot, who proved to be a ponderous sort of old-fashioned county judge, and who accentuated his decision by bringing down his cane with a bang.

While all this was going on in the private office under cover of profound secrecy, another sort of consultation of a much more public character was being held in the office outside.

A very bright young man—one of the clerks—held in his hand a large envelop, bearing on one end the printed address of the

firm whose private office the colonel was at that moment occupying as a council chamber. It was addressed in the colonel's well-known round hand. Neither of these facts, however, would have excited any interest of itself; for the colonel never used any other envelopes than the firm's. The public consultation concerned this letter.

The postman, who had just taken it from his bag, wanted to deliver it at its destination. The proprietor wanted to throw it back into the box for remailing, believing it to be a Garden Spot circular, and so of no especial importance. The bright young man wanted to return it to the colonel.

The bright young man prevailed, rapped at the door, and laid the letter under the colonel's nose. It bore this address:

P. A. KLUTCHEM, ESQ.,

Room 21, Star Building, Wall Street,

Immediate.

New York.

The colonel turned pale and broke the seal. Out dropped his challenge!

"Where did you get this?" he asked, aghast.

"From the carrier. It was held for postage."

HAD a bombshell been exploded the effect could not have been more startling.

Yancey was the first man on his feet.

"And the scoundrel never got it! Here, Colonel, give the letter to me. I'll go through this town like a fine-tooth comb but what I'll find him. He will never escape me. My name is Yancey, suh!"

The judge was more conservative. He had grave doubts as to whether a second challenge after a delay of two days and two nights could be sent at all. The traditions of the Carter family were a word and a blow, not a blow and a word in two days. To intrust the letter to the United States mail was a grave mistake; the colonel might have known that it would miscarry.

Fitz said grimly that letters always did, without stamps. The Government was running the post-office on a business basis, not for its health.

Yancey looked at Fitz as if the interruption wearied him, then, turning to the colonel, said that he was dumfounded that a man who had been raised as Colonel Carter could have violated so plain a rule of the code. A challenge should always be delivered by the hand of the challenger's friend. It should never be mailed.

The poor colonel, who since the discovery of the unstamped letter had sat in a heap buried in his coat collar,—the military button

having given way,—gave his version of the miscarriage.

He began by saying that when his friend Major Yancey became conversant with all the facts he would be more lenient with him. He had, he said, found the proprietor's drawer locked, and not having a stamp about him had dropped the document into the mail-box with the firm's letters, presuming that the clerks would affix the tax the Government imposed. That the document had reached the post-office was evidenced by the date-stamp on the envelop. It seemed to him a picayune piece of business on the part of the authorities to detain it, and all for the paltry sum of two cents.

Major Yancey conferred with the judge for a moment, and then said that the colonel's explanation had relieved him of all responsibility. He owed him a humble apology, and he shook his hand. Colonel Carter had done all that a high-bred gentleman could do. The letter was intrusted to the care of Mr. Klutchem's own government, the post-office as now conducted being peculiarly a Yankee institution.

"If Mr. Klutchem's own government, gentlemen,"—and he repeated it with a rising voice,—"*If Mr. Klutchem's own government does not trust him enough to deliver to him a letter in advance of a payment of two cents, such action, while highly discreditable to Mr. Klutchem, certainly does not relieve that gemman from the responsibility of answerin' Colonel Caarter.*"

The colonel said the point was well taken, and the judge sustained him.

Yancey looked around with the air of a country lawyer who had tripped up a witness, decorated a corner of the carpet, and continued:

"My idee, suh, now that I am on the ground, is for me to wait upon the gemman at once, hand him the orig'nal challenge and the two cents, and demand an immediate answer. That is," turning to Fitz, "*unless he is in hidin'.*"

Fitz replied that it was pretty clear to him that a man could not hide from a challenge he had never received. It was quite evident Klutchem was detained somewhere.

The colonel coincided, and said in justice to his antagonist that he would have to exonerate him of this charge. He did not now believe that Mr. Klutchem had run away.

Fitz, who up to this time had enjoyed every turn in the discussion, and who had listened to Yancey with a face like a graven image and knees shaking with laughter, now threw another bombshell almost as disastrous as the first.

"Besides, gentlemen, I don't think Mr. Klutchem's remarks were insulting."

The colonel's head rose out of his collar

with a jerk, and the forelegs of Yancey's chair struck the floor with a thump. Both sprang to their feet. The judge and I remained quiet. "Not insultin', suh, to call a gemman a—a— Colonel, what did the scoundrel call you?"

"It was mo' his manner," replied the colonel. "He was familiar, suh, and presumin' and offensive."

Yancey broke away again, but Fitz sidetracked him with a gesture and asked the colonel to repeat Klutchem's exact words.

The colonel gazed at the ceiling a moment and replied:

"Mr. Klutchem said that, outside of peanuts and sweet potatoes, all my road would git for freight would be niggers and razor-back hogs."

"Mr. Klutchem was right, Colonel," said Fitz. "Very sensible man. They will form a very large part of our freight. Anything offensive in that remark of Klutchem's, Major Yancey?"

The major conferred with the judge and said reluctantly that there was not.

"Go on, Colonel," continued Fitz.

"Then, suh, he said he would n't trade a yaller dog for enough of our bonds to papah a meetin'-house."

"Did he call you a yaller dog?" said Yancey, searchingly, and straightening himself up.

"No."

"Call anybody connected with you a yaller dog?"

"Can't say that he did."

"Call yo' railroad a yaller dog?"

"No, don't think so," said the colonel, now thoroughly confused and adrift.

Yancey consulted with the judge a moment in one corner and then said gravely:

"Unless some mo' direct insult is stated, Colonel, we must agree with yo' friend Mr. Fitzpatrick, and consider yo' action hasty. Now, if you had pressed the gemman and he had called you a yaller dog or a liar, somethin' might be done. Why did n't you press him?"

"I did, suh. I told him his statements were false and his manners vulgar."

"And he did not resent?"

"No, suh; on'y laughed."

"Sneeringly, and in a way that sounded like 'Yo' 're another'?"

The colonel could not remember that it was.

Yancey ruminated, and Fitz now took a hand.

"On the contrary, Major Yancey, Mr. Klutchem's laugh was a very jolly laugh; and under the circumstances a laugh very creditable to his good nature. You are young and impetuous, but I know my learned friend, Judge Kerfoot, will agree with me"—here Yancey patted his toy balloon complacently and the judge leaned forward with rapt attention—

"when I say that if any apologies are in order they should not come from Mr. Klutchem."

It was delicious to note how easily Fitz fell into the oratorical method of his hearers.

"Here is a man immersed in stocks and totally ignorant of the boundless resources of your State, who limits the freight of our road to four staples—peanuts, hogs, sweet potatoes, and niggers. As a further exhibition of his ignorance he estimates the value of a large block of our securities as far below the price set upon a light tan-colored canine, a very inexpensive animal; or, as he puts it, and perhaps too coarsely—a yellow dog. For the expression of these financial opinions in an open office during business hours he is set upon, threatened with expulsion, and finally challenged to a mortal duel. I ask you, as chivalric Virginians, is this right?"

Yancey was about to answer when the judge raised his hand impressively.

"The cote, not being familiar with the practice of this section, can on'y decide the question in acco'dance with the practice of his own county. The language used is not objectionable, either under the law or by the code. The prisoner, Klutchem, is discharged with a reprimand, and the plaintiff, Caarter, leaves the cote room without a stain on his cha'acter. The cote will now take a recess."

Fitz listened with great gravity to the decision of the learned judge, bowed to him with the pleased deference of the winning attorney, grasped the colonel's hand and congratulated him warmly on his acquittal.

Then locking his arm through Yancey's he conducted that pugnacious but parched Virginian, together with the overworked judge, out into the street, down a flight of stone steps, and into an underground apartment from which they all emerged later with that satisfied, cheerful air peculiar to a group of men who have slaked their thirst.

The colonel and I remained behind. He was in no mood for such frivolity.

A HIGH SENSE OF HONOR.

WHILE the judge's decision had relieved the colonel of all responsibility so far as Yancey and Cartersville were concerned,—and Yancey was Cartersville when he got back to the tavern stove,—there was one person it had not satisfied, and that was the colonel himself.

He began pacing the floor, recounting for my benefit the various courtesies he had received since he had lived at the North—not only from the proprietors of the office, but from every one of its frequenters. And yet after all these civilities he had so far forgotten himself



THE JUDGE AND THE MAJOR.

as to challenge a friend of his host, a very worthy gentleman, who, although a trifle brusque in his way of putting things, was still an open-hearted man. And all because he differed with him on a matter of finance.

"The mo' I think of it, Major, the mo' I am overwhelmed by my action. It was inconsiderate, suh. It was uncalled for, suh; and I am afraid"—and here he lowered his voice—"it was ill-bred and vulgar. What could those gentlemen who stood by have thought? They have all been so good to me, Major. I have betrayed their hospitality. I have forgotten my blood, suh. There is certainly an apology due Mr. Klutchem."

At this juncture Fitz returned, followed by Yancey, who was beaming all over, the judge bringing up the rear.

All three listened attentively.

"Who 's goin' to apologize?" said Yancey, shifting his thumbs from his armholes to the side pockets of his vest, from which he pinched up some shreds of tobacco.

"I am, suh!" replied the colonel.

"What for, Colonel?" The doctrine was new to Yancey.

"For my own sense of honor, suh!"

"But he never got the challenge."

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"That makes no difference, suh. I wrote it." And the colonel threw his head up and looked Major Yancey straight in the eye.

"But, Colonel, we've got the letter. Klutchem don't know a word about it."

"But I do, Major Yancey; and so do you and Fitz, and the judge and the major here. We all know it. Do you suppose, suh, for one instant, that I am cowardly enough to stab a man in the back this way and give him no chance of defendin' himself? It is monstrous, suh! Why, suh, it's no better than insultin' a deaf man and then tryin' to escape because he did not hear you. I tell you, suh, I shall apologize. Fitz, kindly inquire outside if there is any news of Mr. Klutchem."

Fitz opened the door and sent the inquiry ringing through the office.

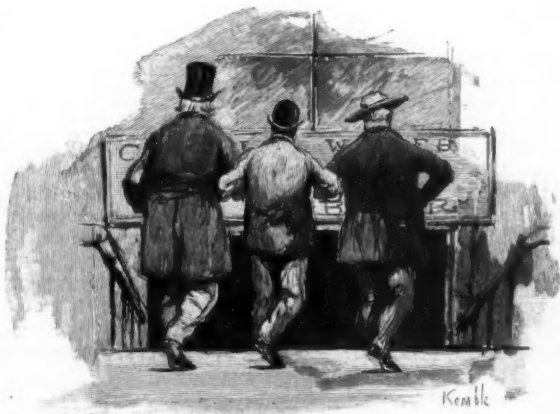
"Yes!" came a voice from around the "ticker." "Went to the races two days ago, got soaking wet, and has been laid up ever since at a friend's house with the worst attack of gout he ever had in his life."

The colonel started as if he had been stung, and put on his hat and buttoned his coat over his chest with a determined air. Then charging Yancey and the judge not to leave the office until he returned, he beckoned Fitz to him and said:

"We have not a moment to lose. Get Mr. Klutchem's address and order a caarriage."

It was the custom with Fitz never to cross the colonel in any one of his sudden whims.

Whether this was because he liked to indulge him, or because it gave him an opportunity to study a type of man entirely new to him, the result was always the same—the colonel had his way. Had the Virginian insisted upon waiting on the offending broker in a palanquin or upon the top of a four-in-hand Fitz would have found the vehicle somehow,



"DOWN A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS."

and have crawled in or on top beside him with as much complacency as if he had spent his whole life with palanquins and coaches and had had no other interests. So when the order came for the carriage Fitz winked at me with his left eye, walked to the sidewalk, whistled to a string of cabs, and the next instant we were all three whirling up the crowded street in search of the bedridden broker.

The longer the colonel brooded over the



"KLUTCHEM LOOKED AT HIM IN PERFECT ASTONISHMENT."

situation the more he was satisfied with the idea of the apology. Indeed, before he had turned down the side street leading to the temporary hospital of the suffering man he had arranged in his mind just where the ceremony would take place, and just how he would frame his opening sentence. He was glad, too, that Klutchem had been discovered so soon—while Yancey and Kerfoot were still in town.

The colonel alighted first, ran up the steps, pulled the bell with the air of a doctor called to an important case, and sent his card to the first floor back.

"Mr. Klutchem says 'Walk up,'" said the maid.

The broker was in an arm-chair with his back to the door, only the top of his bald head being visible as we entered. On a stool in front rested a foot of enormous size swathed in bandages. Leaning against his chair were a pair of crutches. He was somewhat startled at the invasion, made as it was in the busiest part of the day.

"What's up? Anybody busted?"

Fitz assured him that the Street was in a mood of the greatest tranquillity; that the visit was purely personal, and made for the express purpose of offering Colonel Carter an opportunity of relieving his mind of a pressure which at the precise moment was greater than he could bear.

"Out with it, old Garden—Colonel," broke out Klutchem, catching himself in time, and apparently greatly relieved that the situation was no worse.

The colonel, who remained standing, bowed courteously, drew himself up with a dress-parade gesture, and recounted slowly and succinctly the incidents of the preceding three days.

When he arrived at the drawing up of the challenge Klutchem looked around curiously, gathered in his crutches with his well leg,—prepared for escape or defense,—and remained thus equipped until the colonel reached the secret consultation in the private office and the return of the unstamped letter. Then he toppled his supports over on the floor and laughed until the pain in his elephantine foot bent him double.

The colonel paused until Klutchem had recovered himself, and then continued, his face still serene, and still expressive of a purpose so lofty that it excluded every other emotion.

"The return of my challenge unopened, suh, coupled with the broad views of my distinguished friends Mr. Fitzpatrick and the major,—

both personal friends of yo' own, I believe,—and the calmer reflection of my own mind, have convinced me, Mr. Klutchem, that I have been hasty and have done you a wrong; and, suh, rememberin' my blood, I have left the cares of my office for a brief moment to call upon you at once and tell you so. I regret, suh, that you have not the use of both yo' legs, but I have anticipated that difficulty. My caarriage is outside."

"Don't mention it, Colonel. You never grazed me. If you want to plaster that syndicate all over with Garden Spots, go ahead. I won't say a word. There's my hand."

The colonel never altered a line in his face nor moved a muscle of his body. Mr. Klutchem's hand remained suspended in mid air.

"Yo' action is creditable to yo' heart, suh, but you know, of course, that I cannot take yo' hand here. I insulted you in a public office, and in the presence of yo' friends and of mine, some of whom are at this moment awaitin' our return. I feel assured, suh, that under the circumstances you will make an effort, however painful it may be to you, to relieve me from this stain on my cha'acter. Allow me to offer you my arm and help you to my caarriage, suh. I will not detain you mo' than an hour."

Klutchem looked at him in perfect astonishment.

"What for?"

The colonel's color rose.

"That this matter may be settled properly, suh. I insulted you publicly in my office. I wish to apologize in the same way. It is my right, suh."

"But I can't walk; look at that foot, big as a hatbox."

"My friends will assist you, suh. I will carry yo' crutches myself. Consider my situation. You surely, as a man of honor, will not refuse me this, Mr. Klutchem?"

The colonel's eyes began to snap, and Fitz edged round to pour oil when the wind freshened. Klutchem's temper was also on the move.

"Get out of this chair with that mush poultice," pointing to his foot, "and have you cart me down to Wall street to tell me you are sorry you did not murder me! What do you take me for?"

The colonel's eyes now fairly blazed and his voice trembled with suppressed anger.

"I did take you, suh, for a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. And you refuse to go, and—"

"Yes!" roared Klutchem, his voice splitting the air like a tomahawk.

"Then, suh, let me tell you right here that if you do not get up and get into my caarriage, whenever you *can* stand on yo' wuthless legs I will thresh you so, suh, that you will never get up any mo'."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

NORTHERN TIBET AND THE YELLOW RIVER.



TIBETAN SILVER COINS.

THE caravan with which I left the Ts'aidam for the wilds of Tibet was indeed a sorry-looking one. Of seventeen ponies only three were fit for hard work; all the others were old swaybacked creatures that stumbled over a few miles daily and then sank under their small loads. But my men did not care; we had plenty to eat, and so, though the stages were short, meals were numerous and long.

After crossing the Hato Pass (altitude 15,290 feet) and the valley of the Alang gol, we passed through a range of mountains when about eight or nine miles east of Lake Alang, and entered the land of desolation which stretches to the Yellow River, some sixty miles away, a country of sand and gravel crossed by numerous ranges of low hills only a few hundred feet high. Here and there was a little stiff grass, but no running water—only small pools covered with dirty ice. Even the wild animals, so numerous in the valley to the north, keep away from this bleak country, where a few bears and wolves, which slunk away at our approach, were the only living things we saw. The weather became worse and worse as we advanced, and squalls of snow or hail followed one another with such rapidity that we had no time to dry our clothes in the rare intervals of sunshine.

This plateau is about 14,500 feet above the sea level, and the rarefied atmosphere at this altitude told rapidly on my miserable horses; even the dogs showed signs of distress and limped dejectedly behind us. We felt no brighter than the animals; our wet clothing seemed to weigh tons, our guns loaded us down, we were dizzy and nauseated, and walking was so great an effort that perspiration poured down our faces.

On the 9th of May we came to a stream flowing southward, and followed its course till it finally emerged into a valley of sand and white quartz gravel, where it emptied into a little river some fifty feet broad and two feet deep which was slowly flowing eastward. This was the head waters of the Yellow River, the Ma ch'u of Tibetans, known to the Mongols as Soloma.

As I drew near I saw a large bear standing in the river feeding on the carcass of a yak. Taking a gun from one of my men I fired at it, breaking its shoulder. When my men saw what I had shot at they turned and beat a hasty retreat, shouting to me to run, that the "wild man" might not devour me. Another shot, better aimed, put an end to the bear, but not to the fright of my Mongols, who even then would not approach. Our failure to skin my prize nearly broke my Tientsin servant's heart, for by it he lost his chance to secure the gall, a much valued medicine in China, and worth eight or ten ounces of silver in any drug shop. Mongols and Tibetans attack a bear only when they are a strong, well-armed party. My having killed one of these dreaded monsters alone seemed a feat of great daring, and the story was told to every Tibetan we met afterwards as proof positive of my dauntless courage.

About a mile to the south of the Yellow River, and divided from it by low hills, is a vast swamp. This is Karma-t'ang, "The Starry Plain," a firmament of sedge the stars of which are pools and puddles of stagnant, iridescent water. On the bank of the Huang ho, a little to the west of where I crossed it, comes yearly an official to sacrifice in the name of the emperor to the river god, that he may spare the country through which it flows and not visit it with death-dealing floods. A white horse and

dreds of thousands (report says millions) of people.

In 1884 General Prjevalsky was attacked near Karma-t'ang by a large band of K'amba Golok, a great tribe of nomadic Tibetans who live chiefly by rapine and pillage, and whose country extends from east of the sources of the Yellow River to close by the border of north-western Ssu-ch'uan.

At Karma-t'ang animal life again appeared, and enormous herds of yaks were seen grazing

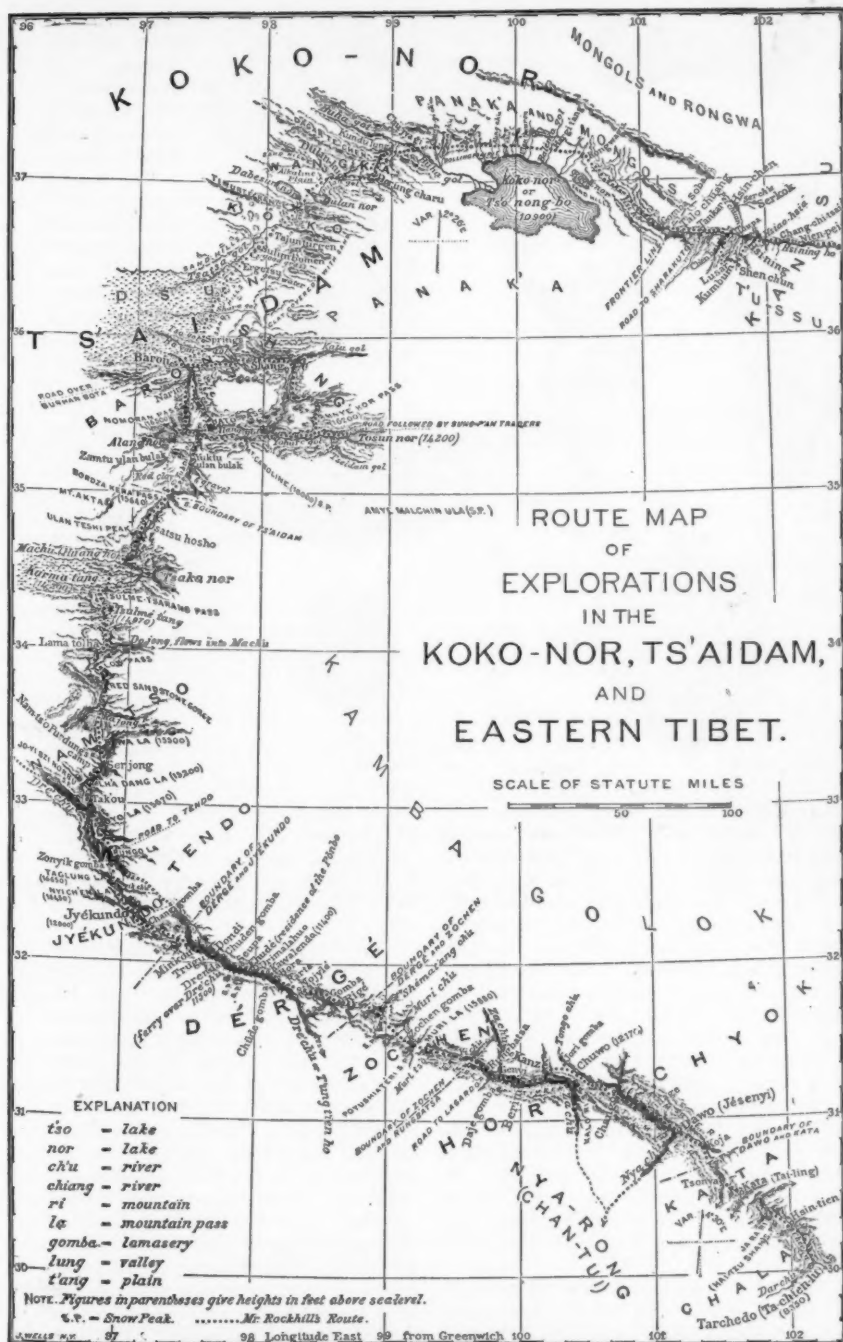


BEAR-SHOOTING AT THE SOURCE OF THE YELLOW RIVER.

seven sheep without spot or blemish are sacrificed, litanies recited, and incense burned. At least so says the report addressed to the emperor by the Amban at Hsi-ning, but I have reason to believe that the full sacrifice is not always made; and this is the more probable since the Amban's deputy is allowed only ten ounces of silver for the purchase of sacrificial animals, and nothing for traveling expenses. Evidently little faith is placed in this mode of restraining the fury and vagaries of the great river, which within the historical period has four times changed its lower course and yearly breaks through the immense levees along its banks. Its most recent change was in 1887, when it swept over more than a hundred thousand square miles of country in the provinces of Ho-nan and An-hui, obliterating innumerable towns and villages and dealing death to hun-

on every side. As we advanced beyond this point the land became higher, the hills loftier, the ground exceedingly rough, and covered everywhere with little grassy hummocks, mud-puddles, and swampy bottoms. Through these we had to twist and turn, the horses stumbling over hillocks or putting their feet into deep holes. Walking was an impossibility, and sleeping on such ground an agony. Storms were more frequent and violent, and so slow was our progress that our stock of provisions became so nearly exhausted that we were reduced to eating mutton tallow with our tsamba and tea, and even to rationing ourselves on this Spartan fare.

On the 13th of May we crossed the watershed between the Yellow River and the Dré ch'u, and entered the valley of one of its little affluents, the Ra jong. To the south rose





WOMEN'S ORNAMENTS.

a range of high mountains over which the guide said our route lay, and on the farther flank of which he thought to find tents. But snow was falling and dense masses of cloud hung down the mountain sides, so that he could with difficulty make out his landmarks. Slowly we crossed the valley and began the seemingly endless ascent of Mount Rawa. Our jaded horses could hardly advance; one after another fell, and it was only by abandoning some of my goods that we could get along. To add to our trouble Dowé, who had been riding some distance ahead, came back and said he could not find his way. When about four hundred feet from the summit¹ we saw some springs, and near by a deserted camp. Here we decided to rest for a day or two while the guide crossed the range, got his bearings, and secured, if possible, some food and pack-animals to take us on to the nearest camp.

After a day of anxious waiting he returned, and with him two wild-looking creatures in greasy sheepskin gowns, and four yaks with pack-saddles. These men were to lead us to

¹ This pass is 15,500 feet above the sea-level.

the camp of their chief and carry our baggage, but farther than that they could not go until the chief had seen us and given them permission.

The next day we crossed the pass, and, descending into a narrow valley, camped near our guides' tents. There was a man in their camp famous for his ability as a fortune-teller, so I thought I would put his talent to a crucial test by asking him about the fate of my undertaking. Taking a little book, to each leaf of which was fastened a short string, he twisted these together and bade me draw one; then looking at the writing on the page thus selected he said: "Wherever you are going travel quickly, lose no time; for on your rapid move-

ments hangs the fortune of your journey. This is your only means of success." More timely and sensible advice he could not have given me, nor any which I would have followed sooner if only I had been able.

The next day we reached the chief's camp, and it was with considerable anxiety that I awaited the return of Dowé, whom I sent at once to the chief's tent with presents and a request for food, for on my reception here depended the future of my whole journey. With horses no longer fit to travel, without food and without a guide, I could go no farther if he refused me help. After a little while my man returned and said the chief was coming to visit me, and soon he made his appearance, accompanied by two of his sons and a number of servants. Nam-ts'o Pur-dung was a fine-looking man of fifty, with clear-cut features and an expression of much dignity. Unlike the generality of his countrymen, who let their hair hang loosely over their shoulders, his head was shaved. His sheepskin gown had a broad border of otter fur, and on his head was a blue cloth cap with sable trimmings. The servants

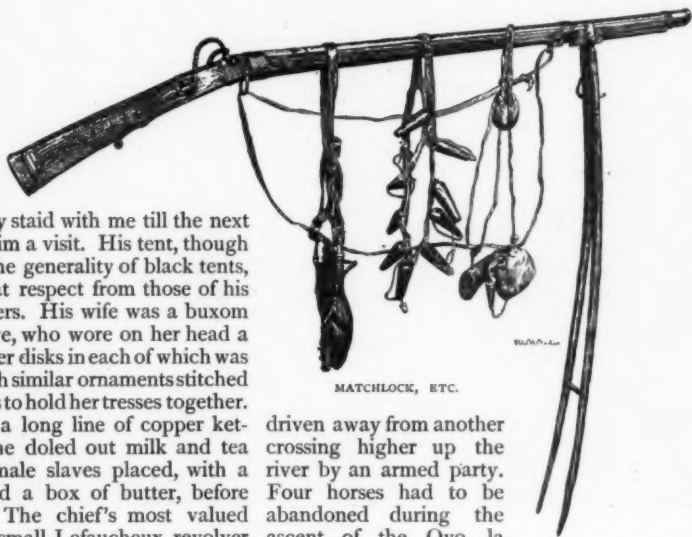
wore cotton-covered hats with wide rims and very high but narrow crowns — exaggerated Korean hats in common use in eastern Tibet and the Koko-nor in summer time. The chief brought me a bag of tsamba, another of cheese, and some butter, and said that the next day he would send me two sheep. This very kind reception astonished us, but it was soon explained. About a fortnight before, he told us, he had seen a T'ung-shih from Hsi-ning on his way south, who had said it was possible that an official from Peking would pass this way, and who had asked him, as a personal favor, to do all he could to assist the officer. This was truly an agreeable surprise, and proved that the protestations of friendship on the part of my late fellow-traveler had been sincere. His assistance was most timely, as the chief added that but for the T'ung-shih's request he would have done nothing for me.

He and his party staid with me till the next day, when I paid him a visit. His tent, though much larger than the generality of black tents, differed only in that respect from those of his less wealthy followers. His wife was a buxom woman of thirty-five, who wore on her head a crown of large amber disks in each of which was set a coral bead, with similar ornaments stitched on black satin bands to hold her tresses together. She presided over a long line of copper kettles, from which she doled out milk and tea that male and female slaves placed, with a bag of tsamba and a box of butter, before each new-comer. The chief's most valued belongings were a small Lefauchaux revolver he had bought from a Chinese, and a few fowls brought back as curiosities from a journey into Ssu-ch'uan.

He readily agreed to hire me a number of yaks to carry my luggage as far as Jyékundo, the first town south of the Dré ch'u, and exchanged three or four fresh horses for my worst ones. Besides a few presents of no great value, I promised to send him a revolver and a hundred cartridges on arriving at Jyékundo. This prize delighted him. He said that his peace was being continually broken by the Golok, who made raids on his lands; but now he would be able to sleep quietly, for when they learned, as he would take care they should learn, that he had a "six-shooter," they would be more wary how

they troubled him. We parted the best of friends, and his sons made me promise to return, agreeing to accompany me to Lh'asa then, if I wished it.

The next day we set out for Jyékundo with the addition to my party of two Tibetans riding yaks, and six yaks carrying my baggage. The chief had instructed our guide not to follow the highway, which would take us through several large villages, but to take a more direct, though a more rugged, trail. I cannot here dwell on the incidents of this part of the journey, during which we ascended six passes, five of them considerably over 15,000 feet above the sea level, crossed the Dré ch'u, our horses and cattle swimming, after having been



MATCHLOCK, ETC.

driven away from another crossing higher up the river by an armed party. Four horses had to be abandoned during the ascent of the Oyo la (altitude 15,670 feet), and after seven days of excessive fatigue and hunger, during which three of us, notwithstanding the horsehair blinkers we wore, became snow-blind, we finally reached our destination, but ill prepared for the reception that awaited us.

The generic name for eastern Tibet is K'ams, or K'amdo. It is divided into eighteen principalities ruled by semi-independent chiefs, some of whom are styled *Jyabo*, or "king," others *Déba*, or "prefect." Some districts are subject to Lh'asa,¹ paying tribute to and receiving officials from that country; others, chief among which is Dér-gé, have preserved their perfect independence, admitting no interference on the part of China or Lh'asa. The people are called K'amba, but more generally they are designated by their tribal names, Horba, Dér-géwa, Lit'angwa, etc. They are divided into two classes, highland nomads and lowland

¹ Among these Mā-nya (in Chinese, Chan-tui) has, within the year, driven out the officers from Lh'asa and declared its independence of that kingdom. (From a letter from Mgr. Biet of February 26, 1890.)

husbandmen. The first live in tents in the smaller valleys, the second dwell in several-storied houses of stone in the larger and warmer valleys, where alone cultivation of the soil is possible. But the most marked distinction between these two classes is found in

exalted position they hold, they appear to be physically entitled to it, for they are, in this respect, greatly the superiors of the men. Chinese authors have not failed to assign to the finer physique of Tibetan women the prevalence of polyandry among them. Whatever may be



EVENING PRAYERS ON THE HOUSETOPS.

their marriage relations. Among the nomads, where property is easily divided and where existence is not dependent on the produce of the soil, monogamy is the general and probably universal rule. In the agricultural districts, on the contrary, where arable soil is very limited and houses are not so built that they can accommodate several families, polyandry is common, and among the wealthy polygamy is frequently found. In Dér-gé, more than in any other principality, is polyandry met with; and I was everywhere assured that it was because it was preëminently an agricultural district, or, as Baber puts it, a country of husbandmen. Both systems work satisfactorily. Women play the most important rôle in every household; no buying or selling is done in any family except with the wife's consent and approval. Without considering the mental qualifications of the women of this country to the

the cause of this custom, its existence and the influential position assigned to women in Tibet date back to remote periods. As early as the seventh century of the Christian era one of the principalities of eastern Tibet was ruled over by a queen, and men had nothing to do with the government of this state, but only fought the country's wars and cultivated the soil. This was the Nü Kuo, "the country of women," and corresponded approximately to the present Nya-rong, which I traversed on my journey.¹

I cannot drop this subject without quoting a passage from E. C. Baber's "Journey of Exploration in Western Ssu-ch'uan"; for, though we differ radically on the subject, the

¹ At the present day the Tibetan principality of So-mo (or Po-mo), south-southwest of Sung-p'an, is governed by a woman, perhaps the lineal descendant of the Su-pi of the Nü Kuo. Possibly even So-mo is the modern equivalent of the ancient Su-pi.

concluding phrase of his argument appears to open a new field of research; besides, any statement of his is worth consideration.

In Tibetan countries the distinction between lowlands and highlands, plowland and pasture, is very strongly marked. Wheat is as grand a luxury in the latter as beef and mutton in the former; and many other antitheses might be cited, the most remarkable of which is that polygamy obtains in valleys, while polyandry prevails in the uplands. In the valley farms, I am told, the work is light and suitable for women, but the rough life and hard fare of a shepherd on pastures 13,000 feet or more above sea-level is too severe for the sex. This explanation has been given me by a European of great experience and long residence in these countries, whose personal conviction, though adverse to marriage in his own case, is strictly monogamous; nevertheless, he feels compelled to admit that the two systems, working side by side, mutually compensate the evils of each, and that both are reasonable under the circumstances and probably requisite. The subject raises many curious and by no means frivolous questions, but I cannot help thinking it singular that the conduct of courtship and matrimony should be regulated by barometrical pressure.¹

The people of eastern Tibet do not differ materially in appearance or stature from those near the Koko-nor, though their features are perhaps more clear-cut, the nose thinner and more prominent, and the eyes larger. I saw among them not a few with hazel eyes and curly or wavy hair. The women are as tall as the men, much more fully developed, and frequently quite good-looking. But the iron rule of fashion forces them to hide their rosy cheeks under a thick coating of *teu-ja*, a black, sticky paste made of catechu. This is to preserve their complexion from the cutting wind — so say those who are matter-of-fact, but others tell a different tale. More than a hundred years ago there lived at Lh'asa a great saint named Démo Rinpoche, who did much to restore the purity of monastic life, which had greatly suffered under the licentious rule of the sixth pontiff of Lh'asa, Ts'ang-yang jya-ts'o. Canon law says that when a monk goes abroad he must keep his eyes fixed on the ground some little distance ahead of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the women caused the lamas to forget this law, and great disorders ensued. Démo Rinpoche then commanded that no woman should go abroad unless her face was well besmeared with black, and soon this became a fashion throughout the whole country.

Time and again I tried to induce girls in

the houses where I was stopping to wash their faces clean, promising them beads and other ornaments; but in vain. They said they washed only when the feasts came around, some four or five times a year. This suggests that the story of Démo Rinpoche is not true, and that the origin of this custom may be found in the Tibetans' well-known abhorrence of washing.

Like the women of India, those of Tibet have made into ornaments for their persons all the silver or gold they can get — plates of repoussé work for the head, earrings, buckles, buttons, rings, chatelaines from which hang their needle-cases and keys, charm boxes, etc. The mode of using head ornaments varies in different localities. At Lit'ang they wear a repoussé disk on each side, while in the Horba country they have only one — on the front of their heads if they are married to natives, or on the back if they have Chinese husbands. The men wear nearly as much jewelry as the women, ornamenting with silver their sword hilts and scabbards, their saddles, guns, tinder-boxes, and wooden bowls, besides wearing earrings, rings, and charm boxes made of that metal and set with coral and turquoise beads.

Though the Tibetans make less show of their religion than the Mongols, all observe a few ceremonies, some of which are very pleasing — none more so than the chanting of evening prayers. A little before dark lamps are lighted on the altars in the temples, and a number of lamas play a weird, plaintive hymn on horns and clarinets. Then every housewife ascends to the roof of her dwelling and lights a bundle of juniper boughs in furnaces specially made for that purpose; and while the fragrant smoke ascends she and the other members of the household chant a hymn or litany, the fine deep tones of the men and the higher notes of the women blending most agreeably with the distant music in the lamasery. In the early morning juniper boughs are again burned on the housetops, but no prayers are recited. Walking around temples and incising on slabs of stone the mystic formula *Om mani padme hūm* are other modes of manifesting religious feeling. Along all the roads in the country one sees piles of stones, in many cases fifty to a hundred feet long and ten to fifteen high, in which each stone has carved on it this or some other mystic sentence, or sometimes even long passages from the sacred books. These are called "*mani walls*," and their erection is held to be a most meritorious work, beneficial to all mankind. Several times on my journey,

for the heathen in so sterile a country, where an increasing population would provoke eternal warfare or eternal want. Samuel Turner made similar remarks nearly a century ago.

¹ Andrew Wilson, in his "Abode of Snow," p. 193, says that a Moravian missionary in western Tibet defended polyandry, not as a good thing in the abstract, or one to be tolerated among Christians, but as good

in localities where shaly stones were plentiful I passed camps of people who were laboriously sculpturing slabs and slowly building a *mani* wall.

The funeral customs are peculiar. Among the nomads the dead are disposed of by exposure on the hillsides, as among the tribes of the Koko-nor. In the agricultural districts three modes are in vogue, but in no case does the funeral take place while the crops are yet standing; pending that season the corpses are well salted and kept in large covered baskets. The bodies of the rich and of lamas are fed to vultures or to dogs, and in a few cases are burned; those of the poor are thrown into the river. For this reason fish are never eaten.

In eastern Tibet, as in other parts of the country, the lamas constitute the most powerful, wealthy, and influential class. Among the nomads they rarely dwell and lamaseries naturally are never seen, but in the lowlands they swarm.¹ But though the lamas do not live among the nomads, the lamas visit the latter frequently, and also to some purpose. One meets parties of lamas on every road with large droves of yaks bending under heavy loads of every product of the land, the gifts of the laity, the price paid for prayers and exorcisms. Every lamaserie owns large estates, and its tenantry and slaves are no more amenable to the laws of the country than are the lamas. The abbots of all the principal lamaseries are appointed by the Lh'asa Government, which for years has been endeavoring to annex this part of the country and has occasioned through its intrigues a number of wars.

The gentle and humane teachings of the Buddha Shakyamuni are not often present to the minds of these unruly monks, who, like the Templars, join in their persons the characters of soldier, priest, and trader. The chief lamaseries of the country are but fortresses, and the well-armed and well-mounted lamas are always ready for the fray. Feuds between rival lamaseries are continual, and their mode of declaring war is unique. The lamas wear no breeches, only a long kilt, a waistcoat, and a shawl. When they are about to set out on a military expedition and expect to be in the saddle for days the necessity for nether garments becomes imperative, and the order goes forth, "Make your shawls into trousers." It

frequently occurs that this beginning of hostilities is enough to bring the weaker party to its senses, and without waiting to be attacked it sues for peace.

Fortunately lamas are tolerant, and religious wars of very rare occurrence. The lamas are divided into four sects, by the Chinese called Yellow, Red, Black, and White, and there is also the non-Buddhist sect of Beunbo. This last religion is identified by the Chinese with Taoism, but for convenience of comparison only, for it closely resembles Lamaism. In two ceremonies only do the priests of this faith offend Lamaist convictions—they walk around sacred buildings and monuments keeping them on their left hand, and they sacrifice live animals to their gods. These Beunbo are looked down upon by lamas and laity; but as they read prayers cheaper than the lamas, their services are in constant demand among the people. Strange as it may seem among so religious a race as the Tibetans, the people do not appear to belong to any one of the above sects or schools of religion, but call in the services of lamas of any of them. While at Ta-chien-lu I lived in the house of a wealthy and devout Tibetan who every day had a lama reading prayers; one day it was a Yellow lama, the next a Red or a Black one, or possibly even a Beunbo. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that these sects differ more in the gods they revere than in any dogma or ceremony.

Among the curious customs of the Tibetans I must not omit to mention their modes of salutation. Those near the Dré ch'u salute one another by holding out both hands, palms uppermost, sticking out the tongue, and then saying "*Oji, oji.*" Farther south they omit putting out the tongue, and say "*Ka-té*" ("How fares it?"), to which the other answers, "*Ka ma-té*" ("It fares not badly"). To a person of high rank they bow low and take off their hats. A Lh'asa man is easily recognized by his salute: he sticks out his tongue and pulls his right ear, rubbing the while his left hip. The Chinese bow tends, however, to displace this national one, which is now confined to the lower classes. A visitor on leaving says to his host, "*Kalé ju,*" literally "Remain slowly"; to which the other responds, "*Kalé pé*" ("Go slowly"); or, as we might put it, "Look out for yourself").

W. Woodville Rockhill.

¹ The population of eastern Tibet is approximately 150,000, of which from 20,000 to 35,000 are lamas. Between Jyékundo and Ta-chien-lu, a distance of about six hundred miles, I passed thirty-six large lamaseries,

five of which had from 2000 to 4000 inmates, and in the smallest of which there was over a hundred. Chinese authors estimate that a third of the male population of Tibet enters the church.

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.¹

THE WORKINGMAN IN AUSTRALIA.



IN Australia we have a continent reserved in the Southern Hemisphere, as the greater part of North America is reserved in the opposite hemisphere, for the social and political experiments of the Anglo-Saxon race. The already many-sided development of our English-speaking people has here found for itself a large and splendid field, where the conditions are in many ways new and deeply interesting.

Australia is adding a new chapter to our race experience. As we study it we should remember that the value of this race experience is cumulative. More and more the various sections of our English-speaking world must react upon one another. Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, these are the old and the new centers of that ever-widening life to which a common genesis, language, and literature, a common necessity of dealing with other races, and, on the whole, parallel lines of political and social effort, give that degree of likeness which produces mutual interest and mutual reaction. Already our politics and literature furnish abundant illustrations of the extent to which these communities influence one another. Professor Bryce's latest book supplies conclusive proof of the deep, sympathetic, and critical attention with which the evolution of American institutions is watched in Great Britain, while a glance at any American book-shelf shows that British thought, beyond that of any other country, is constantly molding American opinion in every conceivable range of inquiry.

In his "Problems of Greater Britain" Sir Charles Dilke shows how the great colonies are furnishing, almost as much as the United States furnish, precedents helpful for the solution of questions which have engaged the attention of the motherland for centuries.

Canada, in framing her federal system, has grafted many of the results of American ex-

perience upon British institutions, and in the corresponding system which Australia is planning she will draw lessons from Great Britain, the United States, and Canada alike. In at least two great congeries of British states, possibly in the empire itself, the United States is destined to see new and important applications of federal ideas.

In the wonderful range of mutual reaction of which these are but a few examples Australia is sure to become a factor not only of importance but of marked individuality. Of all the countries which have been originally settled as offshoots of Great Britain it has the population which is most exclusively British. No other European nation has ever held any part of it, nor has the drift of continental emigration been directed to its shores. No weaker race has got, or, as I shall have to show later, is likely to get, such a footing there as will enable it to confuse the forms of national growth. Australia is more Anglo-Saxon than the United States, with their negro millions and their steady inflow of continental emigrants; more Anglo-Saxon than Canada, with its considerable fraction of French population; than South Africa, with its Dutch Boers and native races; than any country save Great Britain itself. Under the sunny skies of the Southern Hemisphere an almost purely British stock has a continent to itself as an unfilled sheet on which to write the history of its development.

Australia, again, contrasts sharply with all the other continents in those physical conditions which in the long run modify national characteristics. Its comparative isolation in the southern seas is only a type of the isolated character of many of its chief phenomena. Exceptional conditions of soil and climate, and probably also of geological history, have given it a flora and a fauna peculiar to itself. Within an area about equal to that of the United States it presents a strange combination of extraordinary inducements to man's occupation, and hindrances equally extraordinary. A climate among the most seductive and delightful in the world at times turns traitor and with relentless grip crushes out over vast areas the hope of farmer and shepherd. In some large sections an unexampled fertility of soil and a capacity to produce as few other coun-

¹ "Uppingham," in this magazine for September, 1888, and "The Reorganization of the British Empire," in December, 1888, are by the same author.

tries can everything "that is pleasant to the sight and good for food" are matched in others by a hopeless aridity to which even Africa can scarcely furnish a parallel. Over wide stretches of country the traveler meets with a monotony of scenery and a sameness of gloomy vegetation which must be seen to be understood, while in other districts all the arts of nature seem exhausted in producing picturesque effects or in giving luxuriant variety to the forms of production.

The want of lakes and great rivers, the absence of gurgling streams and fountains, seem well-nigh unbearable to those accustomed to Europe or America, but the Australian finds compensation in the stimulating elasticity of his sunny atmosphere with the outdoor life which it permits, and shudders at the thought of English mists, Canadian winters, and chilly New England springs. In its production of gold Australia was once the marvel of the world, and now new discoveries of silver as well as of gold render it probable that the application of capital and science to mining may wrest as great treasures from the center of her deserts and the heart of her hills as were once dug up from the loose soil of Ballarat and Bendigo.

It is the one continent of which it may truly be said that not only its history but even the character and temperament of its people have been primarily influenced by the geological circumstances which gave it great mineral deposits.

The partly desert and partly pastoral character of central Australia leads to the peculiar result, evidently a permanent one, that the mass of the population is settling on the rim of the continent. Each province fronts on the sea, and from this maritime base is gradually wrestling with the difficult problem of its arid interior. Large inland cities Australia can never have. Great maritime cities it already has, which increase in size out of all ordinary proportion to the general population of the country. This maritime situation of all the provinces, with an uninhabitable or partly habitable inland region, which divides north from south and east from west, is sure to give peculiar features to the political and social future of the country. The settlement of a vast agricultural population on fertile inland plains, which seems the most striking feature in the growth of the United States and Canada, will be almost entirely wanting here. Instead of this it seems likely that the great mineral and pastoral areas will continue to contribute, as they do now, to the exceptional prosperity of dense populations gathered in the cities of the coast, or in the more limited but exceedingly rich agricultural districts comparatively near the sea.

Most striking of all its features in contrast

and potential influence are its climatic conditions. Southern Australia has the temperature of southern Italy; parts of northern Australia, that of the West Indies. The grape and olive, orange and lemon, in the south; in the north the pineapple, sugar-cane, and banana—these mark the climatic limits. There is no northern Europe, Scotland, New England, or Canada to toughen the fiber of the race. For the first time the Anglo-Saxon has a whole continent where his environment tends to relax the strain of life. One has only to go to Australia to see that he enjoys the change. But will it weaken him? or what will be the line of modification? It is perhaps too soon to do more than to observe tendencies, for the history of the country is short.

A century practically covers the whole of it, while the actual record of vigorous growth is comprised within little more than half that time. The first settlement was partly a result of the American Revolution. Some new outlet was sought by the British Government for the criminals previously transported to the plantations of the Southern States or to the West Indies, and Australia was selected as a remote and entirely unsettled part of the world.

The first penal colony was founded in 1788, and thenceforward for many a day Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land became associated in men's minds with the despair and degradation of human life. It was not a hopeful beginning. Toiling sometimes in chains, sometimes under the eye of armed keepers, and always in exile, men laid the foundations of a country which was to become in a peculiar degree the happy home of free and prosperous labor.

It is remarkable how little permanent impress the convict system with its tragedies of sin and suffering left behind it. Men transported for political offenses, for smuggling, poaching, and other misdeeds generally associated in the mind with energy and daring rather than with deeper criminality, became in many cases hardy and useful pioneers when their period of punishment had expired. Many perished by dissipation and violence. In the confused days of the gold excitement some betook themselves to bush-ranging and were exterminated with relentless severity. Comparatively few married, and the worst class largely perished with the individuals who composed it. If Australia suffered in the character of her earlier settlers, she was more than compensated by those who came later. As soon as the pastoral and agricultural capacities of the country became known, men of capital and education came in unusual numbers to the country, attracted by the facilities for obtaining land and by the advantage of cheap penal labor. With the discovery of gold in 1851 the history of

the country really began. There followed an influx of energy and enterprise such as a new country has perhaps never before received. No fields so rich or nuggets so large had ever been found before. In 1852 alone one hundred and seventy-four tons of gold were obtained. The Californian fields were now becoming exhausted, and from America as well as from Europe men crowded to this new El Dorado. In 1853 forty thousand miners were at work in the diggings of Ballarat and the neighboring districts alone. The population of Victoria increased at the rate of nearly 100,000 a year.

The overmastering energy of the new population was even more remarkable than its numbers. It is not too much to say that the men who came to Australia in the years that succeeded 1851 formed one of the most vigorous and interesting communities of modern times. They were eminently fitted to lay the foundations of a new state. Disorder was suppressed and the supremacy of law established with a vigor and completeness unexampled elsewhere under like conditions of rapid growth. It is a remarkable fact, considering the conditions under which the country was populated, that lynch law has rarely been resorted to as supplementary to the ordinary course of justice, and is now, even in the remote mining and pastoral districts, practically unknown.

In framing the institutions of the country the people had, moreover, a free hand. Great Britain's new colonial policy of leaving her colonists to work out their own development on their own lines was now practically established. The independent and self-reliant character of the population, the prosperity of the country, the freedom of self-government, and the exceptional circumstances connected with the growth of the provinces of Australia, have had the result that to-day we have legislative tendencies and social conditions which in some respects are of a more democratic type than in any other English-speaking country. So democratic are they that there has never existed any strong temptation to make them republican. The tendency is rather towards advanced forms of state socialism.

To the student of social questions the feature in the development of Australian democracy which first arrests the attention is the condition of industry. Ends which on the continent of Europe reformers have only dreamed of and rulers have but begun to think about, which in Great Britain and even in America are being reached slowly and painfully, have here been gained at a bound, and are now accepted as in the natural order of events.

The position of the laboring man in Australia is unique. He has shorter hours of work, a

higher average of pay, and more distinct and direct political recognition than anywhere else. The combinations among workmen to give effect to their views are the most complete yet devised. Eight hours is the limit now fixed by custom for a working day, and the custom is so universal that no law is needed to give it force. The struggle by which this limit was secured in Victoria took place as far back as 1856. On the main street of Ballarat is a monument erected to the memory of James Gallo-way, there described as the "founder" of the eight-hour system in Victoria, and he died in 1860. On the same monument is inscribed the Australian workingman's ideal, "Eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, eight hours' rest." To commemorate the triumph of labor the 22d of April is observed in Melbourne as a festival under the name of the "Eight Hours' Day." A public holiday is proclaimed; the trades march in procession; the city corporation, the governor, and the leading public men unite in recognizing and giving significance to the general holiday. Thus is an epoch marked by a country which happily has no victories to celebrate but those of industry.

The shortened day's work gives the artisan an opportunity for an evening's enjoyment. Almost universally in the larger towns but five hours' work is done on Saturday. In the afternoon the workmen crowd to the public parks and gardens, to the foot-ball or cricket grounds, or go upon excursions to an extent greater than I have ever observed elsewhere. They have time for amusements and money to spend upon them. Judged by all known standards the workman's paradise is here.

One asks whether this position won by industry is permanent, or is made possible only by abnormal and temporary conditions.

It is clear that Australia's economic history is quite exceptional. The country has never been crippled or hampered by wars. The native population was never numerous enough to make serious resistance to the occupation of the land, and British men-of-war on the coasts have kept off all external danger. Never did people walk along safer paths to industrial prosperity. The product of gold alone between its discovery in 1851 and 1888 was nearly £300,000,000 sterling. In addition to this there has been a constant flow of British capital into the country for every purpose of speculation and enterprise. During the last twenty years a system of state borrowing for the construction of public works has given a steadiness to the labor market not to be looked for under other circumstances. Meanwhile competition in labor has been lessened by the distance of the country from the great centers of European population. It costs about five times

as much to go from Europe to Australia as to the United States or Canada. The greater difficulty of return makes the break more trying for the emigrant, and therefore less lightly undertaken. As a consequence, in spite of the great attractions they offer to the workingman, all the colonies have up to a recent date spent considerable sums in giving assistance to desirable immigrants in order to supply the requirements for labor.

It seems fairly clear that the present advantageous and indeed unequaled condition of the workingman in Australia has sprung from the three facts I have mentioned, viz.: the extraordinary prosperity caused by the gold discoveries, an exceptional command of outside capital, and a natural restriction on labor competition unknown in Europe or America. One other condition should be noted. I shall have occasion to refer to the singular concentration of population in the towns. This gives to labor a facility of combination much greater than is possible in countries where the population is largely agricultural and is widely scattered. The labor questions of Australia are practically settled by the action taken in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide, and the relative influence of the urban population is far greater than in any other English-speaking community.

In saying that the status of the workingman is the outcome of exceptional circumstances I do not mean to suggest that it cannot be permanent. This is an open question. A great financial crisis, or a large influx of population, would apply crucial tests to the existing conditions of the labor problem. Prudent Australian financiers expressed to me the gravest doubts whether the country, with all its splendid resources, could bear its burdens and maintain its prosperity without a much larger producing population than it has, pointing out that the amazing buoyancy of American finance seemed to depend on an immense influx of productive and competitive labor. The workingman in Australia, on the other hand, objects to any such indiscriminate immigration as that which has filled up America, and evidently fears that it would weaken the supremacy he enjoys. Feeling runs strongly at times upon such questions, and occasionally one hears the further immigration of the poor from Europe objected to at labor meetings in a tone which makes one ask whether the workingman is not prepared to repeat on this vast continent the selfishness, nowhere more vehemently denounced than here, of the landlord in the small countries of the Old World. This extreme view, however, is probably local, temporary, and merely indicative of the hard fight which labor is certain to make for the position it has won.

It may be said generally that in race and labor problems American lines of national development are closely watched in Australia. They are watched for warning as well as for suggestion. When Australians object to the Chinaman overrunning the country with his cheap labor they are glad to find themselves in sympathy with Americans of the Pacific coast. When they object to the introduction, under specious pretexts, of a colored and quasi-servile population in the northern tropical districts, it is from America that they draw their warning. The war of secession, and American difficulties in dealing with the negro, have planted in the Australian mind a fixed resolution not to allow any large race question to grow up which may weigh down future generations with its grievous problems. To one portion of the Australian continent the temptation to permit something of the kind has come under subtle forms. Northern Queensland is tropical in climate and productions. As a sugar-producing country portions of it can scarcely be excelled. But where the sugar-cane flourishes the white man works with difficulty, if he can work at all. Up to a short time ago planters were allowed to import Kanakas from the islands of the Pacific to work the plantations, and under this arrangement large amounts of capital were invested in the business. The importations were made under a regulated system of contract. No engagement was to be for longer than three years, and every precaution was taken to make sure that the contracts were purely voluntary and the treatment of the laborers humane.

But even under arrangements so strict as this Australia grew restless and remains suspicious. A bill has passed the Queensland legislature to prevent the further importation of Kanakas after a fixed date. The planters assert that the carrying out of this bill means ruin for them, and that it has been passed through the jealousy of the white laborer, afraid even of the neighborhood of cheap competitors. Opinion in Queensland is thus divided: in other parts of Australia where local influences are not so strong, it seems to me to favor restriction. "Better an industry should perish and capital be sacrificed," men say, "than that a modified system of slavery should attain the magnitude of a great interest in this free continent."

A nice question arises, put to me thus by one of the foremost public men of Australia: "Can a population of white laborers, with votes, be expected to rule justly and wisely a population of competing black laborers, without votes?"

He had come to the fixed conclusion that it was not to be expected, and that the social

and political dangers infinitely outweighed the industrial and financial advantage of having a colored laboring population. If the conflict of opinion now going on does result in the continued employment of colored races on any considerable scale, it will certainly be under stricter regulations and closer supervision than it ever has been in any other country. Nor will there ever be a colored vote to influence national politics.

Still more decisive is the stand which has been taken against any considerable influx of Chinese. Upon this point the opinion of all classes is practically unanimous. Resistance has been urged as vigorously and almost as passionately by responsible statesmen as by trades unions or irresponsible mobs. To oppose Chinese immigration has almost become the touchstone of Australian patriotism. Where imperial treaties have stood in the way of exclusion the treaties have had to yield to the popular resolve, and Great Britain has been left to patch up the matter with China as best she can. Indications these are, no doubt, of national and industrial selfishness. The instinct of self-preservation asserting itself, is the Australian explanation. Labor has gained a new place in the world, and must make a stand for what it has won. Civilization has a new opportunity, and it is threatened. The danger is far greater than in America, perhaps imminent. China, with its 400,000,000 of people, is close to Australia. The ports of Hong Kong, Singapore, and Batavia form a connected line of easy communication, and only narrow seas lie between populous China and unoccupied Australia, with its auriferous soil, its sunshine, and its easy conditions of money-making, the magnets which draw the Chinaman. The best-paid labor in the world, the highest ideal of laboring comfort, have to face the meanest workmen and the meanest conception of what is essential to life. What makes the position critical is that 4,000,000 face 400,000,000 at close quarters. The strength of British ironclads is behind Australians, or they might have to pay more severely for their impulsive action in denying international rights to China; for China has a navy and is irritated. No code of international morality that I know of can justify the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon to the Mongolian, varying as it has done according to the particular point of national contact. Yet I suspect that race instincts and ideals are too strong for accepted standards of intercourse. I went to Australia under the impression that the anti-Chinese movement found its chief strength in the lower forms of labor jealousy. I came away convinced that it was actuated quite as much by high national ideals.

This objection to having the internal affairs

of the country influenced by the Pacific islander or the Asiatic is supplemented by an almost equally strong objection to the neighborhood of other European races.

Australians regard with extreme impatience any attempt which foreign powers make to get a footing in the Pacific. With characteristic race confidence they look forward to complete Anglo-Saxon domination of the southern seas as the natural result of their growth, and object to anything which threatens to hinder the course of manifest destiny. An impulsive effort was made by a single colony to anticipate Germany in taking possession of the whole unoccupied portion of New Guinea; and the refusal of Lord Derby, then the British Colonial Secretary, to indorse the unauthorized action of the colony was highly resented. To retain the part actually occupied the colonies at present unite in contributing a considerable sum.

Still more intense is the objection made to the establishment of French convict stations in the Pacific islands. The presence of a foreign power is here aggravated by the neighborhood of an offensive system, the evils of which Australians know too well.

While other European nations, however, cannot be excluded from the Pacific, Australians can afford to look upon their presence with greater complacency than they do. The Frenchman and the German can only be exotics in any portions of the southern seas open to their occupation. They may establish stations and develop trade, but they cannot create centers of population and national forces such as spring up without any artificial stimulus in the temperate regions of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. The superior energy or the drift of circumstances has placed the Anglo-Saxon in the more temperate areas of the world in Australasia and South Africa as in America, and no limit can be put to the race advantage which he derives from this fact. Political isolation from Europe such as that of America is, however, impossible for the Australian. He has reason to watch the drift of European affairs with interested keenness. The question of whether Great Britain or Russia is in India and holds command of Indian waters is vital to Australia's position in the southern seas. With the bulk of her present trade passing along routes which depend for their security on Great Britain's supremacy in the East, and with large hopes of future trade in the China and Indian seas, her interest in the Eastern question is deep and permanent. With France, Germany, Russia, and China within striking distance, with ambitions in the Pacific especially irritating to some of these powers, with a country and a trade singularly exposed to naval attack,

and with a population small compared with the vast extent of coast to be defended, connection with a great naval power like Great Britain appears essential to Australia's position. Isolated as she seems to be on the map, her interests are singularly European. She has been the first of the great colonies to unite with Great Britain in a friendly arrangement for sharing in the expense of naval defense; and the protection of common trade interests, vast already, and increasing rapidly, is of itself probably sufficient to determine for a long time to come the closest political relations with the mother country.

But this is a question which Australians will have to determine for themselves. Great Britain makes no claim to dominate their political development. If they prefer to take the risks of independent nationality, they will be free to do so. If they decide that greater dignity and greater advantage will flow from association on equal terms in a great state, their position and resources will give them peculiar influence in a closely united British Empire. The question of complete federal union among themselves is now being fought out in the face of provincial jealousies and of hesitation to surrender sovereign provincial rights which recall the difficulties of American statesmen after the Revolution. So entirely free have the separate provinces been left by the motherland to rule themselves that they shrink from submitting to bonds even of their own making. When the rising tide of passion for a united Australia has swept away these obstacles, the country will be in a better position to form a large and matured judgment on the far wider question of British national unity. Meanwhile it seems to me, after some study of the question, that the major forces in Australia, whether they be the opinion of the clearest political minds, the financial, commercial, and military interests and necessities of the country, or the sentiment of the masses of the people, tend towards continued unity with the motherland rather than towards that separation which some regard as the inevitable result of large colonial development.

The geography of the continent is fatal to the dream indulged in by some Australians of a future for the country like that of the United States, where the rapid increment of population has lifted a state into the position of a great world power by the growth of a century. The swift advance, under abnormal circumstances, of the last fifty years has encouraged this dream, but it is clearly impossible of realization. There is nothing to match the great river valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, or the wide-reaching prairies which in America offered homes to millions of immigrants as soon as the

Alleghanies had been passed. Irrigation will do much to support a dense agricultural population in places. Artesian wells may do a good deal for a pastoral population in others, but on the whole the center of Australia will only be conquered slowly, and will never be densely inhabited.

But Australians are justified in framing an ideal no less inspiring, if less magnificent. A slower growth of population carries with it the probability of its being more select, and it is doubtful if any country will give the opportunity for a higher degree of individual prosperity. The glory of Australia, in my opinion, will lie not in the vastness but in the superior quality and opportunities of its population.

The resources of the country are of a kind which strike the imagination, and all the more from the element of chance which enters so largely into them. It did not take many years to exhaust the surface deposits of gold which by their extraordinary richness produced the original rush of the "fifties," but now on many of the very spots where in those days tens of thousands of miners plied the shovel and rocked the cradle shafts have been sunk to great depths to the rich quartz veins beneath, and the search for gold, once purely a game of chance, has here become a settled industry. New discoveries of the precious metals are scarcely less startling than the old ones. Queensland promises to rival Victoria in its gold-producing capacity. Mount Morgan, discovered only five years ago, is unique among the gold mines of the world. It is a low mountain, the whole body of which is impregnated with gold in an extremely diffused state, but yielding extraordinary returns, the dividends for last year alone amounting to about a million pounds sterling. Broken Hill, in New South Wales, discovered seven years ago, has already justified the claim that it is the most valuable and extensive deposit of silver known to exist in the world. By these and other late discoveries the Australian mind, which was settling down to calmness after the old period of gold fever, has been inflamed with new visions of the possibilities of the yet unexplored regions of the continent.

But Australia has in her vast pastoral areas sources of wealth as great and more permanent than those of her mines. Already she has nearly one hundred millions of sheep, which in the mild climate and under the sunny sky of the country require no shelter throughout the year and no food beyond what they get on the open plains. It is true that the sunny sky may change to a sky of brass, and that drought is the dread of the Australian shepherd, herdsman, and farmer. Occasionally there is a suc-

cession of dry seasons, and then sheep have perished by millions and cattle by thousands on the more remote stations. To master recurring droughts is the great problem of Australia's inland future. Here, as elsewhere, nature challenges man's free advance, and places some special obstacle in his way. Australians are facing their task with energy, confidence, and the promise of much success. They have learned the art of drawing wealth even from scrub land of which a single sheep requires several acres for its support. Irrigation works on a large scale have been begun in Victoria and South Australia. The storage of water in reservoirs is being carried out in a large way by munici-

palities and private companies. Throughout New South Wales and Queensland the boring of artesian wells has met with satisfactory success. Once given the certain means of carrying the flocks and herds through the occasional periods of drought, there seems no limit to the pastoral capacity of such immense provinces as New South Wales and Queensland. With completed systems of irrigation Australia promises to become one of the greatest grape and fruit growing countries in the world. The many difficulties with which men are confronted on this great continent are more than matched by its wonderful possibilities.

George R. Purkin.

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THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND.¹

TALLEYRAND'S RELATIONS WITH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HIS APOLOGY FOR TAKING OFFICE UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

[Talleyrand, learning that a decree from the Convention permitted his return, arrived in Paris in September, 1796. Having been made an Academician in his absence, he delivered two papers before the Institute, one on America, the other on the necessity of French colonies. Almost immediately he established the closest connection with the Directory, and presently became Minister of Foreign Affairs. This is his story of how it came about.]



ERCEIVING no element of order and no guarantee of stability in the various political factions whose struggles I witnessed, I took care to keep aloof from active politics.

Madame de Staël, who had again acquired a certain influence, earnestly begged me to go with her to Barras, one of the members of the Directory. I demurred at first; I could not call on a member of the Directory without asking to see all the other Directors, and chiefly those who had been my colleagues in the Constituent Assembly. The reasons alleged to justify my refusal did not seem valid. Besides, they were conveyed through Madame de Staël, who, being anxious that Barras and I should be brought together, so managed matters that the Director sent me a note inviting me to dine with him at Suresnes on a certain day. I had no alternative but to accept. On the appointed day I was at Suresnes at about three o'clock in the afternoon. In the dining-room, which I had to cross to reach the draw-

ing-room, I noticed the table was laid for five persons. Much to my surprise, Madame de Staël was not invited. A man who was rubbing the floor showed me a cupboard containing a few odd books, and told me that the Director—the title given to Barras in private life—seldom came home before half-past four. While I was engaged in reading, I know not what book, two young men came in to ascertain the time by the drawing-room clock, and seeing that it was only half-past three, they said to each other, "We have time to go for a swim." They had not been gone twenty minutes when one of them returned, asking for immediate help; I ran, with all the persons in the house, to the riverside. Opposite the garden, between the highroad and the island, the Seine forms a kind of whirlpool in which one of the young men had disappeared. The watermen of the neighborhood quickly rowed to the spot, and two of them most courageously dived to the bottom, but all the efforts made to save the unfortunate fellow proved vain. I went back to the house.

The corpse of the young man was found only the next day, caught in the weeds at a spot more than six hundred yards distant from the place where he had disappeared. His name was Raymond; Lodève was his birthplace. Barras was very fond of him; he had brought him up, and since he had been appointed a Director he had made him his aide-de-camp. I was alone in the drawing-room, not knowing exactly what to do. Who was to tell Barras the misfortune that had just happened? I had never seen him. My position

¹ Extracts from the Memoirs, printed in advance of the volumes by arrangement with Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., the English publishers. (See also THE CENTURY for January.)

was really painful. A carriage drove up. On opening the door the gardener said, "Mr. Raymond has just been drowned; yes, citizen Director, he has just been drowned." Barras crossed the front yard, and rushed up-stairs to his room, crying aloud. After some little time one of his servants told him I was in the drawing-room. He sent me word to excuse his not coming, and requested me to sit down to dinner. The secretary, who had come home with him, remained up-stairs. Thus I was alone at Barras's table. A quarter of an hour having elapsed, a servant came and requested me to go up-stairs. I felt thankful for his supposing that, under the circumstances, the dinner before me could have no attraction. I was quite upset. As I entered his room he took hold of both my hands and embraced me; he was weeping. I said to him all the kind things that the situation in which I found him, and my own feelings, prompted. The sort of embarrassment he at first displayed with me, an utter stranger, gradually disappeared, and the share I took in his trouble seemed to do him good. He begged of me to go back with him to Paris; I readily accepted. From that day I never had any occasion to regret having made his acquaintance. He was a man of an excitable and impulsive nature, easily carried one way or the other; I had known him scarcely a couple of hours, and yet might have almost supposed I was the person he liked best in the world.

Shortly after my first interview the Directory wished to make a change in the Ministry. To this Barras consented on condition that his new friend should be appointed "Minister of Foreign Relations." He defended his proposal with great warmth, and so effectively that it was adopted; at ten o'clock the same night a gendarme called for me at a club named the *Salon des Étrangers*, and handed me the decree just issued.

The peremptory character of every decree of the Directory, the pressing requests of Madame de Staël, and, more than all, the feeling one cherishes that it may not be impossible to do a little good, caused me to dismiss all idea of declining the post. On the following day, therefore, I called at the Luxembourg in order to thank Barras, after which I went to the Foreign Office.

Under my predecessor, Charles de Lacroix, all state matters concerning his department were previously settled by the Directory. Like the previous secretary, my duties were confined to signing passports and other administrative documents, and to forwarding to the proper quarters the despatches or communications already drafted by the Executive; yet I often delayed those communications, which delay

enabled me to soften their terms when the impulse under which they were written had passed away. All business relative to home affairs was kept from me. . . .

It has come to my knowledge that some people, not in the days I speak of, but since the Restoration, considered that it was wrong to accept office in times of crisis and revolution, when it was impossible to work absolute good. Such judgment always appeared to me most superficial. In the affairs of this world we must not simply consider the present moment. *That which is usually has very small importance, unless we remember that that which is produces that which shall be;* and, indeed, in order to arrive we must start. If we consider matters without prejudice, and, above all, without envy, we will plainly see that men do not always accept office so as to gratify their personal interests; and I might add that it is no mean sacrifice on the part of a political man to consent to being the responsible editor of other people's works. Selfish and timorous natures are incapable of so much self-abnegation; but, I repeat it, it must be borne in mind that, by refusing official posts in times of upheaval, one simply affords greater facilities to those bent upon destruction. He who accepts does so not to second the men or the cause to which he is opposed, but in order to make everything profitable to the future. "*En toute chose il faut considérer la fin,*" said good old La Fontaine, and that is not a mere maxim.

I must not omit to state that Admiral Bruix, for whose character, intellect, and talent I had the greatest esteem, was to be appointed Minister of Marine; I was thus entering in office with a colleague as unacquainted as I was myself with the ways of the Directory, and with whom I could consult as to what good might be done and what evil prevented.

FIRST MEETING WITH GENERAL BONAPARTE.

[It was not long before the astute Minister of Foreign Affairs measured the Directory, and began to look around for a stronger power. In the extract below he tells of his first meeting with Bonaparte, but he does not tell of the singularly courtier-like letter which he himself wrote to the young general, eulogizing his wonderful campaign, and more wonderful treaty, which he styled a true treaty *à la Bonaparte*.]

To give a clear conception of what I have termed the ways of the Directory, I think it will be sufficient to relate the incidents that marked the first council at which I was present. A quarrel took place between Carnot and Barras; the latter charged his colleague with having destroyed a letter which ought to have been submitted to the Directory. They were both standing. Carnot, putting up his hand,

said, "I give you my word of honor that that is not so." "Do not raise your hand," replied Barras; "blood would dribble from it." Such were our rulers, and my task was to try to obtain the readmission of France in the councils of Europe while such men were in power. Difficult as was that great undertaking, I did not hesitate to confront it.

Austria, beaten in Italy, beaten in Germany, seeing her territory invaded on both sides and her capital threatened by General Bonaparte, had already signed preliminaries of peace with him at Leoben, and was now negotiating the final treaty, which became that of Campo Formio. It was during the interval between the preliminaries and the signing of the treaty that I became Minister of Foreign Affairs. On learning of my appointment, General Bonaparte wrote to the members of the Directory to congratulate them on their choice, and also sent me a very polite letter. From that day we kept up a close correspondence. All the young victorious general did, said, or wrote was, in my mind, sufficiently full of originality, sufficiently striking, skillful, and daring, to justify great hopes of his genius. A few weeks after he signed the treaty of Campo Formio (October 17, 1797).

I had never seen him. As already mentioned, he had written to me—on the occasion of my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs—a long, carefully composed letter, in which he evidently intended I should discover a different man from the one he had hitherto shown himself on the stage of public affairs. . . . On the very evening of his arrival in Paris he sent me an aide-de-camp to inquire at what time he could see me. I replied that I was at his disposal; he sent me word that he would call on me at eleven o'clock the next morning. Of this I informed Madame de Staël, who the following day, at ten o'clock, was in my drawing-room. There were also present several other persons brought by curiosity. I recollect that Bougainville was among them. The General being announced, I went to meet him. As we crossed the drawing-room I introduced Madame de Staël to him, but he hardly paid any attention to her; he noticed only Bougainville, to whom he addressed some pleasant words.

At first sight he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion, and a certain tired look. We went to my study. This first conversation was, on his side, without reserve. He referred with much courtesy to my appointment to the Ministry, and laid emphasis on the pleasure he had felt in corresponding in France with a person of a different stamp from the Directors.

Then, with scarcely any transition, he said to me, "You are a nephew of the Archbishop of Reims, who is with Louis XVIII." (I noticed that on this occasion he did not say "with the Count of Lille.") "I, too," he added, "have an uncle who is an archdeacon in Corsica; it is he who brought me up. In Corsica, you know, being an archdeacon is the same as being a bishop in France."

We soon returned to the drawing-room, which was now full, and he said aloud: "Citizens, I feel deeply the greeting you accord me; I have done my best when carrying on the war, my best when making peace. It is for the Directory to know how to turn my efforts to profit for the happiness and prosperity of the Republic."

Whereupon we repaired together to the Directory.

[After having made his arrangements with Bonaparte, and watched the interior dissensions of the Directory, till he thought the proper moment had arrived, he retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.]

The Directors had experienced the fate which always awaits despots. So long as the armies at their disposal were victorious they were hated, but still they were feared. As soon as their armies were beaten they were despised. They were attacked in the newspapers, in pamphlets, everywhere. Nor were their ministers spared; and this afforded me the looked-for opportunity to leave my post. I had become convinced that the proportion of harm that this position enabled me to prevent was too insignificant, and that later on only would it be possible to effect real good in such a place.

In view of my premeditated retirement I had taken one measure of precaution. I had confided my intentions to General Bonaparte before his departure for Egypt; he had approved my motives, and had readily consented to ask the Directory to give me the embassy at Constantinople, if there was a possibility of coming to terms with Turkey, or to authorize me to go and join him at Cairo, where it was to be expected there would have to be negotiations with the Porte.

Having obtained this authorization, and resigned office, I retired to the country, not far from Paris, to await events.

BONAPARTE TURNS PALE.

[Then came the return of Napoleon from Egypt, plots for the overthrow of the Directory, and the final establishment of the Consulate. Here is Talleyrand's account of a grotesque incident that interrupted one of the nights of plotting between himself and Bonaparte.]

A FEW nights before the 18th Brumaire a little scene was enacted at my house which would be void of interest but for the circumstances.

General Bonaparte, then lodging at Rue Chantierine, had come to have a talk with me about the preparations for the eventful day. I was then living on Rue Taitbout, in a house which has since become No. 24, I believe. It stood at the back of a courtyard, and, running from the first floor, there were galleries which led to wings looking on the street. My drawing-room was lighted with several candles: it was one o'clock in the morning, and we were in the middle of a very animated conversation, when we heard a great noise in the street; to the rumbling of carriages was added the galloping of an escort of cavalry. Suddenly the carriages stopped right before the door of my house. The General turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. The idea struck us both at the same time that they were coming to arrest us by order of the Directory. I blew out the candles and crept stealthily along a gallery to one of the outside wings, from which I could see what was going on in the street. For some time I was at a loss to make anything out of the tumult, but at last I discovered the somewhat grotesque cause.

At this epoch, the Paris streets being very unsafe at night, when the gambling-houses closed at the Palais Royal all the money that had been used for the bank was collected and placed in cabs, and the banker had been allowed by the police to have his cabs escorted by gendarmes, at his expense, to his home in the Rue de Clichy, or thereabout. That night one of the cabs had broken down just in front of my house, and that was the reason of the halt, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour. We had a hearty laugh, the General and I, over our panic—very natural though it was when we knew, as we did, the tendencies of the Directory and the extreme measures it was capable of taking.

HIS APOLOGY FOR SUPPORTING BONAPARTE.

[Talleyrand would seem never to have given up his belief in the monarchical principle, in spite of his democratic speeches and writings in the Constituent Assembly. He would then have preferred that Louis XVI. might have shown himself strong enough to maintain the monarchy, and he now believed that power should again be concentrated in the hands of one man. He wished Bonaparte to be that man, and he tells of his first measures to accomplish this end.]

MONARCHY must now be reëstablished, or its reëstablishment must be postponed to perhaps an indefinite date—and the 18th of Brumaire were in vain.

Reëstablishing monarchy was not raising up the throne once more. There are three degrees or forms of monarchy: it may be elective for a

term of years, it may be elective for life, it may be hereditary. What is termed "the throne" cannot appertain to the first of these three forms, and does not necessarily appertain to the second. To reach the third without passing successively through the other two was a matter of absolute impossibility, unless in the event of France being at the mercy of foreign powers. True, it might not have been so had Louis XVI. been alive, but the murder of that prince placed an insurmountable obstacle in this direction.

An immediate transition from polyarchy to hereditary monarchy being then out of the question, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that the reëstablishment of the latter and the reëstablishment of the House of Bourbon could not be simultaneous. And thus it was necessary to try to reëstablish the monarchy without troubling about the Bourbons, whom time might perchance bring back, if he who filled the throne showed himself unworthy of it and deserved to lose it. We had to make a temporary sovereign, who might become a life sovereign and eventually an hereditary monarch. The question at issue was not whether Bonaparte possessed those qualifications that are most to be desired in a monarch; he undoubtedly had those that were indispensable to reaccustom France to monarchical discipline, infatuated as she was with all the revolutionary doctrines; and no one possessed those qualities to such a degree as he did.

The real question was how to make Bonaparte a temporary sovereign. If we proposed that he should be appointed Consul by himself, we betrayed ulterior views which we could not conceal with too great care; if he were given colleagues, his equals in title and power, then we still retained polyarchy.

[Three Consuls were created, or, to speak more accurately, a first, a second, and a third Consul, the prerogatives of each being so arranged that the first (Bonaparte) was *de facto* invested with very nearly the same authority that a sovereign wields in moderate or constitutional monarchies.]

In order to render the First Consul's power more effective, I made a proposal to him, on the very day of his installation, which he eagerly accepted.

The three Consuls were to meet every day, and to hear from each of the ministers an account of the affairs of his department. I observed to General Bonaparte that the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, being secret by its very nature, could not be opened in a council, and that he should reserve to himself the hearing of this report, the Foreign Office being a department which the head of the Government alone should have in hand and administer. He recognized the usefulness of the advice; and as, at the time when a new government is being

organized, it is much easier to regulate everything, it was settled, from the first day, that I should work with the First Consul alone.

HOW THE FIRST CONSUL SNUBBED AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

[He gives a curious glimpse of Napoleon's arrogant temper in his reception of the Austrian envoy. The court of Vienna had chosen this representative because he had already treated with Bonaparte at Campo Formio and had there been in familiar relations with him. Both the Austrian court and the envoy supposed that he would easily resume these relations. The First Consul wished to teach him better, and this is how he did it.]

BONAPARTE gave him an audience at nine o'clock at night, at the Tuileries. He himself had prescribed the arrangement of the room in which he would receive him: it was the drawing-room next to the king's study. In one corner he had placed a little table at which he sat; all the seats had been taken away save some couches which were at a considerable distance from him. On the table were various papers and an inkstand; there was one solitary lamp. The chandelier had not been lighted.

M. von Cobenzl entered; I was escorting him. The darkness of the room; the distance he had to traverse before reaching Bonaparte, whom he could barely discern; the uncomfortable feeling which resulted from this; the greeting vouchsafed by Bonaparte, who stood up and immediately sat down again; the necessity in which M. von Cobenzl found himself of remaining standing—everything combined straightway to put each man in his place, or at least in that particular place which the First Consul had desired to assign to him.

BONAPARTE'S SERVICE TO TALLEYRAND.

[Talleyrand had been excommunicated by the Pope about the time when, as he innocently says in his Memoirs, he sent in his resignation as bishop. Bonaparte now secured the withdrawal of the excommunication.]

At the time of the battle of Marengo a secret connection had been formed between Bonaparte and the court of Rome. He had had several interviews at Milan with an envoy of Pope Pius VII., just elected at Venice as successor to Pius VI. These interviews were the starting point of the Concordat, signed in Paris, later on, by Cardinal Consalvi. This agreement and its immediate ratification reconciled France with the Holy See, without any other opposition than that of a few military men—good, honest people, to be sure, but whose minds did not rise to a conception of this kind.

It was after this great reconciliation with the Church, in which I was greatly instrumental,

that Bonaparte obtained the Pope's brief for my secularization. This brief is dated from St. Peter's at Rome, the 29th of June, 1802.

It seems to me that nothing shows the indulgence of Pius VII. towards me better than what he said one day to Cardinal Consalvi: "M. de Talleyrand! Ah, ah! May God keep his soul! I, for one, like him very much."

THE BEGINNING OF BONAPARTE'S RUIN.

[At last there came a time when Talleyrand began to cool towards Bonaparte. Here is his own statement.]

UNTIL the peace of Amiens, Bonaparte might have committed many an error—where is the man who is faultless? But he had manifested no intentions in the carrying out of which a Frenchman, loving his country, could have hesitated to coöperate. You might not always agree with him as to the means, but the utility of the aim could not be contested at a time when evidently the sole object in view was, on the one hand, to put an end to the war abroad, and, on the other, to terminate the revolution at home by the reëstablishment of royalty—a royalty which, I protest, it was impossible to reëstablish for the benefit of the legitimate heirs of the last king.

The Amiens peace was barely concluded when Bonaparte's moderation seemed to leave him, and it had not been completely put in execution when he was already sowing the seeds of those new wars which were to crush Europe and France and eventually bring about his own ruin.

Piedmont should have been restored to the King of Sardinia immediately after the peace of Lunéville; it was in the hands of France merely in trust. Restoring it would have been an act both of strict justice and of very wise policy. Bonaparte, on the contrary, annexed it to France. I made vain efforts to dissuade him. He looked upon this measure as affecting his own personal interest, his pride seemed to demand it of him, and he turned a deaf ear to all the counsels of prudence.

Although his victories had contributed to the enlargement of France, none of the territories lately annexed had been conquered by the armies he commanded. It was under the Convention that the county of Avignon, Savoy, Belgium, and the left bank of the Rhine had been added to France, and Bonaparte could not claim any of these as his own personal conquests. Being a ruler, and an hereditary ruler, as he wished to be, over a country enlarged by officers who were once his equals, and whom he wanted to make his subjects, seemed almost humiliating to him; and might, moreover, give rise to outbreaks of opposition, which he was

anxious to avoid. Thus it was that, in order to justify his claims to the title of sovereign, he deemed it necessary to add to the territory of France possessions that she should receive from himself. He had been the conqueror of Piedmont in 1796; this fact seemed to point out that country as the very one to fulfil his views. He therefore had its annexation pronounced by the Senate, little dreaming that anybody would call him to account for so monstrous a violation of the most sacred rights of nations.

The English Government, who had made peace only through sheer necessity, having now got over those difficulties at home which had compelled them to sign it, and not having as yet restored Malta, which they wished to retain, seized upon the opportunity afforded them by the annexation of Piedmont to France, and resumed hostilities.

This event hastened Bonaparte's resolve to transform the life-consulate into hereditary monarchy. The English had landed on the coast of Brittany a few devoted and very enterprising emigrants. Bonaparte availed himself of this plot—with which he had fondly believed he could connect Dumouriez, Pichegru, and Moreau, his three rivals in glory—to get the title of Emperor bestowed on himself by the Senate. But this title, which he would have won as surely by wise and moderate means, though perhaps not immediately, was purchased with violence and crime. He did ascend the throne, but that throne was stained with innocent blood—with blood endeared to France by ancient and glorious memories.

The violent and unexplained death of Pichegru, and the means employed to procure the condemnation of Moreau, might be placed to the account of politics; but the assassination of the Duke of Enghien, in which act Bonaparte joined the ranks and secured the adherence of those guilty of the death of Louis XVI.—men who dreaded any kind of power not their own—this murder, I say, could not be either excused or forgiven, and it never has been; and, hence, Bonaparte was reduced to the necessity of boasting of it.

NAPOLEON HAS AN EPILEPTIC ATTACK.

[He gives an account of Napoleon's having something like an epileptic fit, and of the indomitable energy with which he immediately afterward resumed the march.]

I RECEIVED instructions to accompany him to Strasburg, so as to be ready to follow his headquarters according to circumstances (September, 1805). An attack which the Emperor suffered at the beginning of this campaign alarmed me peculiarly.

The very day of his departure from Stras-

burg I had been dining with him; on rising from table he went alone to the Empress Josephine's apartments, and after a few moments came out again in an abrupt manner. I was in the drawing-room; he took me by the arm and brought me to his room. M. de Rémusat, his first chamberlain, who had certain instructions to get, and was afraid Napoleon might go without giving them to him, entered at the same time. We were barely in when the Emperor fell to the floor. He scarce had time to tell me to close the door. I tore open his neckerchief, as he seemed to be suffocating: he did not vomit; he groaned, and foamed at the mouth. M. de Rémusat gave him some water; I inundated him with eau de Cologne. He had something in the nature of convulsion, which ceased in about a quarter of an hour. We seated him in an arm-chair; he began to speak again, dressed himself, urged upon us to say nothing of this occurrence, and half an hour later he was on the road to Carlsruhe. On reaching Stuttgart he let me know how he was; his letter ended with the words: "I am well. The duke (of Würtemberg) came to meet me as far as outside the first gate of his palace; he is a clever man." Another letter of his, from Stuttgart, and dated the same day, said: "I have heard of Mack's doings; he is getting on as if I led him by the hand myself. He will be trapped in Ulm like a clodhopper."

Efforts have been made since to spread the belief that Mack had been bribed; this is untrue; by their presumption alone were the Austrians ruined. We know very well how their army, beaten partly at several points and driven into Ulm, was obliged to capitulate there, and how the troops were kept in that town as prisoners of war after passing under the Caudine forks.

AUSTERLITZ AND THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

[Talleyrand was with Bonaparte at Austerlitz. He describes his entrance after the battle, the constant arrival of the captured flags of Austria and Russia, and of prisoners bearing the names of all the great houses of the Austrian Empire. At this moment the despatch bag came from Paris, and Talleyrand tells how Napoleon turned from the glories of Austerlitz to fret over the indifference towards himself of the Faubourg St. Germain.]

A SOMEWHAT piquant incident occurred then, which depicts Napoleon's character and opinions too well to allow of its being omitted here.

The Emperor, who at this time was in very confidential relations with me, desired me to read his correspondence to him. We began with deciphered letters from foreign ambassadors in Paris; they were of little interest to him, since all the news of the globe was really being

enacted round about him. Then we came to the police reports; several letters spoke of the embarrassed condition of the bank due to certain bad measures of the Minister of Finances, M. de Marbois. The report he took greatest notice of was that of Madame de Genlis; it was long and written entirely in her own hand. She spoke of the spirit that animated Paris, and quoted some offensive remarks made, she said, in the houses constituting what was then called the Faubourg St. Germain; she named five or six families which never would, she added, rally to the government of the Emperor. Certain rather biting expressions related by Madame de Genlis threw Napoleon into a state of inconceivable rage; he swore and stormed against the Faubourg St. Germain. "Ah, indeed, they think themselves stronger than I," he would say, "the gentlemen of the Faubourg St. Germain do! We shall see; we shall see!"

And when was this "we shall see" thundered forth? A few hours after a decisive victory over the Russians and the Austrians; so impressed was he with the force and power of public opinion, and especially of the opinion of a few nobles, whose sole offense consisted merely in keeping away from him! Hence it was that, on his returning to Paris later on, he looked upon himself as having made a fresh conquest when Mesdames de Montmorency, de Montemart, and de Chevreuse came to the palace as ladies-in-waiting of the Empress and shed the luster of their nobility on Madame de Bassano, who had been appointed along with them.

TALLEYRAND THWARTS NAPOLEON.

[From this time forward Talleyrand seems never to have hesitated in thwarting Napoleon's views in the treaties he negotiated, whenever he could. Here is one of the first instances he mentioned.]

In the distressed condition to which it was reduced, Austria had no alternative but to submit to the conditions imposed by her victor. These conditions were hard, and the treaty made with M. von Haugwitz rendered it impossible for me to mitigate them in any way except with respect to the "contribution." I so managed, at least, that these conditions could not be made worse by any fallacious interpretation. Being entirely free—thanks to the distance at which Napoleon was from me at the time—to draft them as I chose, I did my very utmost to render their wording unequivocal; wherefore, although he had obtained all it was possible to obtain, the treaty failed to please him. Some time after he wrote to me, "That treaty you made for me at Presburg cramps me a good deal."

This, notwithstanding, he gave me at no

distant date a great mark of his satisfaction by creating me Prince of Benevento, the territory of which was occupied by his troops; and it is a pleasure to me to state that this duchy, which I retained until the Restoration, was thereby saved from all kinds of vexatious measures, and even from conscription.

NAPOLEON CHARGED WITH HEARTLESSNESS.

[Talleyrand throws quietly in, without comment, an instance of Napoleon's heartlessness.]

A SERIOUS accident which befell General Duroc at Kutno did not delay Bonaparte's journey by a quarter of an hour. He saw him fall, passed by him, went on his way, and not until he had gone five or six miles farther did the idea strike him that he ought to have inquiries made about him.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AND NAPOLEON.

[After the treaty with Prussia, which followed the famous interview with the Czar in the middle of the Niemen, Talleyrand's sympathies seemed largely on the side of Prussia.]

THE Emperor Alexander, pleased that he had lost nothing, that he had gained even something (which favorable historians will dislike to record), and had thus sheltered his prestige in the eyes of his subjects, thought he had fulfilled all the duties of friendship towards the King of Prussia by nominally preserving for him one-half of his kingdom; after which he went away, without even taking the precaution to ascertain whether this half which the king was to retain would be promptly restored to him; if he would get it back in its entirety; and if he might not have to make further sacrifices in order to redeem it. This might be justly apprehended after the coarse question Napoleon asked the Queen of Prussia one day: "How ever did you dare go to war, Madame, with such feeble means as those you had?" "Sire, I must confess it to your Majesty, the glory of Frederick II. had deluded us as to our own power," was the queen's reply. The word "glory," so happily placed,—and in Napoleon's drawing-room at Tilsit, too,—struck me as superb. Afterward I so frequently referred to this noble reply that the Emperor said to me one day, "I am at a loss to see what there is in that saying of the Queen of Prussia that you consider so fine; you may as well talk of something else."

I felt indignant at all I saw, all I heard; but I was obliged to conceal my indignation. Hence I shall ever feel grateful to the Queen of Prussia, who was a queen of other days, for taking kindly notice of my sentiments. If among the scenes of my past life that I conjure up there are several which are necessarily

painful, I at least recall with great gratification the words she vouchsafed to address to me — spoken almost in confidence — on the last occasion that I had the honor to accompany her to her carriage: "Prince of Benevento," said she to me, "there are but two persons who regret that I should have come here; and those are you and I. You are not displeased, are you, that I carry that opinion away with me?"

The tears of emotion and pride which filled my eyes were my reply.

TALLEYRAND LEAVES NAPOLEON'S MINISTRY.

[Contemporary writers have told that Talleyrand was now driven out of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on account of Napoleon's disgust with his venality and belief in his treachery. This is Talleyrand's own account of his retirement.]

On his arrival in Paris, Napoleon created for Marshal Berthier the post of vice-constable, and for me that of vice grand-electeur. These offices were honorable and lucrative sinecures. I then left the Ministry, as I had wished to do.

During the whole time that I was intrusted with the Foreign Office I served Napoleon with fidelity and zeal. For a long time he had complied with the views which I deemed it my duty to lay before him. They were based on two considerations — establishing in France monarchical institutions which would assure the authority of the sovereign by keeping it within proper bounds, and dealing cautiously with Europe to make it forgive France her happiness and her glory. In 1807 already Napoleon had long deviated, I acknowledge it, from the path on which I had done everything to keep him; but not before the opportunity which now presented itself had I been able to leave the post I occupied. It was not so easy as people might think to resign active service with him.

TALLEYRAND AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

[He maintains that while thwarting Napoleon he was serving Europe, and even serving Napoleon himself.]

THE full and entire coöperation of Russia would have enabled him but too well to attain his object. Having a very poor opinion of the genius and character of the Emperor Alexander, he felt confident of success. He proposed, first, to intimidate him, and then to attack at the same time his vanity and his ambition; and, in truth, it was to be feared that on each of these three points the Emperor of Russia might prove but too assailable. But the destiny of Austria willed it that M. de Caulaincourt, a man that people seem to have delighted in misjudging, inspired the Emperor

Alexander with some confidence and made him place some in me. I had on several occasions seen him privately at Tilsit. I saw him almost every day at Erfurt. Conversations, of a general character at first, on the common interest existing between the great European powers, on the conditions which would necessarily break the bonds that it was important to maintain between them, on the European equilibrium in general, on the probable consequences of its destruction; conversations, of a more private nature afterwards, on those states whose existence was essential to the equilibrium, on Austria in fine — put the Emperor in such a condition of mind that the caresses, the offers, and the fits of passion of Napoleon were positively fruitless and idle, and that, before leaving Erfurt, the Emperor Alexander wrote, with his own hand, to the Emperor of Austria, to quiet his fears regarding the Erfurt interview. This is the last service I was able to render to Europe while Napoleon reigned; and that service, in my opinion, I rendered also to Napoleon himself.

At all hazards I had done everything that I could to obtain the Emperor Alexander's confidence, and I had succeeded in doing so to such an extent that, at the very commencement of his difficulties with France, he sent to me Count von Nesselrode, counselor at the Russian Embassy in Paris, who said to me on entering my room: "I have just come from St. Petersburg; I hold an official post with Prince Kourakin, but it is to you I have credentials. I am in private correspondence with the Emperor, and I bring you a letter from him."

NAPOLEON'S SPANISH PLOTS.

[Talleyrand devotes an interesting chapter to a detailed account of Napoleon's plots for establishing his brother on the throne of Spain. He thus states his theory of Napoleon's motives.]

NAPOLEON, being at Finkenstein [his headquarters in Poland during the campaign of 1807], remarked gaily, one day, "I can, when the occasion requires it, throw off the lion's skin and put on that of the fox."

He was fond of deceiving people. He would have deceived for the mere pleasure of doing so; and, even when politics did not require it, his instincts would have led him to indulge in deception. To carry out the schemes he was unceasingly turning over in his head, artifice was hardly less necessary to him than force; and more especially for the accomplishment of his views in regard to Spain did he feel that force alone would not suffice.

Napoleon, seated on one of the thrones of the House of Bourbon, looked upon the

princes who occupied the other two as natural enemies whom it was his interest to overthrow. But that was an undertaking a failure in which would ruin his plans, perhaps ruin himself. It was, therefore, not to be attempted without an absolute certainty of success.

Now the first condition of success in this case was that there should be no fear of a possible diversion on the Continent. . . .

The Emperor had several times spoken to me of his intention to seize Spain. I opposed this project with all my might, and endeavored to show the immorality and the peril of such an undertaking. He always ended by laying stress on the dangers of a possible diversion created at the Pyrenees by the Spanish Government whenever he might be involved in difficulties on the banks of the Rhine or in Italy; and he would quote for me the unfortunate proclamation of Prince de la Paix at the time of the battle of Jena. Many a time before had I refuted this argument by reminding him that it would be supremely unjust to hold the Spanish nation responsible for the fault of a man that she detested and despised, and that he would find it easier to overthrow the Prince de la Paix than to get possession of Spain. But to this he would reply that the idea of Prince de la Paix might be adopted by others, and that he would never be safe along his Pyrenean frontiers. It was then that, driven to extremities by the captious arguments of his ambition, I proposed a plan to him which offered the very guarantees of security he was feigning to seek in the direction of Spain. I advised him to occupy Catalonia until such time as he should be able to obtain a maritime peace with England. "Let it be known," I said to him, "that you will keep it as a pledge until peace is concluded, and you will thereby hold the Spanish Government in check. Should peace be long delayed, it is possible that Catalonia, which is the least Spanish of all the provinces of Spain, might become attached to France, nor are historical traditions wanting to help such a feeling; and perhaps it might then be annexed to France altogether. But anything you do beyond that cannot fail some day to be a source of bitter regret for you."

He would not be convinced, and thenceforth he distrusted me on this question. [Eventually] he tempted the cupidity and ambition of Prince de la Paix by a treaty for the partition of Portugal.

[The Spanish princes were decoyed across the frontier, and Napoleon had ordered that they should be quartered under guard in Talleyrand's château at Valençay. He thus describes their reception.]

I had been at my château for several days when the princes arrived. The moment of

their arrival has left in my soul an impression which will never wear away. The princes were young; and they, their surroundings, their clothes, their carriages, their liveries, everything, suggested centuries of the past. The carriage from which I saw them alight might have been taken for one of the conveyances of Philip V. This air of antiquity, by recalling their greatness, added to the interest of their position. After so many years of storms and disasters they were the first members of the House of Bourbon I once more beheld. *They* were not embarrassed; it was I, and I take pleasure in saying so.

Napoleon had ordered that they should be accompanied by Colonel Henri, a superior officer in the *gendarmérie d'élite*, and one of those soldiers of police who imagine that military glory is acquired by fulfilling in a harsh manner the duties of such a mission as this. I soon perceived that this man's attitude of suspicion and anxiety towards the princes would render their stay at Valençay unbearable. I therefore assumed the tone of a master, and gave him to understand that Napoleon reigned neither out doors nor in at Valençay. This reassured the princes, and herein I found my first reward. I showed them every respect, attention, and care; I permitted no one to appear before them without their previous consent. No visitor ever approached them unless in dress-suit, and I myself never failed to show the example of what I expected from others in this respect. All the hours of the day were divided according to their usual practices—religious service, time of rest, walks, prayers, etc. Will it be believed that at Valençay I made the Spanish princes acquainted with a kind of liberty and enjoyment that they had never known near their father's throne? In Madrid the two eldest brothers had never taken a walk together without a written permission from the king. Being free by themselves, going out ten times a day about the garden and the park, were new pleasures for them; never before had they been able to be brothers together to such an extent.

TALLEYRAND'S STINGING RETORT.

[Talleyrand details further arguments with Napoleon concerning the Spanish enterprise, dates his rupture with Napoleon from that period, and closes with a story of Napoleon's vanity.]

THE Emperor had long felt hurt by the opinion I had expressed as to his Spanish enterprise; besides, he had considered that the arrangements I had made at the time when the princes arrived at Valençay had too much regard for their safety. And so, from the first time we met again at Nantes, our conversations—our discussions, I might call them—were of an irri-

tating nature. On one occasion among others, assuming an air of banter, rubbing his hands, and pacing up and down the room, he said to me with a sneering look: "Well, you see how your predictions have turned out about the difficulties I should meet in settling the affairs of Spain according to my own views. I have got the better of those people, after all; they were all caught in the nets I spread for them, and I am master of the situation in Spain, as in the rest of Europe!"

Driven out of patience by this boast,—which in my mind was so little justified,—and above all by the shameful means he had employed to reach his aim, I replied to him, though calmly, that I did not see things from the same point of view as he did, and that I believed he had lost more than he had gained by the Bayonne events. "What do you mean by that?" he inquired. "Well," I answered, "the thing is very plain, and I will show it to you by an example. Let a man of the world behave foolishly, let him be a faithless husband, let him even commit grievous faults against his friends, he will be blamed, no doubt; but if he be wealthy, powerful, clever, society may be somewhat indulgent to him. Let that same man cheat at the gambling table, he is forthwith banished from good society and will never be forgiven."

The Emperor grew pale and embarrassed, and said not another word to me that day. I may date from this particular conversation our more or less evident rupture. Never after did he utter the name of Spain, of Valençay, or my own, without coupling therewith some offensive epithet suggested to him by his rancor. The princes had not been three months at Valençay when he already pictured to himself all the vengeance of Europe ready to break forth from the château. Personages around him often told me that he never spoke of Valençay, but with embarrassment whenever his conversation or his inquiries turned to that locality.

My absence lasted but a few days; the princes saw me again and greeted me with extreme kindness. A letter of Napoleon's which I found on my return deserves to be preserved; here it is, literally:

"Prince Ferdinand, when writing to me, calls me his cousin. Try and make M. de San Carlos understand that this is ridiculous, and that he is to call me simply, *Sire*."

Ajaccio and St. Helena make all comment unnecessary.

NAPOLÉON AND THE CZAR.

[The first volume of these Memoirs concludes with a chapter on the Erfurt meeting between Napoleon and the Czar, which begins as follows.]

THE Emperor Napoleon, in the interviews which preceded the treaty of Tilsit, often spoke of Moldavia and Wallachia to the Emperor Alexander as of provinces which should some day be joined to Russia; with the air of a man who yields to the current and submits to the decrees of Providence, he placed on the list of unavoidable events the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. He then would outline, as if by inspiration, the general basis of a partition of that empire, a partition to which Austria should be called with a view to satisfy her pride rather than her ambition. Practised eyes could perceive what an effect all these chimeras produced on the mind of the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon watched him carefully, and the moment he saw he had seduced his imagination he announced that letters from Paris urged him to return, and desired that no time should be lost in drafting a treaty. The instructions I received concerning this treaty were, that I should not allow one word to be introduced into it relating to the dividing of the Ottoman Empire, or even to the future fate of the two provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia; these instructions I carried out rigorously. And so Napoleon left Tilsit, after preparing for himself prospective openings which he could use at his pleasure for the furtherance of his other designs. He himself remained free, while the Emperor Alexander was fettered by means of his false hopes, and placed, besides, with regard to Turkey, in an equivocal position, out of which the Tuileries cabinet could bring forth fresh claims that the treaty had in no way interfered with.

It was at a court gathering in Paris, during the month of January, 1808, that Napoleon made a first attempt to turn this position to profit. He approached M. de Tolstói, then Russian Ambassador, took him aside, and in the very midst of a conversation in which he extolled the advantages of Wallachia and Moldavia for Russia he ventured a hint of compensations for France, and pointed to Silesia as the province which would be appropriate in the case.

On this occasion, as on all those when he meditated some new territorial aggrandizement, he appeared frightened at the ambition of England, which, he said, would not listen to any proposal of peace, and compelled him to have recourse to all the means dictated by prudence in order to diminish the strength of the powers with which there was reason to believe England was on terms of intimacy. For the time being, he added, we must lay aside all idea of partitioning the Ottoman Empire; for to start on any enterprise against Turkey without great maritime resources would be to place her most precious possessions at the mercy of Great Britain.

M. de Tolstoi, whose business it was to listen and who was ill fitted for anything else, reported to his court the hint he had received. The Emperor Alexander was the reverse of pleased on hearing of it, and said rather sharply to the French Ambassador: "I cannot believe what I have just read in Tolstoi's despatches; is it intended to tear up the Tilsit treaty? I do not understand the Emperor. He cannot mean to place me in a personal difficulty. On the contrary, his duty is to clear up my position in the eyes of Europe, by speedily placing Prussia in the situation which has been determined by the treaty. This is really a point of honor with me."

This incident gave rise to some explanations, which were terminated only by a letter from the Emperor Napoleon which reached St. Petersburg about the end of February, 1808. This letter contained (1) the implicit surrendering of all claims to Silesia; (2) new ideas on a partition of Turkey; (3) a scheme to carry on a war in India; (4) a proposal, either that a trustworthy person should be sent to Paris to treat on these weighty questions, or that some locality should be selected where the two emperors might meet.

It is to be remarked that Napoleon's letter, while proposing a dividing of Turkey, did not specify any of the bases on which this should be done. Thus, with the exception of the Silesian difficulty, which was removed, things were left very nearly in the same state of uncertainty. However, the Emperor Alexander felt so much relieved at no longer having to contend for the personal interests of the King of Prussia that he read this letter with extreme pleasure and at once decided to have an interview with the Emperor Napoleon. He wrote to him to tell him so. He asked for this interview, however, in the belief and on the condition that the partitioning of Turkey should have been previously drawn up, and that the only object of the meeting should be to have a good understanding about the means to be adopted of carrying out the treaty, and to render the ratification the more inviolable by personal pledges from man to man. In this sense it was that M. de Romanzoff was instructed to enter into negotiations with the French Ambassador, M. de Caulaincourt. . . .

The share I had had in the Tilsit treaty; the marks of personal kindness given me by the Emperor Alexander; the uncomfortable feeling cherished by the Emperor Napoleon towards M. de Champagny, who, as he used to put it, came to him every morning "brimful of zeal to excuse the blunders he had made the night before"; my own friendly relations with M. de Caulaincourt, to whose qualities justice must surely be done some day — all these

motives made the Emperor overlook the embarrassing position in which he had placed himself with regard to me by blaming me so violently for my disapproval of his Spanish venture.

He therefore proposed to me to accompany him to Erfurt and take in hand the negotiations to be carried on there, with the sole restriction that the treaty which might result therefrom should be signed by his Minister of Foreign Affairs. I agreed. The confidence he showed me at our first interview was a sort of amends for the past. He had all M. de Caulaincourt's correspondence handed to me; I found it excellent. In a few hours he acquainted me with everything that had been done in St. Petersburg; and henceforth I thought of nothing but the means of preventing, so far as lay in my power, the spirit of enterprise from being too predominant in this singular interview.

Napoleon would fain give great *éclat* to the meeting; he made it a practice to speak continually to those around him of the thought uppermost in his mind. I was still Grand Chamberlain at the time; every hour in the day he would send for me, as well as for General Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and M. de Rémusat, who had charge of the theatricals. "My journey must be magnificent," he would repeat to us every day. At one of his breakfasts, at which we were all three present, he asked me who would be his chamberlains in attendance.

"It strikes me," he said, "we have no very great names; I must have some: the truth is, that they alone can make a good figure at court. In justice to the French nobility, we must allow that it is admirable for that."

"Sire, you have M. de Montesquieu."

"Good!"

"Prince Sapieha."

"Not bad!"

"I think two will be sufficient. The journey being a short one, your Majesty can always have them in attendance."

"Quite so. And now, Rémusat, I must have one performance every day. Send for Dazincourt; he is the manager, is he not?"

"He is, Sire."

"I want to astonish Germany with my magnificence."

Dazincourt had gone out, so the arrangements for the stage performances were postponed to the following day.

"It is, no doubt, your Majesty's intention to invite a few great personages to Erfurt; and time presses."

"One of Eugène's aides-de-camp starts this very day," replied the Emperor. "We might let him know the proper thing to hint to his

father-in-law [the King of Bavaria]; and if one of the kings comes, they will all want to come. Then again—"he added, "no, we must not make use of Eugène for that; Eugène is not clever enough. He is the man to carry out exactly what I want, but he is no good at hinting. Talleyrand is better; the more so"—and here he laughed—"as he will pose as my critic, and declare that I shall feel gratified by the kings' coming. It will be my business, afterwards, to show that I was absolutely indifferent in the matter, and that they were really more in my way than otherwise."

At next morning's breakfast the Emperor sent for Dazincourt, who was awaiting his orders. He had told M. de Rémusat, General Duroc, and myself to be there.

"Dazincourt, you have heard that I am going to Erfurt?"

"I have, Sire."

"I should like the Comédie Française to come with me."

"To play comedy and tragedy?"

"I want nothing but tragedies; our comedies would be useless: they are not understood on the other side of the Rhine."

"Of course your Majesty wants a very fine performance?"

"I do—our very finest plays."

"Sire, we might give 'Athalie'?"

"'Athalie'! Nonsense! Here is a man who does not understand me! Am I going to Erfurt to put some *Joas*¹ into the heads of those Germans? 'Athalie'! How stupid!² My dear Dazincourt, that's enough! Warn your best tragedians to get ready to come to Erfurt, and I shall send you my commands respecting the date of your departure and the pieces that must be played. Go! How stupid those old people are! 'Athalie'! I must say it is my fault, too; why should I consult them? I ought to consult nobody. If he had suggested 'Cinna,' even! In that piece great interests are in play; and there is a scene of clemency, which is always a good thing. I once knew 'Cinna' almost all by heart; but I have never been a good elocutionist. Rémusat, is it not in 'Cinna' these lines occur?—

"'Tous ces crimes d'État qu'on fait pour la couronne,

Le ciel nous en absout, lorsqu'il nous la donne.'

I am not sure that I am quoting the lines accurately."

¹ See also Athalie and Joash, II. Kings xi. and II. Chronicles xxii. and xxiii.

² "Que c'est bête!" were his imperial Majesty's own words.—AMERICAN TRANSLATOR.

³ It may not be out of place to remark that, by substituting (not quite unintentionally, perhaps) *lorsqu'il* for *alors qu'il*, Napoleon considerably weakened the emphasis of Corneille's expression. However, as the substitution unluckily made the poet's line one foot

"Sire, the quotation does occur in 'Cinna'; but I believe the poet says '*Alors qu'il*' nous la donne."

"How do the next lines run? Get a 'Corneille.'"

"Sire, there is no necessity for that; I remember them:

"'Le ciel nous en absout, alors qu'il nous la donne;
Et dans le sacré rang où sa faveur l'a mis,
Le passé devient juste et l'avenir permis.
Qui peut y parvenir ne peut être coupable;
Quoi qu'il ait fait ou fasse, il est inviolable.'"

"That is excellent, especially for those Germans who dwell forever on the same ideas, and who still talk of the death of the Duke of Enghien; we must enlarge their views of moral philosophy. I do not say that with reference to the Emperor Alexander: those things are of no account to a Russian; but the sentiment is good for those people with melancholy ideas, of whom Germany is full. We shall give 'Cinna,' then; that's one play, and let it be for the first day. Rémusat, find out what tragedies might be given on the following days, and let me know before settling anything."

"Sire, your Majesty will allow some actors to be kept for Paris?"

"Yes, under-studies; but we must take all the good actors with us: it is better to have too many of them."

An order was immediately forwarded to Saint-Prix, Talma, Lafont, Damas, Després, Lacave, Varennes, Dazincourt, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Talma, Mademoiselle Bourgoin, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Gros, Mademoiselle Rose Dupuis, and Mademoiselle Patrat.

[The Memoirs tell how the treaty which Napoleon wished to conclude was prepared in advance.]

I had gone through the whole of the correspondence, but the Emperor had not yet had with me the all-important conversation respecting the affairs to be treated at Erfurt. A few days previous to the date fixed for my departure the Grand Marshal wrote to me that the Emperor desired me to go to the grand reception that very evening. I had scarcely entered the salon when he took me away to his own apartments.

"Well! You have read all that correspondence with Russia," he said to me. "What do

too short, he felt bound, before Rémusat, to repair such a blunder.

The quotation may be Anglicized literally thus:

Whatever crimes of state a royal crown may cost
By Heaven is absolved when 'tis given to us,
And in that hallowed rank by heavenly grace bestowed,
The past is righteous made, the future all our own.
He who has gained the crown, guiltless henceforward stands;
Whatever he did or does, 'gainst him no hand may rise.

—AMERICAN TRANSLATOR.

you think of the way I have manœvered with the Emperor Alexander?"

And he straightway went over, with complacency, all he had said and written in the course of the past year, winding up with a remark on the ascendancy he had gained over the Emperor Alexander, although on his part he had executed, of the Tilsit treaty, nothing but what suited him.

"Now," he added, "we are going to Erfurt. I want to return home quite free to do in Spain anything I may choose; I want to feel sure that Austria will be anxious and quiet, and I do not want to be bound in any definite manner with Russia for what concerns the affairs of the Levant. Prepare for me such a convention as would content the Emperor Alexander—would, above all, be directed against England, and would leave me plenty of elbow-room for the rest; I will help you; prestige will not fail you."

I was for two days without seeing him. In his impatience he had written down what he wished to be contained in the various articles, and had sent it to me with a request that I should bring it to him duly drawn out, as soon as possible. I did not keep him waiting, and within a few hours I went to him with the projected treaty written out in his own words.

"That is very nearly all I told you," he said. "Leave it with me; I shall arrange it. We must add to one of the last articles, to the article at which I stopped you: 'That, in the event of Austria causing any anxiety to France, the Emperor of Russia binds himself to declare himself against Austria and join France immediately on his being requested so to do, this being one of the cases to which the alliance of the two powers applies.' That is the essential article—how can you have forgotten it? Are you still Austrian?"

"Just a little, Sire; but I think it would be more accurate to say that I am never Russian and that I am always French."

"Make your arrangements to start: you must be at Erfurt a day or two before me. During our stay there you will seek opportunities to see the Emperor Alexander frequently. You know him well; you will use the right kind of language with him. You will tell him that in the usefulness of our alliance for mankind at large it is easy to recognize one of the grand designs of Providence. United, we are fated to reestablish general order in Europe. We are both young; we must not be in too great a hurry. On this you must lay great stress; for Comte de Romanzoff is impatient with regard to the Levant question. You will tell him how nothing can be effected without public opinion, and that Europe must be brought to see with pleasure, and without

being frightened by our combined power, the realization of the great undertaking we are now meditating. The security of neighboring powers, the properly understood interest of the whole continent, seven million Greeks restored to liberty, etc. You have a fine field for philanthropy; in this I give you *carte blanche*; only I want the philanthropy to be a long way off! Farewell."¹

NAPOLEON'S CHIEF FLATTERERS.

[The nature of Napoleon's reception at Erfurt is thus described.]

THE Emperor entered Erfurt on the 27th of September, 1808, at ten in the morning. An immense crowd had filled the avenues leading to his palace since the day before. Every one wanted to see, to come near the man who dispensed everything—thrones, misery, fears, and hopes. The three men on whom most praise has been lavished on this earth are: Augustus, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. Different epochs and different talents have varied the wording of these eulogies, but, intrinsically, it is always the same thing. My post as Grand Chamberlain enabling me to have a closer view of the homages, be they forced, feigned, or even sincere, which were paid to Napoleon, gave them in my eyes what I might call monstrous proportions. Servility never displayed so much invention; it suggested the idea of giving a hunt on the very ground where the Emperor had won the famous battle of Jena. A butchery of boars and wild game was prepared there to recall to the eyes of the victor the exploits of that battle. It has often been forced upon me that the more people had cause to vow vengeance against the Emperor, the more they smiled at his good fortune, and applauded that high destiny which they said was the gift of Heaven.

I am inclined to believe—and the idea came to my mind at Erfurt—that there are secrets of flattery that are known to none but those princes who, without leaving their thrones, have submitted to an ever-menacing protectorate; and they know how to make the most skillful use of these secrets when they happen to be near the power that dominates them and that is capable of crushing them. I have often heard a line quoted, out of I forget what wretched tragedy:

Tu n'as su qu'obéir, tu serais un tyran.

I did not see one prince at Erfurt who did not suggest to my mind the advisability of improving that line into:

Tu n'as su que régner, tu serais un esclave.

¹ "Je veux seulement que ce soit de la philanthropie lointaine."

TALLEYRAND PLOTS AGAINST NAPOLEON.

[Talleyrand describes with perfect naïveté his entering into relations with the representative of Austria to thwart Napoleon's wishes.]

THIS interview held at Erfurt without Austria being invited to it, without her being even made officially acquainted with it, had alarmed the Emperor Francis, who, of his own accord, had sent the Baron de Vincent straight to Erfurt with a letter for the Emperor Napoleon, and, I think, another for the Emperor Alexander. . . .

M. de Vincent showed me a copy of the letter of which he was the bearer: it was a nobly worded epistle, and betrayed no anxiety on the part of the writer. M. de Vincent had been ordered to be open-hearted with me; I told him that I was greatly pleased with his coming, as I was not without some apprehension concerning the dispositions of the two emperors. The very words of the Emperor Napoleon, quoted above, show how he looked upon me, and rightly so, as a supporter of the alliance of France with Austria. I believed, and still believe now, that I was thereby serving France. I assured M. de Vincent that I was doing, and would do, in every direction, what I would consider as likely to prevent any resolution injurious to the interests of his government as a result of the Erfurt interview.

NAPOLEON, GOETHE, AND WIELAND.

[Talleyrand kept careful notes of the conversation at Erfurt, and also had copies made of the notes taken by others. He is thus able to give the detailed account which follows of the interview of Napoleon with Goethe and Wieland.]

EVERY morning he read, with complacency, the list of newly arrived personages. The first time he saw M. Goethe's name he sent for him.

"M. Goethe, I am delighted to see you."

"Sire, I see that your Majesty, when travelling, does not neglect to cast your eyes on the smallest things."

"I know that you are the first tragic poet of Germany."

"Sire, you wrong our country. We believe we have great men: Schiller, Lessing, and Wieland must be known to your Majesty."

"I confess my acquaintance with them is very slight; I did read the 'Thirty Years' War,' and that—excuse my saying so—struck me as affording subjects for tragedy only fit for our boulevards."

"Sire, I am unacquainted with your boulevards; but I presume it is there that popular performances are given; and I am sorry to hear you judge so severely of one of the finest geniuses of modern times."

"You habitually reside in Weimar; is that the place where the literary celebrities of Germany congregate?"

"Sire, they are in high favor there; but, just now, Wieland is the only man with a European fame who lives in Weimar; for Müller resides in Berlin."

"I should be very glad to see M. Wieland."

"If your Majesty permits me to send for him, I feel sure he will come immediately."

"Does he speak French?"

"He knows the language, and has himself corrected several French translations of his own works."

"During your stay here you must go to our plays every evening. It will do you no harm to see the best French tragedies on the stage."

"Sire, I will go with pleasure, and I must confess to your Majesty that I intended doing so; I have translated, or rather imitated, a few French pieces."

"Which ones?"

"'Mahomet' and 'Tancred.'"

"I must inquire from Rémusat whether we have actors here to play them. I should be glad to let you hear them in our language. You are not so strict as we are with the rules of the drama."

"Sire, with us the unities are not essential."

"What do you think of our meeting here?"

"Very brilliant, Sire; and I trust it will be useful to our country."

"Are your people happy?"

"They are full of hope."

"M. Goethe, you ought to remain here all the time of our stay, and to note the impression you derive from the great spectacle we afford you."

"Ah, Sire, such a task would need the pen of some writer of the ancient times."

"Are you one of those who like Tacitus?"

"Yes, Sire; very much."

"Well, I am not; but we shall talk of that again another time. Write to M. Wieland to come here; I shall return him his visit at Weimar, where the duke has invited me. I shall be very pleased to see the duchess; she is a woman of great merit. The duke was rather on the wrong road for some time, but he has been made to see it."

"Sire, if he was on the wrong road he has been made to see it somewhat sharply; but I am not a judge of such things: he protects literature and the sciences, and we have nothing but good to speak of him."

"M. Goethe, come to 'Iphigénie' to-night. It is a good play; it is not among those I like best, but French people are very fond of it. You shall see not a few sovereigns in my parterre. Do you know the Prince Primate?"

"I do, Sire, almost intimately; he is a prince

endowed with great mental powers, extensive knowledge, and much generosity."

"Well, you shall see him to-night asleep with his head on the shoulder of the King of Würtemberg. Did you ever see the Emperor of Russia?"

"No, Sire, never; but I hope to be presented to him."

"He speaks your language well; if you write something on the Erfurt interview, you must dedicate it to him."

"Sire, that is against my practice. When I first began to write, I made it a rule for myself to abstain from dedications, so as to spare myself a possible source of regret."

"It was not so with the great writers of the age of Louis XIV."

"That is true, Sire; but your Majesty would not affirm that they were never sorry for it."

"What has become of that *mauvais sujet* Kotzebue?"

"Sire, they say he is in Siberia, and that you will ask his amnesty from the Emperor Alexander."

"But do you know that he is far from being a man to my taste?"

"Sire, he is very unfortunate, and he is a man of great talent."

"Adieu, M. Goethe."

I followed M. Goethe out and invited him to come and dine with me. On my return I wrote down this first conversation, and in the course of the dinner I ascertained, by various questions I asked of him, that it occurred exactly as I have reproduced it above. On leaving my table, M. Goethe went to the theater. I was anxious that he should be near the stage, and that was no easy matter, as the first row of seats was occupied by crowned heads; the second row, one of simple chairs, was filled with heirs-apparent; and all the benches behind them were crowded with ministers and minor princes. I therefore intrusted M. Goethe to M. Dazincourt, who managed to find a good seat for him without committing any breach of etiquette. . . .

I KNOW not what Napoleon wanted to get out of Wieland, but it pleased him to say a number of pleasant things to him.

"M. Wieland, we are very fond of your works in France; for you are the author of 'Agathon' and 'Oberon.' We call you 'the Voltaire of Germany.'"

"Sire, such a likeness would be very flattering to me; but there is no truth in it: it is exaggerated praise on the part of kindly disposed persons."

"Tell me, M. Wieland, why your 'Diogenes,' your 'Agathon,' and your 'Peregrinus'

are written in that equivocal style which introduces history into romance and romance into history. These two methods, in a superior man like you, should be sharply defined. Everything that is of a mixed character easily leads to confusion. That is why *le drame* is so little of a favorite in France. I am afraid to say much, for I have to deal with a powerful adversary, the more so as what I say applies to M. Goethe as well as to you."

"Sire, your Majesty will permit me to observe that there are on the French stage very few tragedies which are not a mixture of history and romance. But I am now encroaching on M. Goethe's ground; he will answer you, and, surely, will answer you well. As for what concerns me, my wish has been to give a few useful lessons to mankind, and I have stood in need of the authority of history. I wished the examples I borrowed from it to be easy and pleasant to imitate, and for that purpose I had of necessity to mingle with history the ideal and the romantic. Men's thoughts are sometimes better than their actions, and good novels are better than mankind. Compare, Sire, the age of Louis XIV. with 'Telemachus,' which contains the best lessons both for sovereigns and for peoples. My Diogenes in his barrel is a good man."

"But do you know," said the Emperor, "what happens to those who always exhibit virtue in fiction? They induce the belief that virtues are never anything but fancies. History has been very often calumniated by historians themselves."

This conversation, in which Tacitus was inevitably on the point of making his appearance, was interrupted by M. de Nansouty, who came and told the Emperor that a courier from Paris had arrived with letters for him. The Prince Primate withdrew with Wieland and Goethe and asked me to dinner with them at his house. Wieland, who, simple-minded as he was, did not know whether he had given the correct replies or otherwise to the Emperor, first went home to take down the conversation he had just had, whereupon he brought his writing to the Prince Primate's, just as I have given it above.

All the literary personages of Weimar and the vicinity were present at this dinner. I remarked among them a lady from Eisenach, who had a seat next to the Primate. She was never addressed but by the name of some muse, and that without the least affectation. "Clio, would you like so-and-so?" was with the Primate an entirely unaffected mode of expression, to which she would quite naturally reply "yes," or "no." On earth she was called the Baroness of Bechtolsheim.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

One Means of Regulating the Lobby.

THE people of Massachusetts, always in the van of political progress, are earnestly seeking to solve a new and important problem. They want to abolish or regulate the lobby, an institution which, during the past twenty-five years, has fastened itself upon every legislature in the United States. Is there a necessity for such an institution? So many men of little knowledge have, under the operation of our system, found their way into legislative assemblies, and the number and seriousness of questions to be settled has increased so much, that it was perhaps only natural that a third body, having no official relations with a legislature, should arise in order to supply some of the deficiencies.

So few legislators had knowledge of public questions that some method of instruction was almost indispensable. It was inevitable that interested persons, corporations, or municipalities would employ men for the purpose of affording this instruction. As a rule, this work is done by men of intelligence,—specialists in the questions with which they deal,—and they are employed for this reason. Most of their work is persuasive in its nature. They not only give information to men who lack or wish it, but they are instructors in social amenities, in which the legislator is sometimes seriously lacking. Dinner entertainments, social courtesies, are a good part of their stock in trade. Corruption is not a necessity with the lobbyist, though he sometimes makes use of that. In spite of a widespread impression to the contrary, only a small proportion of legislators are open to corrupt approaches; but nearly all can be influenced, as most men can be, by persuasion, courteous treatment, or social attentions to themselves or their families. No man knows human nature better than the lobbyist; if he does not, he has mistaken his calling. The professional lobbyist also is well acquainted with those influences (or "pulls") emanating from a legislator's constituency, or political or social backing, through which he can be most easily reached.

The lobby is almost inseparable from the present committee system, which during the past forty years has come to dominate legislative bodies. Nearly all its relations are with committees. It has an influence in the appointment of committees, and begins operations as soon as they are organized. It formulates bills, has them introduced, in many cases referred, as it may dictate. Its real work consists in getting a favorable report at just the right time on its pet measures. In most cases this is easy, because of the fact that the legislative committee is a secret body, not responsible to the public for its action. Nobody reports its proceedings. Its hearings are seldom public, and yet the lobby has free access to it. It knows its incomings and outgoings. It knows the weak points of the strong members, and gradually enmeshes the weaker ones until their actions can be molded to its purposes.

The composition of modern legislatures has made this comparatively easy. In former times enough

strong, virile men got into them to control them. The member ignorant of affairs, or the weak man, wherever he came from, was compelled by public sentiment to defer more or less to his leaders. Until the caucus became all-powerful, the strong man in a legislative body had far more influence than now. Business was then transacted on the floor, not in a caucus where a little more than a fourth of a legislative body often dictates its action. Then, too, the committee system has made men specialists in legislation, so that the experienced members—those who have seen two or three terms of service, and learned the ins and outs of what may be termed their art—are able to control the newer members, and, at the same time, when they have corrupt or selfish purposes, to promote bad legislation, most of it of a private character. In this era of bosses and caucuses nearly every member of a legislature has incurred obligations to some man or corporation contributing either votes or money to his election.

There is more and more need that legislatures should be held to the closest responsibility in small things as well as in large. The newspapers do this fitfully. When legislation has reached the point that a sensation can be made out of an exposure, then the newspaper is of great use as a regulator. But connected with this valuable means of regulation is much that is mere idle gossip, much that is based upon personal bias, and still more that is trifling, so that, while the present system is in vogue, it is not safe to put sole trust in the press as an agency for protecting the public from legislative imposition. Until committee reports are made, the newspaper gets scarcely any news of the work of committees. In most cases it is then too late to stop bad legislation, or to render harmless the work of the lobby. If the measure is open to suspicion, or the legislative body more than ordinarily amenable to bad influences, the mischief is done before the public knows anything about it; and the people's sole dependence is upon the veto of a president or a governor. In some cases this is effective; but in many States the veto power of the governor is less than nothing, for the reason that the same majority that passed the bill originally may pass it again, in spite of executive objection. It is also true that too much dependence is thus placed upon one man, and that in such a way as to excite popular opposition to this method. In this way bad laws are enacted, and selfish interests triumph. The lobby takes its pay, the promoters get their profit, and political committees, bosses, or candidates are allotted their share of the plunder in order the more effectually to corrupt the suffrage and make still worse legislation possible in the future.

Nothing but an aroused public sentiment can reach the bargains made by candidates for speaker, or for political management, under which committee appointments are bartered for votes. A simple device—though it may not be the only one necessary—for correcting lobby abuses is *publicity in the proceedings of committees*. Let arguments be heard on every bill that comes

before a committee, with full notice to all concerned—opponents as well as friends. These should be open to the public, and there the merits of every measure would be thoroughly debated before report had been made upon it. This would enable the committees to get the very best knowledge obtainable on every question. It would take away from the lobby its dark-lantern character, and from the committee its star-chamber element. It would throw the light upon every measure. In due time the newspapers would make it plain that, while the proceedings of a legislature are important, the proceedings of its committees are still more so. The system would bring before these committees men interested in legislation, and, as a rule, the interests involved would employ only the most intelligent to be found. Such a process would inform not only the public but legislators themselves. After these arguments had been heard the chances for bad motives to assert themselves would be greatly diminished. Committees would hear both sides and then decide. Now they often hear one side only, and that many times in an unintelligible if not a corrupt way.

When this has been adopted as a policy let nobody be admitted to the floor of legislative halls other than members and officers, with such occasional guests as should be so honored. Thus the character of legislative promoters would be changed. It would largely fall into the hands of men of ability and character, because the arguments of no others would be likely to affect legislation favorably. It is clear that with a free ballot—that is, a secret ballot, the universal adoption of which seems to be assured—and open legislative action the public interests would be conserved. It cannot be expected that bad measures would entirely disappear, but nothing is more certain than that they would decline in number and become less and less dangerous. Legislators and governors would have the information to which they are entitled, and the public an opportunity to know what is going on. It ought thus to be able at all times to protect its own interests, as it would have no excuse for ignorance, while legislators would be protected from unnatural and dangerous importunity, and their reputation improved.

The Salary Problem.

"THE scholar in politics" is hard enough to get at best, and it is exasperating to run the risk of losing him because he "cannot afford it." This is what we have narrowly escaped in the case of a West Virginian, who was professor in a Washington college and president of the university of his State before he was elected to Congress in 1882, and who has made a most excellent record as a Representative at Washington. He is now serving his fourth term, and has gained that experience in legislative methods which must supplement ability before the most talented man can do his best in the Capitol. Yet a few months ago he threatened to end his career in public life, declaring that, in justice to the interests of his family, he must retire from Congress and earn more money, as he could easily do in his profession as a lawyer. Happily he was prevailed upon to change his mind and accept a reflection.

Mr. Wilson's case is not exceptional. Every Congress sees the withdrawal of more than one man who is admirably equipped for the public service, and who

heartily enjoys its opportunities for usefulness, simply because he is poor and cannot support his family upon the salary. Nor is it a rare event to find a judge of a Federal court surrendering his life commission because the pay is not large enough to relieve him from constant pecuniary worry. Moreover, such cases do not begin to tell the whole story. Not only do many men make the trial of living upon the salary of a congressman or a judge and give it up as "a bad job," but many more decline to be considered candidates for such offices because they know well enough without trying how the experiment would work. Much the same thing is as true of the States as of the nation. A judgeship of the Massachusetts Supreme Court recently fell vacant, and a Boston paper told what every reader knew to be the simple truth, that a number of the State's ablest lawyers were outside the range of choice because of the smallness of the salary as compared with what they earn at the bar.

The case is too plain for argument. The highest salary paid a judge of the United States District Court is \$5000 a year, and four-fifths of the number receive only \$3500; Circuit judges are allowed \$6000 a year, but must pay out of it the expenses of traveling over the several States included in each circuit; Supreme Court judges receive \$10,000, but they also have to defray the expenses of some work on circuit. Senators and Representatives receive \$5000, with an allowance for traveling expenses. The judges, with a very few exceptions among the District judges in agricultural States, live in cities, including, of course, all the largest cities in the country. Congressmen must spend in Washington more than three months during the short session of Congress, and seven or eight months, at least, during the long session, with a chance of not getting away until the tenth or the eleventh month.

Consider the situation of a District judge in one of our larger cities who has a family of four or five children at those ages when the expenses connected with their education are most heavy; reflect that, however modest his tastes, he must live in a style not unworthy of his high office; and show, if you can, how he may "make both ends meet" on a salary of \$3500 or \$4000 a year. Or take the case of a congressman with like family, who has no private fortune, who is conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and who consequently has little time or strength left for making additions to his official income, even if he has the opportunity. He has his home in the city or town of his residence, which of course he wishes to retain. But he also desires to enjoy home life in Washington, and to rent a house at the capital, where he may have with him during the sessions his wife and such of their children as need not be away at school or college. "Never separate yourself from your family while you are a member of Congress," was the advice which Nathaniel P. Banks says that Edward Everett gave him when he first went to Washington as a Representative. It was good advice for the congressman of a generation ago, and it is equally wise counsel for the congressman of to-day. But no congressman of to-day can follow it unless he has a private fortune. To talk about doing it on \$5000 a year is simply a waste of words. "I live here," once said a New England Senator of inexpensive tastes, who had long maintained a modest home in Washington, "as economically as I know how,—certainly not so well as I do at my quiet home in a New England town,—

and yet my salary will not pay my expenses." This was nearly twenty years ago, and the cost of such an establishment must have increased fully fifty per cent., at the lowest estimate, during the interval, while the salary of the Senator is not larger now than then. The fact is that no Senator or Representative who is dependent upon his salary ever thinks of "keeping house" in Washington. He boards, often without the company of his wife and children. Another New England Senator has recently confessed that during twenty years' service at one end or the other of the Capitol he has never been able to hire a house, and that his wife and he have "experienced the varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses, sometimes very comfortable, and a good deal of the time living in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household."

There is absolutely nothing to be said in defense of such a system. The only excuse which could ever be made for parsimony would be necessity. A poor people, but recently emerged from a long war and still suffering from all sorts of financial complications, might properly have fixed a low scale of compensation for the officials of the new Government, although the scale adopted a hundred years ago was really much higher than the present system, allowing for the great difference in the purchasing power of money and the large increase in the cost of living. It has, indeed, often been urged that public officials should be paid only small salaries in order that they may set an example of frugality. Oddly enough, this argument is often advanced by those officials who are not dependent upon their salaries. The New England Senator whose private fortune enabled him to maintain a home in Washington as well as in his State opposed an increase of congressional salaries when the question was last agitated, seventeen years ago, holding that "we ought to set an example of frugality at the capital of our country." But one cannot help wondering if he would have been so enamored of a "frugal" salary if lack of private means had forced him and his wife to experience "the varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses," and to live a good deal of the time "in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household." An Ohio demagogue who resorted to the "frugality" plea, in a debate on this subject in the House of 1873, was very neatly cornered by an inquisitive colleague. "We get enough now," he said, "for economical living, enough for plain, comfortable living, if we will only be satisfied with it. We should rather return to the old-fashioned, solid, plain, substantial habits of our fathers." Here he was interrupted with the question if he did not himself pay more for his board and rooms than he received as pay for his services in Congress, and the voluble champion of "economical living" was compelled to confess that such was the fact. No wonder his interlocutor retorted with some bitterness that "we poor fellows who have no means outside of our salary cannot do as the gentleman does," and that "gentlemen who have private incomes of \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year are very conservative on this subject."

Frugality is undoubtedly a virtue which should be cultivated, but it is by no means a synonym for meanness. The congressman who received \$6 a day during the first twenty-five years of our history, or \$8 a day in the forty years after 1816, was able to live in much

better style relatively than he who draws \$5000 a year in 1891; for it is a matter of record that so late as during the administration of Andrew Jackson the charges at "the very best hotel" in Washington were only one dollar a day for a man's board, and half a dollar extra if he kept a horse. The system of payment originally adopted enabled the Senator or Representative to live on much the same plane as the successful professional man of a century ago; but during the hundred years the income of leading lawyers, physicians—yes, and clergymen too—has grown out of all proportion to that of the congressman. We do not ask the minister to be content with a salary so small that he must be denied the pleasures of a home, and a great nation should be ashamed to demand such a sacrifice of its lawmakers.

It would be bad enough if the evil were restricted to those who are thus really fined for their willingness to render the public service. No man can do his best work when he must live in a Washington boarding-house, or be harassed by money troubles if he tries to support a family in a house not unworthy a judge of a United States court, on a salary of \$3500 or \$4000 a year. Simply as a matter of economy, the nation "loses money" by giving niggardly salaries, because it does not get as good service as the same men would render if they were well paid. But this is not the worst of it. Love of public life, ambition for distinction, an honorable desire to do one's duty by one's country, will suffice to draw some men of the best type into the service and to keep them there, despite the discomforts imposed by poor pay. But many more of this class will soon be driven out, or, warned by the experience of others, will never enter public life.

"If any provide not for his own he is worse than an infidel," even if he neglects his family to make laws or to interpret them for his country. A man who is dependent upon what he earns, and who can earn \$10,000 or \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year outside Congress, is going to think twice before he sacrifices that income for a salary on which he cannot have a home in the city where he must live more than half the time, and cannot give his children the education which he had planned for them. And if he thinks twice, the chances are greatly against his going to Washington, or tying himself down to an even smaller salary if he be a lawyer and the path opens for him to a seat in a Federal court.

The present system operates to fill Congress with men whose wealth is so great that the size of the salary is a matter of indifference. The tendency to elect to the Senate and the House men who are rich, and who would never have been thought of for such office except for their riches, is already so strong as to be alarming, and yet the nation goes on year after year neglecting one perfectly obvious way to resist it. Make the salary of a congressman large enough for one to live as well at the close of the century as a Senator or a Representative lived at its beginning, and seats which now often go without a contest to unqualified millionaires will again be sought by men who are capable of rendering the best service to the State.

Early Education in Literature.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in a recent "Atlantic" essay, ridiculed, with entire moderation and justice, the efforts which are made in so many of our schools and colleges to teach literature by means of a

text-book. His contention is that the only way by which literature can be taught is by planting early in the mind of the child a love for good reading, for literature of the best kind. When the seed has been sown early in that way there is little doubt about the future crop. The great difficulty in our country, with its hard-working, money-getting population, has been to find the parents who had the time to see to the sowing of the seed, for it is the parent who must be depended upon to do it rather than the teacher. Here and there may be found a teacher who will have both the disposition and the time, as well as the ability, to inculcate a love of reading with the dry humdrum instruction of learning how to read; but such a one will be the exception. In the rural district schools, as well as in the crowded city public schools, the vast majority of the teachers are so absorbed in and so exhausted by the daily drudgery of their work that they have no strength, if they had the taste and inclination, to inculcate in the pupil's mind a love of letters with his knowledge of the pronunciation, spelling, and meaning of words.

Between the tired and mechanical teacher and the overworked or indifferent parents the average American child reaches the high school, the academy, and even the college with no knowledge whatever of literature in its best sense. A few novels or poorly written histories may have been read, but beyond that no glimpse has been afforded into the fair land of letters. It would be something gained if, after the pupil had reached this stage in his education, a teacher of the inspiring and stimulating kind could always be assured to him. In many cases such a teacher is found, but in many others he is not, and the sole instruction accorded is that of perfunctory recitations from a text-book on "English Literature." Anything more absurd in the form of education could scarcely be devised than this effort to cram a student's mind with a knowledge of literature by making him commit to memory a bookful of names and dates of authors and their works. If he had any love of letters in his mind at the outset, the process would be more likely to destroy than to enlarge it.

It comes to this, therefore, that unless the parent does the early work, it is in danger of not being done at all. No one who has ever tried the experiment can doubt that a love of good literature can be created at a very early age. The child who is permitted to hear only wholesome, well-written little stories from his parents' knees before he learns to read himself, and who is given only the same kind for his first struggles, will develop a taste for those alone which will help him to reject all others as repulsive.

As for pictures, Henry James has told in *THE CENTURY* of the delight which he took as a child in poring over bound volumes of "Punch," and of the education which his eye gained thereby in regard to correct drawing. Hundreds of children have repeated his experience and are repeating it to-day, both from "Punch" and from our illustrated magazines and children's periodicals. They will early learn to detect poor drawing and to reject it as quickly as older people, and often with much less ceremony. The taste for good reading is just as quickly developed. A child who has read only stories and books of the best kind will care less for the dime novel, blood and thunder kind of stories which are so delightful to the bootblack and the mes-

senger boy. Nothing is more surprising than the sureness of the taste of the child thus developed. It chooses instinctively the best in every field, and one of the most gratifying phases of it is the frequency with which it turns to the field of history. The childish imagination, kindled by the fairy tales of the nursery, turns naturally to the heroes and battles of history, and the story of the world becomes, not dry study, but delightful reading.

In this home development of the youthful mind, this early sowing of the seed of a love of learning, the children's magazines of the present day, with their high standards of writing and illustration, are forces of incalculable power for good. They have in countless cases done the work which the parent has for one reason or another failed to do. They have by creating a solid love for the best made it forever impossible for the worst to gain a foothold in thousands of households. No more valuable educational work than this could be performed. Montaigne says that he read books that he "might learn to live and die well." The youth who comes to manhood with the love of learning firmly planted in his heart has in him the highest equipment for a useful citizen, for he will constantly read more books, will year by year shape his course more in accordance with the "garnered experience of all the ages," and will thus live and die well.

Women.

A WOMAN, known to honorable fame, said the other day, in conversation, that she did not wish her work to be judged with reference to her sex; that she feared that women who work in literature and art were praised unduly; and that, in fact, she was greatly tired of Woman with a big W. And yet it seems just now especially difficult to escape the consideration of the big W. Women are so active nowadays in advancing the cause not only of woman but of man, including woman, that no watcher of the signs of the times can fail to note this very apparent and important sign.

Some recent evidences of this activity suggest themselves immediately. The Open Letters in this number of *THE CENTURY* relate to a movement of the greatest significance. The opening to women of the very highest advantages in medical education on a complete equality with men; the ease with which the lately destroyed Wells College, at Aurora, New York, has been able to obtain the means beautifully to rebuild itself; the establishment of Barnard College in connection with Columbia, in the city of New York—these are matters of interest in connection with the cause of woman's higher education.

But other occurrences of the day in which women are prominent have quite as much significance—occurrences which the newspapers have not failed to keep constant note of. The work that women who have enjoyed the "higher education" are doing for their less fortunate sisters, by means of clubs, college settlements, and periodicals, is a form of endeavor which is sure to have many valuable results for the higher education, not only of the uneducated girl, but of the educated. The latter will learn—is learning—many things she has not been fully aware of concerning human nature in general, and philanthropic methods in particular. The Society for Political

Study, formed several years ago by certain women in New York, where municipal government in all its branches was first taken up and discussed,—after that coming the study of our State and general governments, and political economy in general,—is a very notable "sign"; but not more notable than, perhaps not as notable as, the practical work of the Ladies' Health Protective Association of New York, which was organized in 1884, and ever since has been heroically fighting the battle for cleanliness and health in the metropolis. To come still nearer for "signs" we need only mention the appeal, in the recent municipal campaign, for clean streets and clean government, on the part of thirteen hundred women of our city—rich and poor, well known and obscure, laborers all, either in works of beneficence or in the winning of their daily bread.

Many who look with approval on all the "signs" mentioned above regard with a sort of apprehension the Western experiments in woman suffrage, and the serious agitation in the East for limited municipal suffrage for women, in addition to their present suffrage rights in matters of education. "Can it be," they say, "that when wise men are looking rather to the restriction of the suffrage, there is to be a tremendous addition to it of a novel and almost revolutionary character? If in our great cities the ignorant vote is to be increased to a greater extent by the new element than by

the intelligent vote, where is the advantage?" There are others who say that just as conservative England is drifting towards socialism, so conservative America is drifting towards woman suffrage; and that just as England will move slowly, and experimentally, and wisely in the direction of socialism, stopping at the right point, so will America drift towards socialism and stop at the right point; and also drift slowly, and with many experiments and experiences, towards woman suffrage, stopping there at the right point also—even if that right point is this side of the present limitations in all suffrage; even if, by that time, male suffrage itself is restricted; the two suffrages being one wisely restricted, sacred, honorable suffrage, and not a suffrage degraded, as now, by crime and densest foreign and home-bred ignorance.

The suffrage, whatever happens, and whether or not women are generally admitted thereto, must be purged of crime against itself: those who bribe and are bribed should forfeit citizenship; habitual offenders against the laws should not have the right to make the laws; invincible ignorance should not pretend to instruct and govern at the polls; and foreigners should not be made citizens and voters without knowing anything of the rights and duties of American citizenship, or of the Constitution to which they swear allegiance.

OPEN LETTERS.

On the Opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to Women.

IT is perhaps not sufficiently understood that there is no obstacle in ecclesiastical or canon law to the education of women for the medical profession. Among the persons inhibited by the Church from pursuing the profession of medicine are included priests, monks, and clergymen generally, but not women. There are indeed canonists who would deny the right of women to teach, though not to practise, medicine—notably Schmalzgrüber, the well-known compiler of canon law: but even he, although he has taken the pains to collect, in his well-known work on Decretals, all adverse evidence, gives no explicit arguments against it; and several ecclesiastical jurists are distinctly in favor of the study of medicine by women.

If we consult history we shall find, not only that the art of midwifery during the Middle Ages, and virtually till the beginning of the eighteenth century, was exclusively in the hands of women, but also that women were from time to time engaged, during this period, in different departments of medicine. In the University of Salerno, which flourished in the Middle Ages, and was noted especially for the learning of its theologians, and in the oldest of the Italian universities, Bologna, which has recently been celebrating its eight hundredth anniversary, women were not only students but professors of medicine. The portrait of the celebrated professor of anatomy Anna Manzolini, together with those of the four other women who were professors there, may still be seen on the walls of the University of Bologna, and some of her wax anatomical models are still shown in the museum.

I do not hesitate to say, with due deference to the judgment of others, that in my opinion it is important to the well-being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be continued and extended. The difficulties that are said to attend their pursuing the necessary studies in the same schools with men may be obviated by judicious precautions, and these difficulties should not debar women from the profession of medicine. We permit women to exercise the art of painting, though its successful pursuit is not always free from danger to female modesty. In my judgment, in anatomical demonstrations men and women should be separated; but I learn that in the anatomical departments of Paris and Geneva, Zurich, Berne, and Basle, and in the universities of Belgium, Spain, and Italy, women work side by side with men, and that this, in the opinion of the professors, has been attended by good rather than bad results. I believe that in other departments, and wherever the proper restrictions are observed, the coeducation of the male and the female sex will exert a beneficial influence on the male.

The prejudice that allows women to enter the profession of nursing and excludes them from the profession of medicine cannot be too strongly censured, and its existence can be explained only by the force of habit. It has been urged that women do not as a rule possess the intellectual powers of men, but their ability to pursue the usual medical studies has been sufficiently demonstrated; and it is admitted, even by those who concede to men a higher order of intellect and greater powers of ratiocination, that what women may lack in that direction seems to be supplied by that logical instinct with which they have been endowed by God. It

is evident also that if female nurses may with propriety attend men as well as women, that privilege cannot reasonably be withheld from the female physician; indeed, the position of the nurse might be regarded as open to much graver objections, inasmuch as the physician makes but a transient visit to the patient, while the nurse occupies the sickroom day and night. The attendance of female physicians upon women is often of incalculable benefit. Much serious and continued suffering is undergone by women, and many beginnings of grave illness are neglected, because of the sense of delicacy which prevents them from submitting to the professional services of men. There is also an infinite number of cases, known to all who have been concerned in charitable or reformatory work, in which no influence or assistance can be so effectual as that of a physician who is also a woman and a Christian.

The alleviation of suffering, for women of all classes, which would result from the presence among us of an adequate number of well-trained female physicians cannot but be evident to all; but I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body, than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.

James, Card. Gibbons.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, BALTIMORE.

SEVERAL months ago I was asked to state the reasons which appeared to me to show that it was both just and important to permit women medical students to attend the superior medical schools that are beginning to grow up under the direction of universities. At the time the movement had just been initiated to secure the admission of women to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University. This movement has just been crowned with success. The generous energy of the group of women who have been working for the intellectual advancement of their sex has been cordially met by the liberal spirit of the University trustees, whose wise and just action is well befitting the responsibility of the noble trust they administer; still the moment has not yet arrived when the above mentioned "statement of reasons" has become happily superfluous.

Unless all the opportunities, privileges, honors, and rewards of medical education and the medical profession are as accessible to women as to men, women physicians cannot fail to be regarded as a special and distinctly inferior class of practitioners. Such habitual lack of social consideration will, moreover, constantly tend to render women inferior, by depressing honorable ambition, felt to be useless, and by depriving all women of the opportunities and responsibilities where individual superiority could be achieved or demonstrated, for which many at least are fitted. It is essential to the efficiency and the reputation of women's colleges that women should not be educated exclusively in them. Women's medical colleges were founded in America simply because all other means of securing a medical education for women were vehemently refused. On the European continent the foundation of such small, isolated schools would have been impossible. Women would either have been refused all legal right to study or practise medicine, or they would have been at once admitted to the schools directed by

universities and controlled by the state. The first course has been pursued in Germany, the second (since 1866) in Switzerland, France, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Belgium. In America, although for more than a century there have been among us not only acute but learned physicians, it is only recently that medicine has been regarded as a learned profession. Schools have been founded as private business enterprises whenever any group of irresponsible young men chose to "organize a college" as a means of personal advertisement. Women were excluded from these schools for the same ingenuous reason which led them to keep the standard of medical education as low as possible. The professors expected to repay themselves for their trouble out of the fees of the students: clearly the more students, the more pay; but the more severe the conditions of matriculation and graduation, the fewer the students. Similarly it was feared that the admission of women would be unpopular among students, known to be as tenacious of their "dignity" as they were careless of their instruction. Women were therefore excluded, together with the conditions necessary for a superior or learned or logical education, and may thus be said to have found themselves in good company. Now that the modern European view of medicine has gradually penetrated the American consciousness, it is perceived that the study of medicine necessitates an amplitude and complexity of intellectual and material resource greater than is required for any other branch of education. There is needed the culture of the philosophic faculty; there are needed the expensive laboratories of physical science; and in addition there is needed the equally expensive equipment of hospital and amphitheater, which especially belong to medicine. When this has once been perceived, the hope of compassing such requirements by means of small, isolated, voluntary schools, especially if unendowed and dependent on the capricious fees of their students, is seen to be futile and absurd. These schools, then, fall into their proper rank, as feeders for the university.

The relations of women's medical colleges to a university medical school, such as that of Harvard, or more especially of Johns Hopkins as the latter is designed to be, would be twofold. Certain standards imposed at the university would be accepted at the colleges as the guide for their own work—work which, without such guide, has often floundered about in woful uncertainty. And the students who should be found capable of accomplishing more than the average work proper to such colleges should be enabled to pass up to the higher schools, and work upon a plane fitted to superior abilities.

The change slowly effected in the views of medical education is an important factor in creating a new situation for the medical education of women. A second factor, not less important, consists in the change which has taken place in the general education of women. Twenty-five years ago academic studies were inaccessible to them. . . . But to-day, with Vassar, and Smith, and Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, and Cornell University, and with admission secured to the State universities throughout the West, there are every year an increasing number of well-educated women who are qualified for the higher grades of medical work, and who are more and more in a position to demand facilities for the higher degrees of medical instruction.

A third factor in the present situation is the admission of women to the European schools, whence they return, both Europeans and Americans, to practise medicine among colleagues who have been forcibly placed at an educational disadvantage with them. Thus, out of a dozen women physicians now practising in San Francisco, three have graduated in Paris.

That the women of America, the country which, in comparison with the rest of the world, has not unjustly been called the "paradise of women," should be compelled to seek in Europe opportunities for the highest education; that in America, where the medical profession freely admits women to its national, State, and city societies, and to a share in many public medical responsibilities, women should have fewer educational advantages than in Europe, where these privileges are still denied; that in America, where physicians are beginning to be fairly liberal, just, and even kind, women should have less opportunity for winning honors than in England, where the doctors are still opposed to women physicians; that in America, with its free social manners, and habitual confidence in the dignity and purity of its women, an artificial outcry should be raised against "coeducation," and difficulties imagined, unthought of in Europe, where the honorable association of young men and women is really a social innovation; that on the Atlantic coast human beings must be deprived of intellectual rights because of alleged scruples of prudery that have vanished from the portals of universities throughout the West—all these circumstances are so anomalous, the situation thus created is so illogical and contradictory, that it cannot, one would imagine, be much longer sustained.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which women physicians in America still labor, there is one circumstance which renders their position more solid than it is as yet in Europe. In America the admission of women to medicine was effected in response to a popular demand—it came from below, and had a democratic basis of support. In Europe it came from above, from the councils of ministers, or from the deliberations of small groups of highly cultivated people. Thus it has often come about that in Europe women have had the education but not the patients, and in America they have had the patients and not the education. The time has come to unite the two.

NEW YORK.

Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.

DR. SUSAN DIMOCK was but twenty-eight years old when her body, rescued from the wreck of the *Schiller*, was borne to its last resting place by eight of the physicians of Boston, who had known her and been in practice with her for three years before her death. Among them was Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who, speaking from an experience of more than forty years' professional life, said of her, "I found her one of the most accomplished physicians I have met." Dr. Samuel Cabot, for years one of the leading surgeons of Boston, was also one of the pall-bearers. "In her short life," he said afterward, "she acquired, in the face of many obstacles, an amount of medical knowledge and of surgical skill such as but few possess. Her skill and self-command in operating no one can appreciate who has not witnessed it. Her brief and highly honorable career points surely to the high position she would have at-

tained had her life been spared." In lecturing to her students she said, "If I were obliged, in my practice, to do without sympathy or medicine, I should say do without medicine"; and to a class in the training-school for nurses, "I wish you, of all my instructions, especially to remember this: when you go to nurse a patient, imagine that it is *your own sister* before you in that bed, and treat her in every respect as you would wish your own sister to be treated."

It was her inherent womanliness which constituted Dr. Dimock the ideal woman physician, and it is upon the womanliness of educated women that is based the strongest argument in favor of placing under their care women who are suffering from disease, either physical or mental, and women who have lost their womanliness.

To the strong, to the well, to the good, to the happy, sympathy is not an essential—they can live without it: but to the weak, the suffering, the crushed, and the wicked, sympathy is the first necessity: they must have it or they cannot be lifted and cured.

Now the sympathy which one woman can give to another it is impossible that a man should give to a woman. Even the superficial sympathy with physical suffering which arises from like experience is rendered impossible by their different organizations; a man does not know what a woman is feeling, because he never has felt and never can feel the same. This, where women are simply ill, is sufficient to make the attendance of a woman physician of value; but to women who are suffering from disease, mental or moral, women who are torn from their natural relations and place in life and shut away in insane asylums, prisons, or reformatories, for their own cure and the safety of others, the ministrations of educated, high-minded, womanly women are almost a necessity.

To have men as physicians in a prison for women, or in an insane asylum in charge of women, is simply to throw away the strongest influence for good which can possibly be available for the reformation and cure of either prisoners or patients.

To an insane patient, peace and quiet of mind, a sense of safety and repose, are essential, and to many such rest and freedom from anxiety are not possible if under the charge of a man. There is a sensitive shrinking and dread of men, often amounting to positive fear, in nervous women which may become so intensified in insane patients as to make it impossible for a man to approach them without injury to them. Apart from such extreme cases, however, the daily and hourly oversight of a woman physician is of a far more searching and intimate character than that of a man can possibly be, and it is said that the unhappy patients should lose the comfort and advantage which the care of educated women would afford them. A woman can know a woman as a man cannot.

But to the vicious woman or girl the blessing of the presence of a woman physician seems to be almost greater than to any other. To such a one, accustomed to regard men and women from a point of view incomprehensible to other women, the entrance into her life of an absolutely pure-minded woman, who is also strong, intelligent, and kind, is a revelation. She stands self-condemned in her presence, her life for the first time presents itself to her as revolting; for the first time she sees herself as she is, defiled, degraded,

and cast out; and when such a woman stoops to perform for her the most revolting offices, shows that she loves her, that she is full of tender pity for her, the elevating influence is wonderful. To a depraved woman no man dares to show tenderness or pity; he must feel and show to her only the moral repulsion which her degradation arouses in him. Should he long to help her, to lift and succor her, he is powerless, and he cannot show her even the common pity of one human being for another who is suffering; she will not understand it, and she will pervert it in her mind, and it can do her no good, but only harm. The contact of pure men with such women can only be hardening and injurious to both, but the pure woman may give free vent to all the overpowering pity of her heart, and it serves only to soften and chasten the heart of the miserable outcast.

To one more class of the unfortunate the woman physician may come as a savior. The young girl beginning life, wayward, ignorant, unbalanced, needing help and guidance, will often conceive for a high-minded, steady-minded woman such devotion as will serve to keep her from wrong through life; and where is such a girl, beating her angry heart out against the walls of a reformatory, so likely to find her ideal as in the calm and noble woman who comes as physician and friend to cure and help her? Here, again, no man can take such a place, no man can stand in such a relation to the girl. It must be a woman who saves her, or she is lost. It is to be remembered that it is their very degradation which renders it necessary that vicious women should have the protection of good women. They cannot be left to the care of brutal men, to be at once tempters and victims; they cannot be left to the care of men of better feelings, forcing these to repress all that is best in them: they must be placed in the hands of women to whom impurity is horrible and revolting; of women who will protect them from themselves, and lead them with strong and gentle guidance out from darkness into light.

NEW YORK.

Josephine Lowell.

How far it may be expedient to encourage women to enter the medical profession, the work of which is often disagreeable and always laborious, is a question which receives very diverse answers; but the right of women to study medicine is now granted on all sides.

The question at issue is really one of principle, and eighteen months ago, when the Johns Hopkins Hospital was opened, it was then settled that in the opinion of the medical staff of the hospital, so far as ward work and clinics were concerned, there should be complete freedom. And this is right: if any woman feels that the medical profession is her vocation, no obstacles should be placed in the way of her obtaining the best possible education, and every facility should be offered, so that, as a practitioner, she should have a fair start in the race.

It was with great interest that I saw something of the practical working, this summer, of the Swiss medical schools, to all four of which women are now admitted on equal terms with men. It is coeducation in the fullest sense of the term, and even in the dissecting room no difference whatever is made between the sexes.

It is interesting to note, on this question, that the Basle faculty sent a communication to Zurich, asking

for a definite statement as to the feasibility of coeducation in medicine; and I believe it was on the strength of the favorable reply from the Zurich faculty that women were admitted to Basle. Professor Gaule kindly sent me a copy of the memorandum of the Zurich faculty, which in my wanderings has so far failed to reach me. One of the most distinguished members of the Berne faculty confessed to me that he had not favored coeducation, but that he had not met with any difficulties in his laboratory. He made the important observation that the success of the women students depended very much on the character of their preliminary training, and unless this was thorough they met with incessant difficulties. A member of the Zurich faculty expressed himself in the same way.

At the Paris school the utmost freedom is allowed to women, and here too it is coeducation in all departments. At lectures and demonstrations it was evident every day that the hearers and seers were considered as students only, quite irrespective of sex. Their success is shown by the increasing number of those who obtain positions as interns; at least four or five of the hospitals have now women on the house staff.

Such unrestricted coeducation is, of course, possible in America, and I do not think that the women students themselves would object to it. As a rule, I believe, they prefer to be treated as ordinary students. Many teachers complain that they feel hampered and cannot talk so plainly to a class containing women. This is true, but with practice even the most delicate subjects may be discussed from a scientific standpoint, with the utmost freedom, before a mixed class.

From the outset it was felt that a foundation like the Johns Hopkins Hospital would not fulfil its highest mission if the courses of instruction were not free to all, and they have been thus open from the beginning. No better example could be followed than that of the Paris faculty, which throws open laboratories, classrooms, and hospitals without asking any question other than that of the necessary qualifications. When organized, the Johns Hopkins Medical School will prove a new departure in medical education in this country, exacting a higher standard and a more prolonged term of study, and the only qualification for admission should be proof that the candidate has had proper preliminary training.

The success of the laboratories of a university rests in great part upon the men in control, and the extent of the equipment. The past history of the chemical, physiological, and pathological departments of the Johns Hopkins University is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the scientific work of the medical school. The success of a hospital, as a teaching center, depends partly on the men in charge, but very largely on the amount of material available for clinical instruction, and it has been stated that this would not be forthcoming in Baltimore. That the Johns Hopkins Hospital will be able to offer, in all lines, the fullest and most extensive clinical advantages, is conclusively demonstrated by the fact that already, in exactly eighteen months from the date of the opening of the institution, nearly twenty-five thousand patients have been treated in the different departments, and the hospital thus ranks with the first clinical schools of the continent.

JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL.

*William Osler, M. D.,
Physician-in-Chief.*

WITH more than a score of women in a dozen States filling medical appointments which are by law open to their sex only; with the number of women doctors in this country now reaching the thousands, and with a demand for their services so great that even if inadequately trained they only too readily find employment; when women are admitted in Europe to opportunities for medical education on the same terms with men—it seems almost a work of supererogation to explain and defend such facts, or to attempt to reason why they should or should not be.

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on."

The position of women, except of those who have incomes or the capacity to earn them, is, in the main, too dependent for the maintenance of the highest character and self-respect under the various vicissitudes of life, and for self-support when other sources fail. Were there no other reason, this is enough to throw wide open to them all the avenues of work which they choose to enter. The higher education of women, as I read the evidence, has already shown that the firmer mental balance which they get thereby is already telling in improved physical health. If they are naturally more emotional than men, and have less self-control, so much the more do they need training to steady them, and at the same time to bring outside interests which will prove a resource against indoor cares.

If it be argued that women have not the self-reliance, uniformly good judgment, physical strength, and power of unremitting labor necessary to the practice of medicine, the most that can be reasonably claimed is that any conspicuous lack of those qualities belongs only to certain, not to all, women, as it applies to some men, and that it is often compensated by quicker intuition. The choice of doctors between women and men, so far as these considerations are concerned, will naturally be governed by the same laws as a selection between different men, and, including such matters as night-work, exposure, kinds of practice taken up, may safely be left to the women who study medicine and to those who employ them.

Finally, many people who have studied the evolution of the human brain through its instinctive, social, and various intellectual stages until the highest cerebral attributes are reached in the great moral qualities, have not been able to understand that the study of medicine, admitted to be ennobling to men, should be degrading to women, and robs them of their finest traits.

The belief that a sort of social convulsion might follow the general practice of medicine by women, disinclining them to marry, and unfitting them for maternal duties, may be easily corrected by a study of human nature and the observance of individual cases, or by the Massachusetts census of 1885, which, in a population of 1,042,111, shows 48,843 more women than men between the ages of twenty and forty-nine inclusive, 140,160 women in professional, government, trade, and manufacturing occupations, and only 4236 persons practising medicine of all the kinds known to the census. Women physicians are needed for the care and protection of young girls, to save them from ill-informed or misguided mothers, who by not teaching daughters what they should know may entail upon them injury or unhappiness for life, through their ig-

norance of simple physiological laws. It is true that in this respect and in special treatment the woman physician has opportunities to do harm which men cannot have. But the remedy is to offer abundant facilities for education beyond that danger line.

I am quite sure that there is no risk of lowering the intellectual standard of medical education if women and men study together. On the contrary, it should be raised by a free competition from a new standpoint. While there is no indelicacy in a woman's consulting her physician upon any point on which she desires information or treatment, the choice should always be open to her to ask advice from one thoroughly informed of her own sex, whenever she so prefers. The community needs, too, a woman's educational view of morality, rectifying and raising standards; and therein, perhaps, is one opportunity of many for the woman physician of the future to help. By bringing the work of the best women into the practice of medicine the medical profession must be benefited and the world may be improved.

Until money is freely available for endowing new medical schools, the only way in which women can have equal terms with men is to be allowed the same. Will, then, our leading medical schools, all of which need money, lose anything by giving women the same advantages with men, and requiring their work to be judged by precisely the same standards? Not to quote Paris, Zurich, Basle, it is claimed that no harm has come from coeducation in the thirty-eight medical schools which announce their courses as open to both sexes in this country; and it may be added that time generally proves repressive measures in education to be at best unwise. It was logical, perhaps inevitable, that the Johns Hopkins Medical School, starting without traditions or prejudices, and with its special facilities for advanced study, should admit women on the same terms with men, and the first great university to give to women medical students the same advantages as to men is likely to find it profitable to do so, and will gain the support of those people who are enough interested in the movement in time to give their money freely to it.

Boston.

Charles F. Folsom, M. D.

THE admission of women to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University affects very closely those interested in the intellectual life of women.

The requirements for admission are in themselves of great importance to women's colleges, because the preliminary medical course organized by the Johns Hopkins University is such as can be given in all colleges properly equipped for collegiate instruction in science, and cannot be given where there is lack of scientific apparatus or neglect of scientific methods. Little by little, we may hope, those institutions where it cannot be obtained will be discredited; and in those colleges where it raises the standard of scientific instruction it will necessarily, by reason of the interdependence which exists among college courses, raise the standard of all other work as well. It may be said that as a comparatively small number of students of science intend to embrace the profession of medicine, the effect of the requirements for admission to a medical school on the ordinary scientific course of a college can be but slight. This, however, is an error. More and more, as

women realize that there is for them, as for men, a choice of futures, the determination will grow not to be excluded in advance from any portion of this choice. Though the number of girls that go to college remains comparatively small, the custom will, I believe, soon cease of sending girls to schools that make admission to college impossible, or possible only after half-wasted years of supplementary instruction; and the habit of choosing college studies as though for the term of college existence only, without reference to the possibility of their continuance or application in future years, will cease, I think, still sooner. More and more, for women as for men, graduate study, and the continuity of the intellectual life implied in graduate study, is the question of the day.

Medicine is not only to students of the natural sciences one of the most important branches of graduate study. It is also, broadly speaking, the only one of the so-called learned professions as yet fully open to women, and the recent action of the Johns Hopkins University will, for the first time, put the women who are about to engage in it on an equal footing with the most fortunate of the men. For the present, at least, the medical profession occupies the foreground of the attention of those concerned for women's intellectual advancement, and it will always, as it seems to me, retain a peculiar interest; for of other professions, even should they become as easily accessible to women as that of medicine, it can at most be said that women are as well fitted for them as men, whereas there is an infinite amount of good to be effected in the practice of medicine which can be effected by none but women.

What this good is in many other directions has been said by others; but I wish to point out how much may be achieved by the woman physician—above all by the woman physician who has herself had a college education, or its equivalent, and has then passed to the study of medicine at such a school as that of the Johns Hopkins—for the furtherance of the intellectual life of women in general. My experience among college students has shown me the need of such a physician, and I think that for the present, or until men have learned that for women as well as for themselves intellectual activity is the keenest of possible lifelong pleasures and a safeguard against a multitude of evils, the skilled and sympathetic woman physician, rather than the man, should accompany young girls through their school and college life. She will be less ready to secure physical health for her patients at the expense of intellectual development, and less hopeful of so securing it. She will prescribe sheer idleness as a remedy neither for the indispositions of girls in their teens, nor for the ill-health of college students. She will have constantly present to her an adequate conception of the ideal or normal life of women, and will understand and know how to remove or diminish the difficulties in the way of its realization. Moreover, her assistance will be available where that of men is not, and will serve to avoid and alleviate much needless suffering; for every one who has had the good fortune to be the friend and adviser of young girls must feel that there are cases in which she could not advise them to consult a male physician.

It will be asked by some, why the studies necessary to place women in the front rank of the medical profession cannot be pursued in a college or university intended for women only. There may be alleged in answer, the difficulty of duplicating such costly appa-

ratus, and the non-existence in America of a hospital for the use of women students like the Johns Hopkins Hospital; but perhaps the best answer is this, that these studies are graduate studies. The difference between graduate and undergraduate coeducation is seldom sufficiently insisted on, and yet it is a vital one, and whenever the battle of coeducation is fought the two should be carefully distinguished. In graduate study, where the students are necessarily mature in age, richer in knowledge, fewer in numbers, tried and sifted by the tests of examinations, of perseverance, of life with its embarrassments, hindrances, and vicissitudes, the disadvantages of coeducation are at a minimum, and its advantages are at a maximum.

Again, it is almost essential for those who are to devote their lives to any branch of knowledge that they should come into contact with those of their contemporaries who are destined to succeed in it, and should measure themselves against them. The few in whom lies the future of any science are all but indispensable associates to one another; to exclude women from such association is, speaking generally, to exclude them from the delights of intellectual competition and the possibility of fame.

The Johns Hopkins University is the center of graduate instruction in this country: the main stress of its activity has been laid, and its American and European reputation rests, on its graduate schools. It purposes, as soon as it shall have amassed the requisite supplementary endowment, to open the first school of medicine ever organized in the United States as a graduate school, and it has marked its sense of the difference between graduate and undergraduate coeducation by resolving, in response to a widespread movement on the part of the women of America, to admit women to this school, whenever it shall open, on the same terms as men. That women on their part realize the difference between a graduate and an undergraduate school, in influence, in range of activity, and in national importance, is shown by the rapid organization in every part of the United States from Boston to New Orleans, and from Baltimore to San Francisco, of the committees for the Women's Fund of the Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University.

In this movement it may be noted with satisfaction that women have from the beginning come forward not only asking but offering. In October they had already secured one-fifth the sum requisite for opening the medical school. The proportion should be so largely increased before March 15 as to give emphatic evidence that a school all the advantages of which are for women as well as for men may count not only on public sympathy but on the fullest measure of financial support.

M. Carey Thomas.

DEAN'S OFFICE, BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

The Artist Bunker.

THE beautiful picture "The Mirror" engraved for this number of the magazine, is one of Mr. Bunker's most recent works, having been painted in the spring of 1890, and shown for the first time at the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists. It attracted a great deal of attention at this exhibition, and when shown later at the Art Institute of Chicago was awarded the James W. Ellsworth prize of three hundred dollars

for the best picture in the exhibition painted by a living American artist.

Dennis Miller Bunker was born in New York, November 6, 1861, and began drawing while he was going to school in the city, entering the Academy schools afterwards as a regular pupil in 1878. He did not remain there very long, but attended the classes in drawing and painting from life at the Art Students' League, working there until the autumn of 1881, when he sailed for Paris. After spending three months at the Académie Julian and in the class of Hébert at the École des Beaux-Arts, he became a pupil of Gérôme and worked in his class at the Beaux-Arts until 1884, when he returned to New York. He has been abroad once since, having spent the summer of 1888 with John S. Sargent at Calcott, near Reading, in England, where he painted landscapes.

Mr. Bunker's first pictures were exhibited at the Academy and elsewhere several years before he went abroad. Most of these were landscapes, and while he was a student in New York he painted and sold a good many pictures, and was well known during this period as a water-color painter. The first picture he exhibited after his study in Paris was a figure of a

young man in a studio playing a guitar, and was called "Bohemia." For this picture he received the third Hallgarten prize at the exhibition at the Academy in 1885, and he was elected a member of the Society of American Artists the same year. In 1886 he went to Boston, where he was the principal instructor in drawing and painting from life at the Cowles Art School. During his stay in Boston he painted a large number of portraits and sent two or three pictures to the New York exhibitions. He came back to New York last year, and died in Boston, December 28, 1890.

Although not lacking in refinement and delicacy, his work is essentially robust and virile. His portraits invariably show that he has striven to represent character as well as the more superficial qualities that go to make a likeness, and they are marked by an evident love of truth. His work, whether in figure or landscape painting, is serious in intention and is distinguished by excellent color quality. In "The Mirror" sincerity and grace are very happily blended, and the picture is especially notable for elegance of line and beauty of expression. The color scheme — a simple one of whites and grays — is harmonious, and the canvas is excellent in *ensemble*.

William A. Coffin.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

SONGS OF IRELAND.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

I Axed Her to Marry Me.

THE first time I met her, I axed her to marry me;
She said go away an' why will y' harry me;
To marry so young is nothing but slavery,
And to harry me thus is the deepest o' knavery:
In spite of it all she was trying to tarry me,
But I said, I will go an' some day you 'll marry me!

I waited a week, an' I axed her to pity me,
I said you are older, an' surely will marry me;
If yiz die an old maid jist think on your sorrow,
An offer to-day is not good on the morrow;
She said she was shocked along o' the brass o' me,
An' if I waited a year she never would marry me!

I thought it all over, an' then it did worry me,
I waited a day an' axed her to marry me;
Down on my knees most humbly a-kneeling,
I told her my love wid the deepest o' feeling;
She said here again, get out o' the sight o' me,
There is a nice man who is going to marry me!

Then the devil he rose, an' he ruled in the breast o' me,
Says I an' begor she will yet be the best o' me!
We passed widout speaking, me eyes on the ground,
But faix an' the colleen kept turning around;
Says I to meself, I am sure she will marry me,
If 't is scornin' enough I only will carry me!

Me coat wid a tail I put on the back o' me,
An' me cousin Noreen I hung on the arm o' me,
An' the scornin' colleen, be she this or be there,

I kicked up me heels wid a devil me care —
An' Noreen is so sweet I 'm crazy to tarry me,
An' t' other colleen is crazy to marry me!

Sweet Nora, leave your Cloak with Me.

THE night is long before me,
And lonely is the night,
With thee, my treasure, stolen
From out my tender sight;
Oh, slowly hasten parting,
Thy love is all forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

I 'll cuddle close beside thy gate,
And guard thy slumbers sweet,
Until 'vourneen at break o' day
We once again may meet;
In thy bright dreams I pray one thought,
Thou 'lt give thy love forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

I 'll wrap its folds about me close,
And, in my fancy bold,
I 'll think sweet Nora's golden head
Upon my breast I hold;
I 'll dream of all the happy days
We 've wandered ne'er forlorn —
Sweet Nora, leave your cloak with me,
For comfort till the morn.

Dressed in yi' Sunday Clothes.

OCH, turn yi'self aboot, what 's the matter, gossoon?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!
Foin as a tailor's lad — what is it out o' tune?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!

Sixty years on my head, what is coming to pass?
Dressed in yi' Sunday clothes, costing a mint o' brass!
The old man is a fool, or the young man is an ass —
Dressed in his Sunday clothes, costing a mint o' brass!

Then up spoke the old woman. "Och, old man, don't
yi see,

'T is jist the way yi did when yi kim courtin' me,
Forty years ago when yi' blood was bold and free,
'T is jist the way yi did when yi kim courtin' me!"

Peggy gin me a pogue — wa'n't I a fine gossoon,
Dressed in me Sunday clothes, only Saturday noon!
Pat is a chip o' the block — only once a gossoon,
Lit him dress in his Sunday clothes only Saturday
noon!

Good News.

OCH, Katty, I've a bit o' news,
Good news to tell to thee —
The luck of Ireland has been found,
It lies across the sea:
Then budget up a bit o' bread,
An' we will sail away,
An' when we touch Ameriky
Good luck will come to stay.

Yet I will tarry, though in haste,
To let the word be heard,
The luck of Ireland has been found —
There is no better word:
An' when the Irish all have left,
An' all are Yankees born,
We'll straggle back to Ireland
Upon some sunny morn,
An' have a glorious picnic
Wid poteen held in store,
Thin sail away to Yankee land,
An' stay forevermore.

The Dead Letther.

OCH, hone —
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
Sure it is thrue!
Dead, bad cess to me!
Dead in the old counthre —
Dead —
Never me old man to see!
Och, Mistress McCrew,
Has yi heerd the news? —
Me old man 's dead!

(Faix, Mistress Moriarty, me heart bleeds for yi, an'
as soon as I was afther hearing that yi' old man was
dead, I slipped me feet into a pair o' shoes, an' put-
ting me shawl over me head, hurried along to be wid
yi. Faix, what is it yi be afther hearing?)

Och, hone,
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
'T is a letther thrue,
A dead letther to me,
Dead, from the old counthre,
Dead —
A dead letther, dead as can be!
Och, Mistress McCrew,
Jimmy Crane brought the news —
A dead letther you see!

(Jimmy Crane kim a-running as fast as his two legs
could lay to the ground, an' says he: "Mistress Mori-
arty, 't is a dead letther I has for yi." An' thin I set up
my weeping an' wailing, for I knew, search high or low
for me old man, I 'd niver see the likes o' him ag'in.
But here comes Dermot O'Shan, who weeks agone
writ the letther to me old man, sending him me scrap-
ings to bring him to Ameriky.)

Och, hone,
Me old man 's dead!
Weirasthru,
It is thrue!
Dead,
Bad cess to me,
Dead, Dermot — the letther you see;
Dead,
Me old man dead, an' the letther, och me!
Och, Dermot O'Shan,
Dead, dead, me old man,
The dead letther, och me!

(Why, Mistress Moriarty, don't yi see that the letther
yi holds is the same letther I writ for yi; 't is the letther
that 's dead, not yi' old man: the letther, a dead let-
ther, yi understand, an' not yi' old man — a dead
letther!)

Och, hone —
Me old man not dead!
Weirasthru —
An' can it be thrue?
Me old man alive — och me!
Alive in the old counthre —
Alive!
An' me old man I 'll see alive!
Alive — och, Dermot O'Shan,
Alive, me old man —
Me old man alive!

(But the dead letther, sure I'm not afther understand-
ing. Bad luck to Ameriky that would be afther de-
saying a lone woman like meself, an' making a widdy
o' her along wid a dead letther! It 's not dead letthers
we have in the ould dart; if yiz dead, yiz dead there!
Bad cess to Ameriky for a ch'ating schoundrel!)

But, weirasthru,
It is blessed thrue,
Me old man is alive!

A Snow Fancy.

THE yellow-girted things of June
Whose hum is like a dull bassoon,
Sweet homes they have on swaying beds
When are unpacked the clover heads —
Those bursting globes of purple fire.
The fuzzy coats upon each spire
Of blossoms perch, to search the rim
Lest it with honey overbrim.

But unlike these the wild, white bees
That swarm upon the leafless trees;
For our dull ears they have no song,
They do not to the earth belong,
No stirring of the soft white wing
Was ever heard or fluttering.
Although the darkened air they crowd,
Their happy hive is in the cloud,
And they for the sky-children there
In unseen pastures of the air
Distil the dew. O happy bees
That swarm among the winter trees!

Annie Bronson King.

An Anglomaniac.

SHE stepped aboard the gliding car
And rode from Boutillier's —
A sable cape rose round her throat,
To — quite — her pretty ears.
One glance, — her profile next the pane, —
It made my senses whirl.
Good gracious! How I must have stared
At that sweet English girl!

Her hair was of that ruddy gold
That ends where red begins;
Her eyes were sapphire-depths of blue,
And, heavens! those English skins!
How trim her figure as she sat —
Unconscious, airy, free!
Oh, why would she, beneath her hat,
Not waste one look on me?

I heard her say, in confidence,
She liked our "shops" so well;
The horse-car was a "tram" to her
(Her voice was like a bell).
Then, lo! "our luggage" was her theme,
And — sudden dose of sorrow —
An ocean-racer named, she said,
"We sail for home to-morrow."

Small thought had I my heart should voyage
Beyond the Stripes and Stars.
It's gone! Nor jest at love's deep wound,
You who can hide your scars.
Ah, "Yankee Doodle," towards your strain
No more my fancies lean.
"Rule, rule, Britannia!" I cry,
And may "God save my Queen!"

Edward Irenaus Stevenson.

Our Engine-House.

OH, the cornet is leading the violins
In the gay little engine-house;
So forget your sorrows, forgive your sins,
Be merry for once when the frolic begins,
For the town thinks well of its engine-house.

The moon and the stars seem listening, too,
To the strains from the engine-house;
Sad waltzes that break the heart of you,
In a mirthful way, come melting through
The windows of our bright engine-house.

Then a love-song drops its proud despair,
Dear to all, from the engine-house;
Till the dulcet tenor voice fades on the air,
And "Home, Sweet Home!" from the band bids
fair
To make eyes moist in the engine-house.

Oh, it is wisdom an evening to spare
For melody in the engine-house;
It soothes the day-worn wight of his care
And gives him a gladness to do and dare:
Tune up, there, in the engine-house!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

The Poet's Trial.

I SENT my verses to the maid who 'd turned my head,
Which she acknowledged ere the waning of the noon.
"So much obliged to you, dear friend," she wrote and
said;
"And as to-morrow morn at ten I'm to be wed,
I'll read them to my husband on our honeymoon."

John Kendrick Bangs.

To a Lady in London.

(FROM ONE WHO KNOWS ONE OF THE MUSES.)

YOU say the gods and muses all
From earth now banished be?
Will you believe that yester-eve
I saw Terpsichore?

Her robe of snow and gossamer
Enclad a form most neat,
Such sandals green were never seen
As shod her twinkling feet.

Her every step was melody,
Her every motion grace,
That one might prize a thousand eyes
To note both form and face.

The notes that dance in sunny beams
Tripped never in such wise;
This lovely sprite danced in the light
That beamed from her own eyes.

A man's head once was danced away —
You know how it befell?
My dainty fay danced yesterday
Men's hearts away as well.

What 's that? 'T was but a graceful girl
That took the hearts for pelf?
Nay, I was there, and 't was, I swear,
Terpsichore herself.

Back from Town.

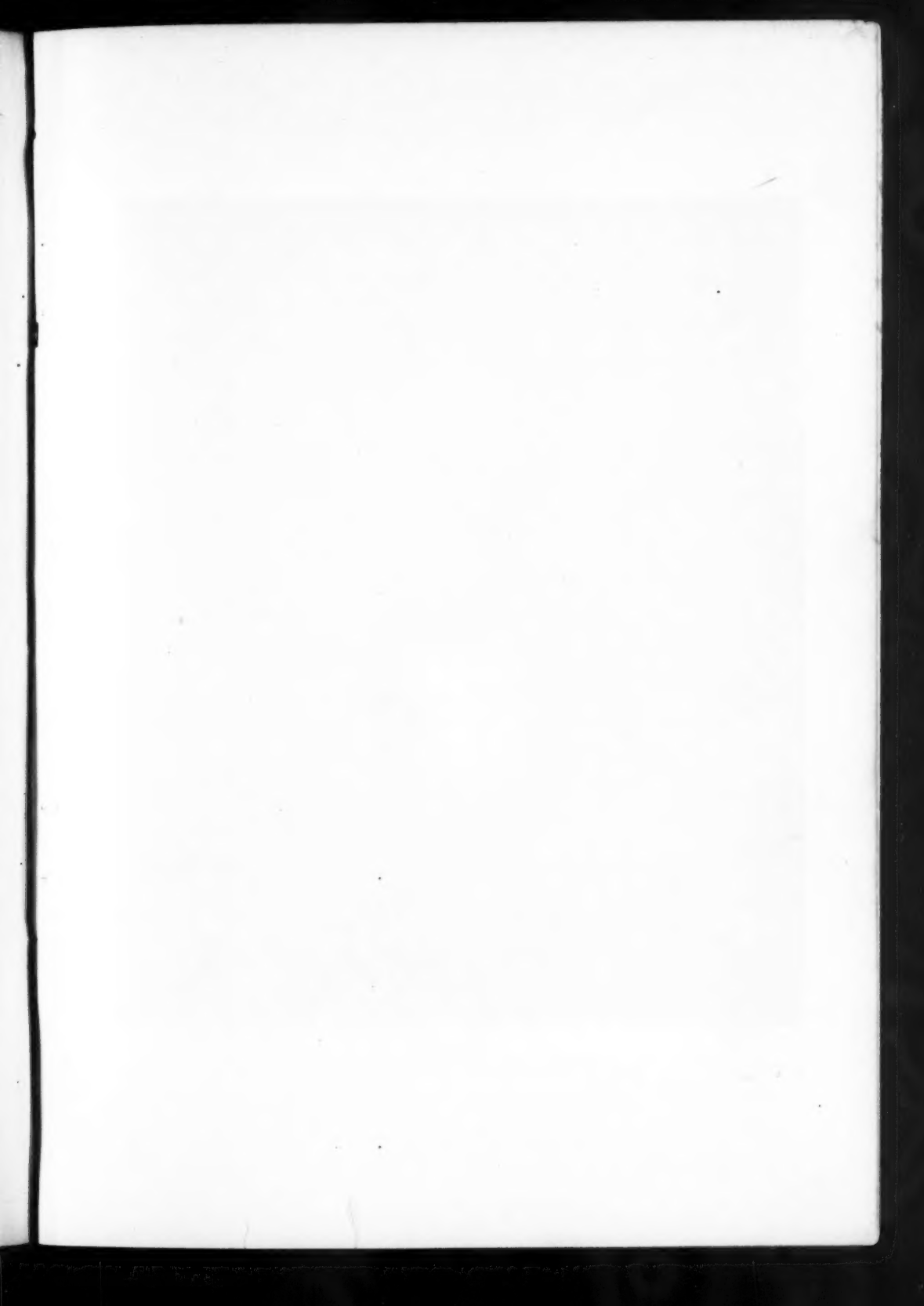
OLD friends allus is the best,
Halest-like and heartiest:
Knowed us first, and don't allow
We're so blame much better now!
They was standin' at the bars
When we grabbed "the kivered kyars"
And lit out fer town, to make
Money — and that old mistake!

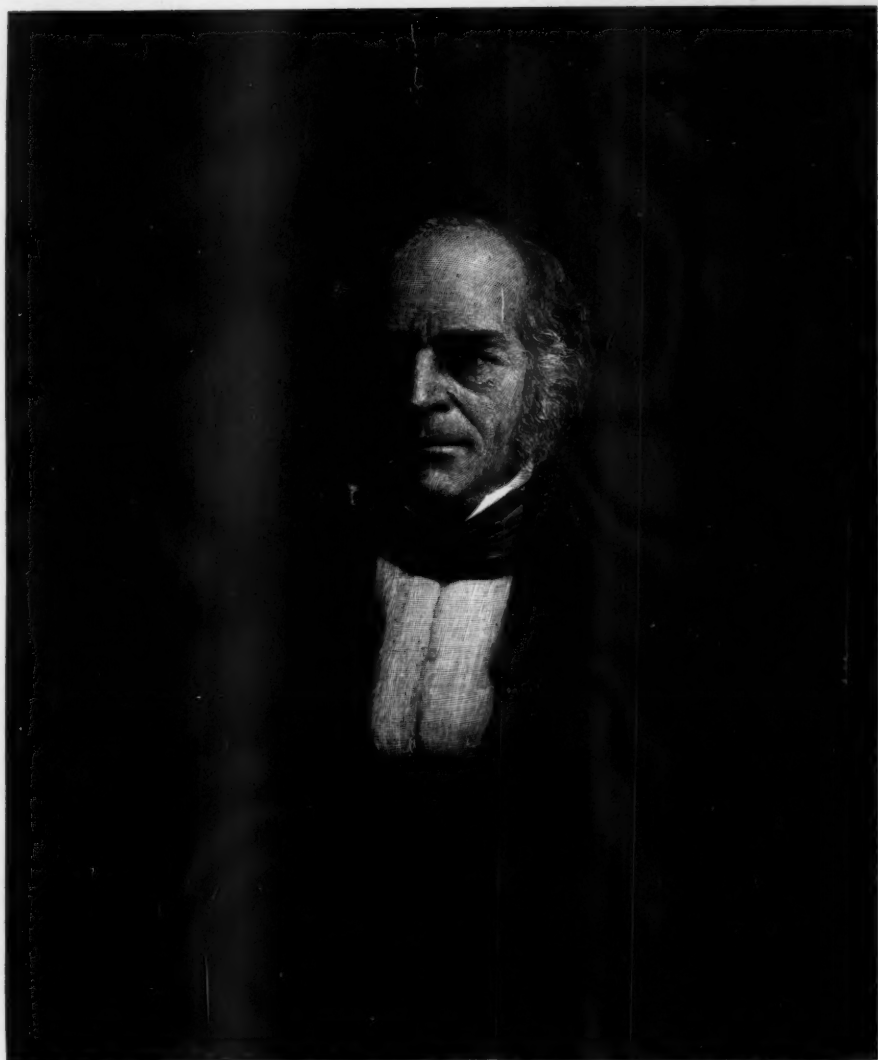
We thought then the world we went
Into beat "The Settlement,"
And the friends 'at we 'd make there
Would beat any *anywhere*!
And they do — fer that 's their biz:
They beat all the friends they is —
'Cept the raal old friends like you
'At staid home, like I 'd ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit
I ain't *shet* of, is to *quit*
Business, and git back to sheer
These old comforts waitin' here —
These old friends; and these old hands
'At a feller understands;
These old winter nights, and old
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!
Here's a feller come from town
Wants that-air old fiddle down
From the chimby! Git the floor
Cleared fer one cowntillion more! —
It 's poke the kitchen fire, says he,
And shake a friendly leg with me!

James Whitcomb Riley.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT